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1. Names
 - a Puns
 - b Side by side
 - c Dates
2. Women.
 - a laudatory
 - b Denunciatory
- 3 Virgins
- 4 mother-in laws
- 5 Multiple wives
- 6 Husbands
- 7 Husbands & wives
- 8 Negroes & slaves
- 9 Irish.
- 10 Scotch
- 11 French
- 12 Italian
- 13 German



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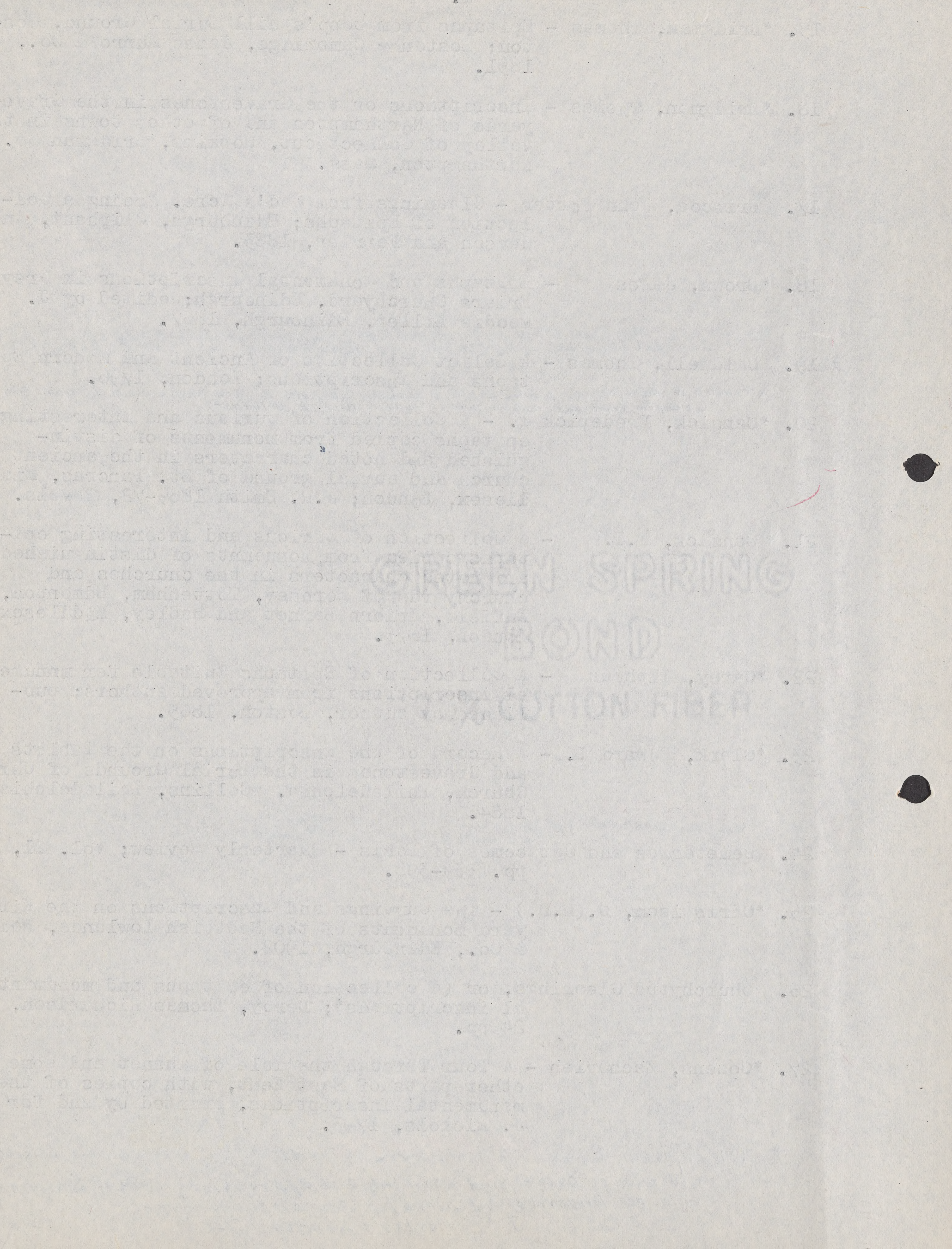
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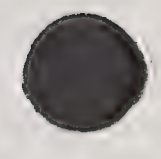
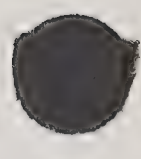
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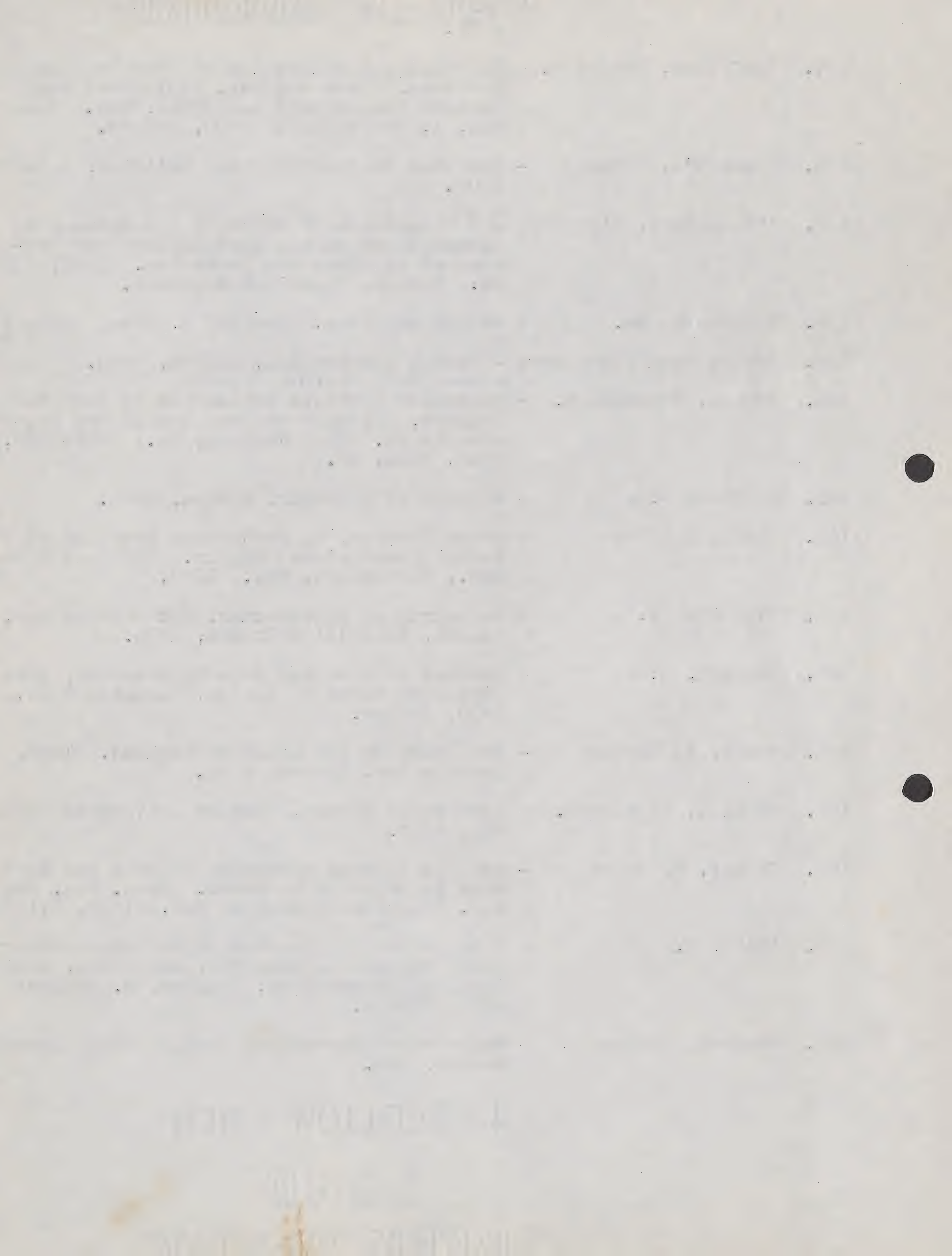
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PUNNING EPITAPHS

1. 108, 2.

The propensity to be ridiculous and to exercise vagaries in regard to monumental inscriptions, dates from an early period. Puns have been common in epitaphs and are found in Greek, Latin and English compositions. Examples of punning epitaphs in Latin are found in a classical volume:

Epitaphia Joco-Seria a Francisco Swertio (Franciscus Swertuis) Coloniae, 1635.

This also contains examples in French, Italian, Spanish, Portugese and Dutch. The name for pun in Latinized form is Paronomasia but is derived from Greek.

Classical example: Epitaph on a physician whose name was Pausanias - written by Empedoeles, a celebrated philosopher and naturalist who lived about 455 B.C. Translation by Merivale.

2. 108, 2.

Pausanias - not so named without a cause
As one who oft has giv'n to pain a pause
Blest son of Aesculapuu's, good and wise,
Here, in his native Gela, buried lies;
Who many a wretch once rescu'd by his charms
From dark Persephone's constraining arms.

3. 108, 2.

On Vitalis, Abbot of Westminster (ob. 1082)- deducing Vitalis from Vita

A vita nomen qui traxit, morte vacante
Abbas vitalis transiit, hicque jacet
another version

Qui nomen traxit a vita, morte vacante,
Abbas vitalis transiit hicque jacet.

4. 108, 2.

On Laurence, 18th Abbot of Westminster - applying Laurea to Laurence

Clauditur hoc tumulo vir quondam clarus in orbe,
Quo prae clarus erat hic locus, est, et erit.
Pro meritis vitae dedit illi Laurea nomen
Detur ei vitae Laurea pro meritis.

5. 108, 2.

On Floridus (Camden)

Quod vixi flos est, servat lapis hic mihi nomen
Nolo Deo manes, flos mihi protibulo.

6. 108, 2.

On Fair Rosamund, paramour of Henry II

His jacet in tumba Rosa mundi, non Rosamunda;
Non redolet, sed olet, quae redolere solet.

7. 108, 2.

Pope Lucius - by a monk of Beckenham as recorded by Hearne

Luca dedit lucem tibi Luci, Pontificatu
Ostia, Papatu, Roma, Verona mori
Imo Verona dedit tibi vero vivere, Roma
Exilium, curas Ostia, Luca mori.

8. 108, 2.

Durandus (by Swertius)

Hic est Durandus positus sub marmore duro,
An sit salvandus, ego nescio, nec ego curo.

9. 108, 43.

Sir John Calf (lived in time of Henry III) cited by Camden

O Deus omnipotens vituli miserere Joannis,
Quem mors praeveniens non sinit esse bovem.

10. 148, 52.

On Sir John Calf

Here lies the body of Sir John Calf
Who was thrice Lord Laylor of this city.
Honour! Honour! Honour!

The following was added:

O wretched Death; more viler than a fox,
Could'st thou not let this calf become an ox,
That he brouse amongst the Briars and thorns
And wear among his brethren
Horns! Horns! Horns!

11. 108, 43.

Paraphrased

All Christian men in my behalf
Pray for the soul of Sir John Calf.
O cruel death, as subtle as a fox
Who would not let this calf live till he'd been an
oxe
That he might have eaten both brambles and thorns,
And when he came to his father's years might have
worn horns.

12. 108, 43.

(see Webb's
Booth's
translation
under "None")

On None - buried at Wymondham

Hic situs est Nullus, quia nullo nullior iste;
Et quia nullus erat, de nullo nil tibi Christe!

1. 9, 108, 2, 137 Southwell, Eng. John Adams - carrier who died of drunkenness. epitaph by Lord Byron

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast;
He could carry no more - so was carried at last:
For the liquor he drunk, being too much for one
He could not carry-off - so he's now carri-on.

2. 148. Churchyard, Sterling, Scotland - Richard Adams

Adam I was, from Adam first I came,
Now I return from whom I took my name:
Adam hath sinn'd: against the Judgment Day,
With thy dear Blood, wash Adams sin away.

3. 148. John Adamson

John Adamson's here kept within;
Death's prisoner for Adam's sin;
But rests in hope, that he shall be
Set by the second Adam free.

4. 108, 66, 148, (Gen. St. Giles, Cripplegate, Eng. - Gervaise Aire
Medicine) 80.

Under this marble fair
Lies the body entomb'd of Gervaise Aire
He died not of an ague fit,
Nor surfeited by too much wit:
Methinks this was a wondrous death,
That Aire should die for want of breath.

5. 108, 66. On Thomas All

Reader, beneath this marble lies
All, that was noble, good, and wise;
All, that once was formed on earth,
All, that was of mortal birth;
All, that liv'd above the ground
May within this grave be found:
If you have lost or great or small,
Come here and weep, for here lies All:
Then smile at death enjoy your mirth,
Since God has took his All from earth.

6. 80. Nayland churchyard, Suffolk

Here sleepeth in dust,
NED ALSTON,
The notorious Essex Highwayman
Ob. Anno Dom. 1760.
Aetat 40
My friends, here am I - Death at last has prevail'd,
And for once all my projects are baffled:
'Tis a blessing to know, tho', when once a man's
He has no further dread of the scaffold. nail'd,
My life was cut short thro' the head,
On his Majesty's highway at Dalston -
So as no Number one's numbered one of the dead,
All's one if he's Alston or All stone.

7. 108, 9.

Cannington, Eng. 1621 Amy St. Barbe aged 33

She to gain love did Amy able live,
And Sara like to her Lord Honour give
Bare him ten children; chastly bred them, free
From Superstition and impiette.
Answered her worthy parents worth, and dyed
A patterne to her sexe to shun vaine pride.

8. 108, 66, 112. Stepney, Eng. Mary Angel, ob 1693, aet. 72

To say an angel here interr'd doth lye
May be thought strange for angels never dye;
Indeed some fell from heav'n to hell;
Are lost and rise no more;
This only fell from death to earth,
Not lost but gone before;
Her dust lodg'd here, her soul perfect in grace,
Amongst saints and angels now hath took its place.

9. 135.

Fritton, Norfolk, Eng. Jane Rivett (maiden name=Jane Angel) ob 1854 age 57 yrs.

My wife was of angelic race
She's gone to Heaven, her native place.

10. 112.

Leslie, Fife. George Archer's Agnes Walker, his wife

Here lies within this earthen ark (airk)
An Archer grave and wife:
Faith was his arrow, Christ the mark,
And Glory was the prize.
His bow is now an Hark, his song
Doth Halleluahs indite,
His consort Walker went along
To walk with Christ in white.

11. 108, 135, 112. St. Michael's, Bristol, Eng. 1645. Anne Ash

(N.B. figure of tree
cut in half)



1645

Dominus (Dedit
(Abstulit
Anna Filia Richardi
Ash, aetatis suae
Tertio
Obiit Vicesimo Quar-
to die Maii 1645

An) Ash (in Maie) cut down (sprouts ye same daie
This) Ash (was then) (yet lives for aie
(below and added later)
Rak'd up in) Ashes (here doth) Ash (remain
In hope tha) Ashes (shall be) (again
Ashes to) Ash (returne shall and arise;
which) Ash (in ashes here expecting, lies.

12. 2. also example of will Kettlethorpe Church, London, Eng. Johannes Becke, quondam. Rectoristius ecclesiae, ob 1597
- I am a Becke, or river as you know
And wat' red here ye church, ye schole, ye pore,
While God did make my springes here for to flow.
But now my fountain stopt, it runs no more;
From church and schole mi life ys now bereft.
But no ye pore four poundes I yearly left.
13. 108, 9, 135, 112. St. Giles, Norwich, Eng. 1637 Elizabetha Beddingfield.
Sorori Francisco Sue
S.R.Q.P.
- My name speaks what I was and am, and have,
A Beddingfield, a piece of earth, a grave:
Where I expect until my soul doth wing
Unto the field an everlasting spring.
For raise and raise out of the earth and slime
God did the first and will the second time.
14. 93. Errol, Eng. Wm Bell. (Minister of Errol (1651-1665)
Bequeathed 7 acres of land
for maintaining a bursar at
St. Mary's College - St. Andrews.)
- Here, ceast and silent, lies sweet-sounding Bell,
Who unto the sleeping souls rung many a knell;
Death crackt this Bell, yet doth his pleasant chim-
ing,
Remaine with those who are their lamps atriming:
In spite of Death, his word some praise still
sounds,
In Christ's Church, and in heaven his joys abounds.
15. 108, 135, 66, 137. Gloucester Cathedral, Eng. John Berry
- How! How! who's buried here?
John Berry - Is't the younger?
No - the elder-Berry
An elder Berry buried? surely must
Rather rise up, and live, than turn to dust.
So may our Berry, whom stern Death has slain
Be only buried to rise up again.
16. 108, 9, 28. Norwich, Eng. 1629. Henry Best
- My time is short, the longer is my rest
Gold calls them soonest whom he loves the Best.
17. 108, 66, 148, 92, 52. St. Lawrence Jewry, London. 1698 William Bird
aged 4
- One charming Bird to Paradise is flown
Yet are we not of comfort quite bereft:
Since one of this fair brood is still our own
And still tocheer our drooping souls is left;
This stays with us, while that his flight doth take
That earth and skies may one sweet concert make.

1944-1945

1946-1947

1948-1949

1950-1951

1952-1953

1954-1955

1956-1957

1958-1959

1960-1961

1962-1963

1964-1965

1966-1967

1968-1969

1970-1971

1972-1973

1974-1975

1976-1977

1978-1979

1980-1981

18. 66.

Midnapore Burial Ground, India. Mrs. Susanna Bird

Stop, readers, and lament the loss of a departed beau-
For here are laid at rest the earthly relicks of ty
Mrs. Susanna Bird
Who bade a long adieu to
A most affectionate husband and three loved pledges of
Their union; on the 10th of September, 1784
Aged 24 years.

The bird confined within this cage of gloom
Tho' faded her fine tints, her youthful bloom.
Tho' no soft note drop from her syren's tongue
By sleep refreshed, more beauteous gay and young,
Will rise from earth, her seraph's wings display,
And chant her anthems to the God of day.

19. 9, 11.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, Ireland. Judge Boate,
died 1723. (epitaph by Dean Swift)

Here lies Judge Boate within a coffin;
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing,
A Boat, a judge? Yes, where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes you must agree,
No Boat was better deckt than he,
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.

20. 37, 11.

Location? Mr. Box

Here lies one Box within another;
The one of wood
Was very good;
We can not say so much for the other.

21.

St. Werbrugh, Bristol, Eng. 1630 Humphrey Brown and his wife, Eliza-
9, 112. beth (nee White)

Here lies a Brown, a White, the colours one,
Pale drawn by death, here shaded by a stone,
One house did hold them both whilst life did last,
One grave do hold them both now life is past.

22.

10, 140, 135 Salisbury, Eng. William Button. (Richard?- Booth
Suffling

Oh, sun, Moon, stars, and ye celestial Pole
Are graves, then, dwindled into Button-holes?

23.

94, 9, 11.

Location? Mr. Bywater

Here lies the remains of his relative's pride,
Bywater he lived, and By Water he died;
Though By water he fell, by water he'll rise,
Bywater baptismal attaining the skies.

24. 80.

Broom Churchyard. In memory of
Joseph and Walter Dudley, brothers
Both of this parish
who left this for a better world.
Jan. 18, 1797 Anno Aetat (18
(15

Reader, beneath this tombstone moulder
The trunks of Joe and Walt;
Wat, youngest, Joe, the elder;
Joe, lean; and Walter, fat.
Till late these youngster were of Broom
But Wednesday last 'Twas found
That Death from Broom had made them brush
And swept them underground.

25. 112.

Alton-Priors, Wilts, Eng. William Button, Esquire

This was But-one though taking room for three -
religion, wisdom, hospitality
But since heavy gate to enter by is straight
His fleashes burde heere he left to waite
Til ye last horn blowe ope ye wide gate
To give it entrance to ye solve its mate.

26. 112.

Alton-Priors, Wilts William Button, Esquire

This was But-One though taking room for three
Religion, Wisdom, Hospitality:
But since Heaven's gate to enter by is straight
His flesh's burden here heleft to wait
Till ye last trumpet's blow open ye wide gate
To give it entrance to ye soul's, its mate.

1. 78.

Arkansas - on a daughter of Mrs. Cabbage

Sweet bud of innocence, so soon decayed
So soon looped off in tenderest vegetation.

2. 43.

On an English Baronet living during reign of Henry III

All Christian men in my behalf
Pray for the soul of Sir John Calf.

3. 148, 52.

On Sir John Calf

Here lyes the body of Sir John Calf
Who was thrice Lord Mayor of this city
Honour! Honour! Honour!

4. 140.

Here lies John Calf
Thrice Mayor of Cork
Honor, honor, honor.

5.

Underneath was added:

O, cruel death, more subtle than the fox,
That would not let this calf become an ox.
That with his fellows he might
browse among the thorns,
And write his epitaph - Horns, Horns, Horns.

6. 43.

Gloucester, Eng. on a youth named Calf

Oh, cruel death, more subtle than the fox
To kill this Calf before he became an Ox.

7. 43.

French version of above

Ci-git le jeune Jean Le Veau) John Calf, Jr., li-
Sana devenir Boeuf ou Jaureau) eth here.
Without becoming ox
or steer.

8. 108, 135, 9, 66, 10, 92, 80, 112, 2

Barrow-on-Soar, Leicestershire, Eng. 1584
Theophilus Cave

Here in this grave there lies one Cave;
We call a Cave a grave.
If Cave be grave, and grave be Cave
Then, reader, judge, I crave
whether both Cave be in this grave
or grave lie here on Cave:
If grave in Cave here would lie
Then grave, where is thy victory?
Go, reader, and report,
Here lies a Cave,
who conquers Death
And buries his own grave.

9. 108, 66, 135, 43, 80.

Chepstow Church, Eng. Vicar Rev. Chest - 17th century

(N.B. This vicar turned the bones of Harry Marten, the regicide, out of the chancel of Chepstow Church; this act, the vicar's son-in-law, Mr. Downton, resented by inditing the following epitaph for him)

Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within an other,
The Chest of wood was very good;
Who says so of the other.

10. 108, 66.

Chesterfield, Eng. Cecâl Clay

Sum quod fui) I am what I was
C.C.) Cecil Clay.

11. 108, 66, 9.

Crich, Derbyshire, England. circa 1590-1600 - on a fam-
ily named Claye

Soules they are made of heavenly spirit;
From whence they come ye heavens inherite.
But knowe that bodyes made of Claye:
Death will devoure by night or daye
Yett is hee as hee was I saye:
He livinge and death remayneth Claye.
His verye name that nature gave:
Is now as shalbe in his grave
Tymes doth teache, experience tryes:
That Claye to dust the winde up dryes.
Then this a wonder compt wee must
That want of wind should make Claye dust.

12. 9.
also belongs
in "Acrostics"

St. Mary Key, Ipswich, Eng. 1618. Mary Cleere

Cleere was my name, my life was also clear
Like name like life, for I the light did love
Earst that this life. I left, this did appear
Even unto men as unto God above
Remit who did my sins, my fears remove
Ere that he call'd my soul to Christ my love.

13. 9, 112.

Alwington, Devonshire, Eng. 1651. Richard Coffin and
wife, Elizabeth

All here portrayed shows one joined Coffin! sent
Through heavens canopy and to earth here lent
Perfumed with virtues and bedewed with grace
T'adorn them with a progeny for a space
One man took life from dead Elisha's bones
Eight martial sons lived from this ~~vine did sprout~~
Coffin's loin
With daughter seven yet from this vine did sprout
Like olive plants their table roundabout
Thrice happy fruitful Coffin, may thy buds spring
And to eternity hallelujah's sing.

14. 108, 10
paraphrased
in Notes &
Queries,
vol. IX, p.9
112

Tillingham Church, Eng. Humphrey Cole. ob March
27, 1624, aet 77.

Hic jacet Humfridus carbo, carbone notandus
Non nigro, creta sed meliora tua
Claruit in clero, nulli pietate secundus
Coelum vi rapuit, vi cape si poteris

Here lies the body of good Humphrey Cole:
Though black his name, yet spotless is his soule;
But yet not black, though Carbo is the name,
Thy chalk is carcely whiter than his fame,
A priest of preiests, inferior was to none,
Took heaven by storm, when here his race was run.
Thus ends the record of this pious man:
Go and do likewise, reader, if you can.

15. 9, 135, 112, 2. Lillington, Dorsetshire, Eng. 1669. Thomas Cole

Reader, you have within this grave
A Cole raked up in dust:
His courteous fate saw it was late
And that to bed he must:
So all was swept up to be kept
Alive until the day
The trump should blow it up and show
The Cole but sleeping lay. (Cole's)
Then do not doubt, the Cole's not out,
Though it in ashes lie: ^
That little spark now in the dark
Will like a phoenix rise.

16. 108, 135.

Nailsea, Eng. William Cole ob 1657, aet 56

Mista sentum ac juvenum conduntur corpora fitque
Candidus in tumuli carcere carbo cinis

The candid Coles which kindly burn'd,
To the warmth of many by their heat,
To ashes black by death are turn'd;
Yet shine their souls in heavenly seat.

17. 108, 80, 2.

Lincoln Cathedral, Eng. Br. William Cole, died 1600
(dean of Lincoln Cathedral,
President of Corpus Chris-
ti College, Oxford. Epi-
taph placed by his eldest
daughter, Abigail, June 21
1632.

Reader, behold, the pious pattern here,
Of true devotion and of holy fear;
He sought God's glory and the churches good.
Idle idol worship he withstood;
Yet dyed in peace. whose body here doth lie,
In expectation of eternity.
And, when the latter trump of heav'n shall blow,
Cole, now rak'd up in ashes, thou shalt glow.

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PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

18. 10.

Location? Peter Comestor died 1198. (wrote a commentary on the Scriptures)

I who was once called Peter (a stone)
Am now covered by a stone (petra)
And I who was once named Comestor (devourer)
Am now devoured.
I taught when alive, nor do I cease to teach, though
dead;
For he who beholds me reduced to ashes may say, -
"This man was once what we are now;
What he is now, we soon shall be."

19. 108, 66, 148, 112. Yoxford, St. Peter's Church, Eng. Anthony Cooke,
ob Easter Monday, 1613, aet 79

At the due sacrifice of the pascall Lambe,
April had eight days wept in showers, then came,
Leane, hungry death, who never pity tooke,
And, 'cause the feast was ended, slew this Cooke.
On Easter Monday, he lyves then noe day more,
But sunk to rise with him that rose before;
He's here entombed; a man of vitu~~x~~es line,
Out reacht his yeares, yet they were seventy-nine.
He left on earth ten children of eleven
To keep his name, whilst himself went to heaven.

20. 108, 66.
also "sol-
dier"

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Eng. Sir Henry Croft
1609

Six lines shall this image delineate:-
High Croft, high borne, in spirit & in virtue high.
Approv'd, belov'd, a Knight, stout Mars his mate,
Love's fire, war's flame, in heart, head, hand & eye:
Which flame war's comet grace, now so refines,
That, fixed in Heaven, in Heaven and Earth it shines.

21. 34, 92, 11.

Location? Mr. Cumming

"Give me the best of men," said Death
To Nature, - "quick, no humming:
She sought the man who lies beneath
And answered "Death, he's Cumming."

1. 2.

Hanse Church. Will Day, d. May 22, 1616, aged 34 years.

If that man's life be likened to a day,
One here interr'd in youth did lose a day,
By death, and yet no loss to him at all,
For he a threefold day gain'd by his fall;
One day of rest is bless celestial.
Two days on earth by gifts terrestriall -
Three pounds at Christmas, three at Easter Day,
Given to the poore until the world's last day,
This was no cause to heaven: but, consequent,
Who thither will, must tread the steps he went
For why? Faith, Hope and Christian Charity,
Perfect the house framed for eternity.

2. 66.

Poole Churchyard, Eng. on a tall man named Day

As long, as long can be,
So long, so long was he,
How long, how long, dost say?
As long as the longest Day

3. 9, 108. 135,
112.

Little Bradley, Suffolk, Eng. - John Daye ob 1584
(Printer of Foxe's Book of Martyrs, His widow subsequently married a man named Stone which fact & her loneliness is ingeniously related in the epitaph.)

Here lies the Days that darkness could not blind
When popish fogs had overcast the sun
This daye the cruel night did leave behind
To view and show what bloody acts were done,
He set a Fox to write how martyrs run
By death to life. Fox ventured pains and health;
To give them light, Daye spent in print his wealth
But God with gain returned his wealth again
And gave to him, as he gave to the poor,
Two wives he had partakers of his pain
Alice was the last increasor of his store,
Who mourning long for being left alone
Set up this tomb, herself turned to a stone.

4. 124.

New England. On a Mr. Campbell who married Miss Death

Nor Death he zealously prepar'd
Nor wish'd to be the trail spar'd.
The moment came - his Death he met
And joyful paid great nature's debt.
Clasp'd in the arms of Death he lay
Nor wished a resurrection day.

5. 148.

John Death

Here's Death interr'd, that liv'd by Bread
Then all should live, Now Death is dead.

6. 11, 80.

On Mr. Death, an actor.

Death levels all, both high and low,
Without regard to stations:

Yet why complain

If we are slain?

For here lies one at least to show

He kills his own relations.

7. 11, 80.

On Mrs. Death

Here lies Death's wife: when this way next you tread,
Be not surprised should Death himself be dead.

8. 37, 140.

Location? Mr. Dodge

Here lies Dodge, who dodged all good

And dodged a great deal of evil

But after dodging all he could

He could not dodge the devil.

9. 115.

Coonewah Creek Cemetery, Mississippi - on Mrs. Dye

Mrs. Dye is not dead

She is only asleep

WEDNESDAY

1860

1860

1. 148.

On Mr. Earth - by Lucas

Stop, gentle reader, and peruse this stone,
The friendly covering of my lifeless Bone.
Earth - was I brought into the spacious world,
And now to Mother Earth - again am hurl'd.
Being born mere Earth - you may with Justice say,
That which was Earth - is fairly turn'd to clay.

2. 9, 135, 112.

Dinton, Wiltshire, Eng. - 1634. Roger Earth

From Earth we came, to Earth we must return
Witness this Earth that lies within this urn,
Begot by Earth; born also of earth's womb
74 years lived Earth, now Earth's his tomb.
In earth Earth's body lies under this stone
But from this earth to Heaven Earth's soul is gone.

Roger Earth: Armgr
abiit 3 die
Aprilis
1634

3. 52.

Stepney, Eng. Susanna Ell, wife of Richard Ell, died
May 17, 1643, aged 36 yrs.

To say an Ell lies here, er'n that alone
Were Epitaph enough; no brass, no stone,
No glorious tomb, no monumental herse,
No gilded trophy, or long-labor'd verse,
Can dignify her grave, or set it forth,
Like the immortal fame of her own worth.
Then, reader, fix not here, but quit this room,
And fly to Abraham's bosom, there's her tomb;
There rests her soul; and for her other parts,
They are embalm'd, and lodg'd in good men's heart,
A braver monument of stone or lime,
No art can raise, for this shall outlast time.

4. 108.

Location? Humphrey Ely ob 1604 Graduate of St. John's
College, Oxford. Prof. of Civil and Common
Law, Lorraine.

Albion haereseos velatur nocte, viator
Desine mirari; sol suus hic latitat.
Wonder not, reader, that with heresies
England is clouded; here her sun he lies.

5. 124, 34.

Location? George Emery

Tissington gives name as
John Emery

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust -
Here lies George Emery I trust
And when the trumps blows louder and louder
He'll rise - a box of Emery powder.

Wife of Thomas Eyre, Gent., and daughter of John Yerbury, Gent., departed this life, Aug. 29, 1637.

Here lies an Heire who to an Heire has joined
And dyeing left a little Heire behind.
Hard hearted death herein was somewhat mild,
He took the mother but he ~~sared~~ the child.
Yet th' one's more happy far than is the other,
~~Tah~~ child's on Heire on Earth, in heaven the mother,
Where with triumphant Saint's and Angels bright
She now enjoys the blessed Saviour's sight.

1. 9. Bucks, Eng. - on a Shepherd named Faithful

 Faithful lived and Faithful died,
 Faithful shepherded on the hillside
 The hills so wide, the fields surround,
 In the day of judgment he'll be found.

2. 51. also Halifax Churchyard, Nova Scotia. Ester Brearcliffe and
 "multiple Favour, her son
 burying"

 Here rests three saints, the one a little brother,
 The Favour of his scarce surviving mother;
 Then she expir'd, and bore unto her tomb
 An unborn infant coffin'd in her womb.

3. 140, 34. Location? Jonothan Fiddle - epitaph by Ben Jonson

 On the twenty second of June
 Jonathan Fiddle went out of tune.

4. ~~140, 10, 11~~ Hereford Cathedral. Bishop Theophilus Field, ob. 1636
 2.

 The Sun that light unto three churches gave
 Is set; this Field is buried in a grave.
 This Sun shall rise, this Field renew his flowers,
 This sweetness breathe for ages, not for hours.

5. 140, 10, 11. Location? Mr. Fish

 Worms are bait for Fish,
 But here's a sudden change,
 Fish is bait for worms -
 Is not that passing strange?

6. 140, 148, 52. Norwich, Eng. Mr. Foote Tegg - Westminster Abbey on
 Samuel Foote (comedian)

 Here lies one Foote
 Whose death may thousands save
 For Death himself has now one Foote
 Within the grave.

7. 112. Bushley, Worcestershire, Eng. Robert Freeman 1651

 Here (reader) reade thine own estate:
 Though young, wise, pious, such thy fate
 must shortly be;
 For such was he,
 Serve thou my God, as he hath done
 This service makes a servant son
 Heaven's freeman be:
 For such was he.

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ASTEN LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

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1. 9, 135, 112. Thurbridge (Thunderidge) Eng. (Essex). 1658. Roger Gardner and his wife.

Roger lies here before his hour
Thus doth Gardener lose his flower.

2. 9, 108, 66, 112. Hadley, Middlesex, Eng. 1604. Sir Henry Goodyere of Polesworth

An illyear of a Goodyere us bereft
Who gone to God, much lack of him here left:
Full of good gifts, of body and of mind
Wise, comely, learned, eloquent and kind.

3. Staverton, Devon. Edward Gould & Margaret his wife

Death spar'd not Margaret
Although a Pearl in Gould soe nicely set.

4. Chittlehampton, Devonshire, Eng. 1667. Miss Grace Gifford. 9, 112.

The Graces formerly were counted three,
Now to the count a fourth may added be,
The Virgin that of Graces had such store
As she made good her name of Grace and more.
Here loving parents were to here so dear
They going hence she'd stay no longer here,
But after hies (blest soul) to heaven above
To be with them in the family of love,
And by their bodies here must lie to rest
That with them she may rise together blest.

5. 135, 108, 66
"children",
148.

Barnstaple Church, Devonshire, Eng. 1627. Grace Medford.

Scarce seven years old this old Grace in glory ends
Nature condemns but Grace the change commends:
For gracious children, tho' they die at seven,
Are heirs apparent to the court of heaven.
Then grudge not nature at so short a race,
Tho' short yet sweetm for surely, 'twas God's Grace.

6. 135. Atherton, Devon, Eng. 1652. Grace Stevens of Great Torrington

What tho' enclosed in silent cells
Grace for a space with worms may dwell
This truth we find in sacred story
Death cannot keep Grace from glory

7. 80.

Bunhills Field.

Here lyeth Grace, the only daughter of Thomas Cloudley, of Leeds, in the county of York, who was first married to Peter Jackson of Leeds, to whom she bare 3 sons and 2 daughters. Afterwards married to John Dickson of London, to whom she bare 1 daughter of which she dyed, 15th February, 1688, in the 31st year of her age.

Grace was her name, and Grace she had:
But now Grace is with glory clad.

1000

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8. 108.

Enesham churchyard, Eng. ob 1615 - John Green

If true devotion or tryde honesty
Could have for him got long lives liberty.
Nere had he withered but still growne Green
Nor dyed but to ye Poor still helping been
But he is tane from us yet this wee comfort have
Heaven hath his soule still (Green) though body in
wasting grave

In progeniem filii defunctam adjacentam
My fruit first failed here we low'ly
Live well then fear not all must dy.

9. 9, 108, 112.

Whitmarsh, Warwickshire, Eng. 1689. Nicholas
Greenhill, 1st headmaster of Rugby School. Rector
of Whitmarsh, Warw. died aged 70, 1650.

This Greenhill, Periwig'd with snow
Was level'd in ye spring;
This hill ye nine and three did know
Was sacred to his King.
But he must down, although so much divine,
Before he rise, never to set but shine.

10. 9, 108, 66.

Beddington Surrey, Eng. Thomas Greenhill ob 1624

Mors super virides montes

Thomas Greenhill born and bredd in the famous Un-
iversity of Oxon, Bachelor of Arts, and sometime
student of Magdalen Coll., Stewart to the noble
Knight, Sir Nic^s Carew, of Beddington, who de-
ceased Sept. 17, 1624.

Under thy feet interr'd is here
A native born in Oxfordshire;
First life and learning Oxford gave:
Surry him his death and grave!
He once a Hill was fresh and Greene
Now withered is not to be seene:
Earth in Earthe shovell'd upis shut;
A Hill into a Hole is put;
But darksome earth by Power Divine
Bright at last as the sun may shine.

11. Harrow Churchyard, Eng. - Isaac Greentree (said to be written in pen-
cil. Epitaph by Lord Byron) when a boy.
10, 108, 66, 112.

Beneath these Greentrees, rising to the skies
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree, lies:
A time shall come when these Greentrees shall fall
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.

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QUARTER CUBIC

12. 9, 108.
(medical
advice)

Devonshire, Churchyard, Eng. On the wife of Edward
Greenwood, D.D.

O Death, O Death, thou hast cut down
The fairest Greenwood in the town.
Her virtues and good qualities were such,
She was worthy to marry a lord or a judge;
Yet such was her condensation and humility,
She chose to marry me, a Doctor of Divinity
For which heroic act she stands confess'd
Above all women, the phoenix of her sex;
And like that bird, one young she did beget,
That she might not leave her friends disconsolate.
My grief for her, alas, is sore,
I can only write two lines more;
For this, and every good woman's sake,
Never lay a blister on a lying-in woman's back.

13. 66, 135.

St. John's Churchyard, Horsleydown, Eng. - Capt. Graves,
who drowned at Gravesend

Friends cease to grieve that at Gravesend
My life was closed with speed,
For when the Saviour shall descend
'Twill be Graves'end indeed.

14. 124.

New England Captain and Mrs. Graves

The Graves, 'tis said, will yield their dead
When Gabriel's trumpet shakes the skies;
But if God please from Graves like these,
A dozen living folks may rise.

15. 11.

John Grubb

When from the chrysalis of the tomb,
I rise in rainbow-colour'd plume,
My weeping friends, ye scarce will know,
That I was but a Grubb below.

16. 10.

Allerton, Eng. Walter Gun

Hic jacet Walter Gun
Sometime landlord of the Sun
Sic transit Gloria mundit
He drank hard upon Friday
That being a highway
Then took to his bed, and died upon Sunday.

1. 108, 66, 93, 52. St. Mary Key Church, Ipswich, Eng. died July 8, 1643. William Haselwood, Aged 3. (William Haslewood son of Wm. Haslewood, Mariner)

The Hasel nut oft children crops;
 God Hasel wood in childhood lopes;
 Then parents yield, God said, he's mine
 And took him home, say not he's thine.

2. 108, 66. Location. Mr. Hatt

By death's impartial scythe was mown
 Poor Hatt - he lies beneath this stone;
 On him misfortune oft did frown,
 Yet Hatt ne'er wanted for a crown;
 When many years of constant wear
 Had made his bearer somewhat bare,
 Death saw, and pitying his mishap,
 Has given him here a good long nap.

3. 9, 112. South Hill, Cornwall, Eng. 1663, Michael Hill

Strange that this stone should tell
 Of saint turned angel Michael
 Stranger that so high a Hill
 Should sink so low a vault to fill:
 Strangest, when next we fleet
 If two and all we Hills should meet.

4. 108, 66, 148, 2. Lincoln Cathedral, Eng. 1616 Dr. Otwell Hill, aged 56

Mons sacer Otwelli sacratus nomine Christi
 Hoc in monte Deum nocte clicque colens
 Hoc in monte Dei popula jus dicit, et inde
 Moribus infames ad meliora vocat
 Excipiunt Montes Domini Montem morientem
 Mons Lincoln corpus, mansque sion animam.

5. 'Tis Otwell Hill, a holy Hill
 And truly, sooth to say,
 Upon this hill, he praised still,
 The Lord both night and day.
 Upon this hill, this Hill did cry,
 Aloud the scripture letter,
 And strove your wicked villains by
 Good counsel to make better.
 And how this Hill, thp' under stones
 Has the Lord's Hill to lie on:
 For Lincoln Hill has got his bones
 His bones, the Hill of Sion.

5. 9, 112.

Bunhill Fields Cemetery, Eng. 1694. Thomas Holmes.

Dear Holmes hath found
A Home among the blest,
His wearied body for to rest:
For nowhere can his flesh
True slumber have,
But in this truest home in Homely grave
His soul in heavenly tunes doth sing.
Hell, where's thy triumph?
Death, where's thy sting?

6. 9, 66, 108.

Peebles, Eng. Thomas Hope and children

Here lies three Hopes enclosed within,
Death's prisoners by Adam's sin
Yet rest in hope that they shall be
Set by the second Adam free.

7. 43.

Location - Mr. Horse

A generous foe, a faithful friend,
A victor bold, here met his end;
He conquer'd both in war and peace;
By death subdued, his glories cease,
Ask'st thou who finished here his course,
With so much honour? 'twas a Horse

8. 9, 135, 112.

Langford, Berkshire, Eng. 1691. Mrs. Howse and twin sons.

Within this little House, three houses lie,
John Howse, James Howse, the short-liv'd twins
and I

Anne, of John Howse, once the endeared wife.
Who lost mine own to give those babes their life
We three, though dead, yet speak and put in mind
The husband, Father, whom we left behind,
That we were houses only made of clay,
And called for, could no longer here stay,
But were laid here to take out test and ease
By death, who taketh whom and where he please.

9. 66, 108, 93, 11.

Location. Mr. Huddleston

Here lies Thomas Huddleston, Reader, dont smile
But reflect as this tombstone you view,
That death who kill'd him, in a very short while
Will huddle a stone upon you.

संस्कृत-शब्द-कोश

अथवा

संस्कृत-शब्द-कोश

K

1. 11.

On Mr. King, late of Drury Lane Theatre

Here lies a crownless monarch, though a King,
Sans lands, sans subjects, and sans everything.

2. 11.

On the Earl of Kildaire by Dean Swift.

Who kill'd a Kildaire? Who dared Kildaire to kill?
Death kill'd Kildaire - who dare Kill whom he will

3. 10.

Location? Mr. King

Here lies a man than whom no better's waløking,
Who was when sleeping even always tal-king,
A King by birth was he, and yet was no King
In life was thin-King and in death was Jo-King.

4. 37.

Sheffield, Eng. John Knott

Here lies a man that was Knott born
His father was Knott before him.
He lived Knott, did Knott die
Yet underneath this stone doth lie.

இந்தியாவின் கிழக்கிலே

அமைந்திருக்கிறது

இந்தியாவின் கிழக்கிலே

அமைந்திருக்கிறது

1. 124.

Location - on a butcher named Lamb

Beneath this stone lies Lamb asleep
Who died a Lamb, who lived a sheep
Many a Lamb and sheep he slaughtered
But cruel death the scene has altered.

2. 9, 108, 135, 66, 93, 112. St. Augustine's, Eng. (on a brass plate)
Wm. Lamb (merchant of London, left perpetual annuity to
the poor of this parish, on receiving charity, they re-
cited "I pray you all that receive bread and pence
To say the Lord's prayer before you go ehnce".)

Oh, Lamb of God! which sin didn't take away,
And as a Lamb, was offerred up for sin,
Where I poor Lamb went from thy flock astray.
Yet thou, O Lord, vouchsafe thy Lamb to win
Home to thy flock, and hold thy Lamb therein
That at the day when Lambs and Goats shall sever
Of thy chpice Lambs, Lamb may be one forever.
I pray you all that receive bread and pence
To say the Lord's prayer before you go hence.

3. 135, 112.

St. Faith's Chapel, under St. Paul's London. William
Lambe. circa 1530 - 1540.

As I was, soe are yee
As I am, you shall be
That I had, that I gave,
That I gave, that I have,
Thus I end all my costs
That I left, that I loste.

William Lambe, so sometime was my name,
Whiles I alyve did run my mortal race!
Servynge a Prince of most immortal fame
Henry the eighth, who, of his princely ~~name~~ grace,
In his Chappell allowed me a place.
By whose Favour, from Gentleman t'esquire
I was preferr'd with worship for my hire.
With wives three I joined wedlocks band.
Which all alike true lovers were to me;
Joane, Alice, Joane, for so they came to hand,
What needeth prayse regarding their degree?
In wively truth none steadfast more could be,
Who, though in earth Death's force did once dissever,
~~Who, though in earth Death's force did once dissever,~~
Heaven yet, I trust, shall joyne us all together.
This is followed by #93 above.

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4. 10, 108.

William Laws - musical composer, 1645 (killed at
seige of West Chester by roundheads)

Concord is conquer'd; in this urn there lies
The Master of Great Musick's mysteries
And in it is a Riddle like the cause
Will Laws was slain by those whose Wills were Laws.

5. 66, 108.

On a farmer's daughter - Letitia.

Grim death to please his liquorish palate
Has taken my Lettice to put in his sallot.

6.

Ilfracombe, Devon. Joan Ley. 1759

Joan Ley here she lay^s all mold in grave
I trust in God here Boul to save
And with her Saviour Christ to dwell
And there I hope to live as well
This compos'd by her gratefull Husband
Nicholas Ley

7. 9,

Moulton Cambridgeshire, Eng.

Sacred to the memory of Lettuce Manning
Oh, cruel death
To satisfy thy palate
Cut down our Lettuce
To make a salad.

8. 66.

Hornsey Churchyard, Eng. Littleboy twin girls

To the memory of
Emma and Maria Littleboy
The twin children of George and Emma Littleboy
of Hornsey, who died July 16th 1837
Two little boys lies here, yet strange to say
These Little boys are girls.

9. 43, 11, 80.

Location? on Miss Long - known as "pocket venus"

Though Long, yet short
Though short, yet pretty long.

10, 9, 100, 112.

Broughton, Gifford, Wiltshire, Eng. 1620 Robert
Longe

The life of man is a true lottery,
where venturous death draws forth lots short and Lon
Yet free from fraud and partial flattery
He shuffled shields of several size among,
Drew Longe; and so drew longer his short days
Th' ancient of days beyond all times to praise.

11. 37.

Manchester, N.H. Mr. Lyon

A live dog is better than a dead Lion

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M

1. 66, 37.

Bath Abbey, Eng. - Ann Mann Ripley - Vol. II St.
Giles, Cripplegate, Eng.

Here lies Ann Mann
She lived an old maid
And she died an old Mann

2. 9, 112.

Whitwell, Derbyshire, Eng. 1632 Mr. Manners, a Knight

In memory of the Right Noble, Learned and Religious
Knight, Roger Manners of Whitwell, in the County of
Derby, who died the 17th July A.D. 1632.

A living Academy was this Knight
Divinity, the arts, the tongues, what might
In learned schools exactly, he professed
Took up their lodging in his noble breast
Till death like Church destroyed did pull down
Manners, true fabric and the arts renown.

3. 112, 9.

Berry Narbor, Devonshire on Mary Westcott

This Mary-gold lo here doth show
Marie worth gold lies here below
~~Cut~~ down by death the fair'st gilt flower
Flourish and fade doth in an hour.
The marigold in sunshine spread
(When cloudy) closed doth bow the head.
This orient plant retains the guise
with resplendent sol to set and rise
Even so this virgin Marie rose
In Life soon nipt, in death fresh grows.
With Christ her light she set in pain,
By Christ her Lord shall rise again.
When she shall shine more brightly far
Than any twinkling radiant star.
For be assured that by death's dart
Mary enjoys the better part

Anagram (Maria Westcott
(Mors evicta tuta

G.W.) P P
F.W.)

Dedicated

To the pretious memorie of
Mary the deare & onyly daughter of
George Westcott, Pastor of this church
And of Francis, his wifem who
Leaving this vale of miserie for
A mansion in felicitie,
Was heer interred, Januar:31
Anno Domini 1648
Aetat Fuge 7⁰

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LABORATORY OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY

REPORT OF RESEARCH

ON THE REACTION OF

ALCOHOLS WITH

ACIDIC CATALYSTS

BY

JOHN EDGAR HUNTER

PH.D. THESIS

1954

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

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4. 11.

On a Person nicknamed The Marquis. (the landlord of a tavern in Dumfries frequented by Burns.)

This man asked Burns to write his epitaph which was not to his liking.

Here lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were shamm'd,
If ever he rise - it will be to be damn'd. (R.BURNS)

5. 9, 112.

Abbot's Kerswell, Devonshire, Eng. 1639. Rev. Wm. Mason

William, son of Arthur Mason of Cornwood, a hopefull minister of the word, in his journey from Exon was here with much love & greif interd May 25. Ano Dni 1639 then aged 28.

Mason how is't that thou so soon art gone,
Home from thy work? What was the fault i' th' stone.
Or did thy hammer fail, or didst't suspect
The Master's wages would thy work neglect!
Christ was thy corner stone Christian the rest;
Hammer the word, good life they live all blest
And yet art gone, 'twas honour not thy crime
With stone hearts to work much in little time.
The Master savest, and took thee off from them.
To the Wright stones of New Jerusalem.
Thy work and labour men esteem a base one
God count it blest. Here lies a blest Free Mason.

6. 9, 112.

Marsfield, Somerset, Eng. circa 1620. meredeth

Life is the day of Grace, and Death the Knight:
Live well, who knows when he shall lose the light,
So did the tenant of this tomb, for he
Made haste to purchase immortality
Death, finding him, receiving Customs, looks
Times, records, summed his days, and crossed the Books.
And now the customer's from customs free,
He paid to Nature what her duties be
Scarce had he ran out half his race of life
When Heaven and Earth to have him were at strife.
Whose active soul wave out his flesh so nigh;
'Twas time she should the tired corpse laid by
To bad death is said, when good men die
It is then birth to joys eternity.
Judge then what he did lose who lost his breath
Lived to die well, and died a Meredeth.

7. 9, 108.

Oxford, Eng. on an organist, Mr. Meredith - St. Mary
Winston College, Oxford.

Here lies one blown out of breath
Who lived a merry life, and died a Meredeth

8. 108, 66.

Webley Churchyard, Yorkshire, Eng. - Mr. Miles

This tomb is a Milestone
Hah! how so?
Because beneath lie miles
Who's miles below.

9. 93, 135.

Location? (same as above?) Henry Miles

This tomb is a milestone, and why so?
Because beneath lies Miles, who's Miles below.
A little man he was, a dwarf in size,
Yet now stretched out, at least Miles long he lies
This grave though small contains a space so wide
There's Miles in length, and Miles in Breath
and Miles room beside.

10. 92, 52.

Worcester, Worcestershire, Eng. John Mole

Beneath this cold stone lies a son of the earth;
His story is short, though we date from his
birth;
His mind was as gross as his body was big;
He drank like a fish, and he ate like a pig;
No cares of religion, of wedlock, or state,
Did e'er for a moment encumber John's pate.
He sat or he walked, but his walk was but creep-
ing,
And he rose from his bed - when quite tir'd of
sleeping.
Without foe, without friend, unnotic'd he died;
Not a single soul laughed, not a single soul
cried.
Like his four-footed namesake, he dearly lov'd
earth,
So the sexton has covered his body with turf.

11.

Surrey, Eng. Owen Moore

Owen Moore is gone away
Owin more that he could pay.

12. 80, 11.

On a miser named More

Iron was his chest,
Iron was his door,
His hand was Iron,
And his heart was more.

13. 9, 135, 108, 66, 148, 112. Ellingham, Norfolk, Eng. Mr. More, of
Norwich 1600

More had I once, More would I have
More is not to be had:
The first I lost, the next is vain
The third is too too bad.
If I had used with more regard
The more that I did give,
I might have made more use and fruit
Of More while he did live.

13. (con't)

But time will be recall'd no more,
More since are gone in brief
Too late repentance yields no More,
Save only pain and grief
My comfort is that God hath More
Such mores to send at will
In hope whereof I sigh no more
But rest upon him still.

14. 108.

Location? Name?

Hic jacet plus, plus none est hic
Plus et non plus, quomodo sic?

Here lies More, no more is he,
More and no more, how can that be?

15. 66, 92.

Location? Miss Eliza More, aged 14 years

Here lies one who never lied before,
And one who never will lie more
To which there need be no more said
Than more the pity she is dead.
For when alive she charmed More.
Than all the Mores e'er gone before.

16. 9, 135.

Barking, Essex, Eng. 1670. Thomas More.

Stay here awhile and his sad state deplore
Here lies the body of one Thomas More
~~His name was More and no more! How can that be?~~
~~Why no more and no more may well be here alone~~
~~But here lies one more and that's more than one.~~
His name was More but now it may be said
He is no more, because that now he's dead
And in this place doth he sepulchred.

17. 135.

Location? On Sir Thomas More, English Chancellor

When More some years had chancellor been
No more suits did remian
The same More shall never more be seen
Till More be there again.

18. 108, 135, 66, 10, 148. St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf, London. William More.

Here lies one More, and no more than he:
One More and no More! How can that be?
Why one More and no More may well be here alone
But here lies one More and ~~no More well well be~~
~~here alone~~ that's more than one.

19. 37, 11.

Location? Mr. Mudd

Here lies Mathew Mudd
Death did him no hurt
When alive he was Mudd
Now he's nothing but dirt.
(Booth - last line - and now dead, he's but dirt.)

20. 66.

Location? Susan Mum

To the memory of Susan Mum
Silence is wisdom.

21. 52.

On Mr. Munday. Broomfield church, Eng.

Hallowed be the Sabbath,
And farewell all earthly pelf:
The week begins on Tuesday,
For Munday hath hanged himself.

Handwritten text at the top of the page, likely a header or title, which is mostly illegible due to fading.

Handwritten text in the middle section of the page, appearing to be a list or a series of notes.

Large block of handwritten text at the bottom of the page, consisting of several lines of cursive script.

1. 108.

Westminster Abbey, London, Eng.

Franciscus Newmannus
a collegio omnium animarum
apud oxoniensis nuper socius
H.S.E.
Diem obiit prid. Id. Dec
Anno parte salutis
MDC XLIX
Exuta jam carne animarum sedereceptus vere Neander
factus est.

Here lies
Francis Newman
Late Fellow of All Souls' College in Oxford.
who died in the year of health 1649
Divested of Body, and received among the Seats of the
Blessed Souls,
he is now truly a NEW MAN.

2. 148.

on a Mr. None

None lieth here, of lineage None descended,
Among Men None, None 'mongst the Saints befriended.

3. 148. Mr.

Mr. None - Windham, Norfolk, Eng.

Here lyes None, one worse than None forever thought
And because None of None to thee, O Christ gives nought

4. 11.

Mr. None, Windham, Norfolk. (a miser, epitaph in Latin)

Here lyeth None, who worse than none was thought
For being None, of none to Christ gave nought.

5. 108, 66, 10, 148. Hardington Church, Eng. On Miss Mott

Nott born, Nott dead, Nott christened, Nott begot,
Lo there she lies, that was, that was Nott;
She died, was born, baptiz'd, aye what was more,
Was in her life Nott honest, not a whore
Reader, behold a wonder rarely wrought,
Which while thou seem'st to read, thou readeest Nott.

6. 148.

Loaring adds this
19 above

On Mrs. Nott

Nott -- a maid,
Nott -- a wife,
Nott -- a widow
Nott -- a whore
She was Nott these
And yet she was all four.

N.B. She was all four when her name was Nott.

7. 93.

Newburyport, Mass.

child named Noyes.

As you are, so was I,
God did call, I did die,
Now children all, whose name is Noyes
Make Jesus Christ your only choice.

W. H. P. 1911



1. 9.

Elstree, Eng. - on a wife named Olive

Behold and know how heaven is repossessed
 Of her sweet soul whose corps interred doth rest
 Near to this place; for silence would her wrong
 If that my Muse had not address this song
 Of sacred trophies in her vertuous praise,
 Which cannot die, but must survive always.
 A fruitful peaceful Olive was her name
 So was her life, her death, her faith the same;
 Emblem'd by Dove with Olive leaf in bill
 Which show'd glad Noah God had done his will,
 And forc'd the swelling deluge flood resort
 To channels low, in banks, in bounds their port;
 This Olive lived much more content with me,
 Than did this Dove, Good Noah, in ark with thee.
 And brought me olive branch to glad my heart,
 As Dove rejoiced, the ceasing floating part,
 And then with ghost then did penetrate the skies.
 More high than Dove, beyond object of eyes;
 Her heart, her mind, her soul, and faith most pure,
 Were link't in Christ so steadfast and so sure.
 As helped her soul more high than Dove could flie,
 Now therefore, Noah, thy Dove I must pass by:
 Mounting the heavens by wings of faith,
 Her soul's aspect discharged of sin and pain;
 Where hope assures and puts me out of doubt
 That this late Olive mine is round about
 Beset with God's favour and mercy seat,
 And with his love of all his joys for meat,
 Her corps to suit which clad her soul before.
 Dignified, glorified, eternized
 Sanctified at last, as first baptized.

2. 34,

Location ? Mr. Only

Beneath this monumental do lie
 The mortal relics of one Only
 Yes, of one Only! for, Only, he
 Rests here, - Only here is free
 From ills - to which Only, in his life,
 Could only look for cares and strife.

37-101-10 (B1)

37-101-10

37-101-10

37-101-10

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37-101-10

1. 149, 108, 135, 9, 93. Southland, Kent, Eng. Palmer - circa 1607
(in old English)

Palmers all our fathers were;
I, a Palmer lived here,
And traveled sore, till worn with age,
I ended this world pilgrimage.
On the blest Ascension Day
In the cheerful month of May
One thousand four hundred seven
And took my journey hence to Heaven.

2. 92. On Mr. Peach. epitaph by Bisset

Death long had wish'd within his reach,
So sweet, so delicate a Peach
He struck the Tree - the trunk lay mute;
But Angels bore away the fruit.

3. 112. Bigbury, Devon. John & Jane Pearse

Here lie the corpes of John and Jane his wife.
Surnamed Pearse, whom death bereaved of life.
O! lovely Peirce, until death did them call
Their object were to love in general.
Living, they lived in fame and honesty.
Dying, they left both to their progeny.
Alive and dead, always their charity.
Hath, doth and will, help helpless povertie.
By nature they were two, by love made.
By death made two again, with mournful money
O! cruel death, in turning odd to even.
Yet blessed death in bringing both to heaven.
On earth they had one bed, in earth one tomb
And now their souls in heaven enjoy one room.
Thus Pearse being peirced by death, doth peace obtain
O, happy Peirce since peace is Pearse's gain.
He dyed the 10th day of December 1612
She dyed the 31st day of Julie 1628.

4. 115 (vol. 2)
146. Wetumpka, Alabama. Solomon Pease

Here lies the body of Solomon Peas
Under the daisies and under the trees
Peas is not here - only the pod
Peas shelled out; went home to God.

11/11/11 11:11:11

11/11/11

11/11/11

5. 9, 37, 80.

Sussex, Eng. on Mr. Peck

Here lies a Beck which some men say
Was first of all a peck of clay;
This, wrought by skill divine while fresh
Became a curious Peck of flesh.
Through various forms its Maker ran,
Then, adding breath, made Peck a man.
Full fifty years Peck felt life's bubbles
Till Death relieved a peck of troubles
Then fell poor Peck, as all things must
And here he lies, a Peck of dust.

6. 108.

In a M.S. in the British Museum on John Potter, Arch-
bishop of Canterbury, 1736.

Alack and well-a-day
Potter himself is turned to clay.

7. 92, 52, 137
last 4 lines
same as above 8

Wimborne, Dorsetshire, Eng. - John Penny

Here honest John, who oft the turf had paced,
And stopp'd his mother's earth, in earth is placed,
Nor all the skill of John himself could save,
From being stopp'd within an earthly grave.
A friend to sport, himself of sporting fame,
John died, as he had lived, with heart of game -
Nor did he yield until his mortal breath
Was hard run down by that grim sportsman - Death.
Reader, if cash thou art in want of any,
Dig four feet deep, and thou wilt find - a Penny.

8. 135. See Nor-
folk below. 11,
52.

Location? Mrs. Penny.

Reader, if cash thou art in want of any
Dig five feet deep & you will find a Penny.

(On John Penny.

Reader, of cash, if thou'rt in want of any
Dig four feet deep, and thou shalt find a Penny.

9. 92.

Oldham, Lancashire, Eng. on Paul Fuller and Peter
Potter, buried near each other.

'Tis held by Peter and by Paul,
That when we fill our graves or urns,
Ashes to ashes crumbling fall,
And dust to dust once more returns,
So here, a truth unmeant for mirth,
Appears in monumental lay;
Paul's grave is filled with Fuller's earth,
And Peter's crammed with Potter's clay.

10. 9, 67.

St. Giles, Herts, Eng. 1631. Anne Poure. aged 14.

Pour, Rich was in the spirit
Anne Poure, Rich Poure by Christ's merit.

11. 92.

Beverstone, Gloucestershire. In memory of Katherine
Purye, who died Dec. 1, 1604.

She whom this stone doth quietly immure
In no feign'd way had twice the name of Pure
Pure, pious, dlean, each name did signify,
And truly was she what those names imply;
For in pure paths, while yet she lived, she trod;
Pure was she in this world, and now more pure with
God.

12. 112.

Christ Church, Bridewell. Gameliel Pye. c. 1600

Mole fub hac, si forte roges quis (Candide lector?)
Vel qualis recubat, Gameliel Pius est.
Vita pium, nomenque pium, mors sanda piumque
Exhibet, & vita est nomine morte pius.

1. 11.

On William Quick

Here lies the quick and dead.

WILLIAM P. 130

WILLIAM

WILLIAM

1. Tegg, 80. Location? Isaac Reed (epitaph by Thomas Diblin)

Reader, of these four lines take heed,
And mend your life for my sake,
For you must die like Isaac Reed,
Tho' you read till your eyes ache.

2. 108, 66, 11, 80. Woolwich, Eng. Stephen Remnant

Here's a remnant of life, and a remnant of Death,
Taken off both at once in a remnant of breath:
To mortality this gives a happy release,
For what was the remnant proves now the whole piece.

3. 108, 66. Berkeley Churchyard, Eng. William Rich.

Beneath this stone, in sound repose,
Lies William Rich of Lydiard close.
Eight wives he had, yet none survive,
And likewise children eight times five!
From whom an issue vast did pour
Of greatgrandchildren, five times four.
Rich born, Rich bred, yet fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor
July the 10th, aged ninety-four.

4. 80. In an old volume containing "History of Fair Rosamund"
daughter of Lord Clifford, and mistress to Henry II,
it is stated that the king caused a stately tomb to be
erected to her memory at Godstow, near Oxford, which
contained this inscription in Latin:

Within this tomb lies the world's chiefest Rose,
She, who was sweet, will now offend your nose.

5. 108, 80. Kilravock, Ireland - on a girl named Miss Rose, niece
to Hugh Rose, Esq.

Here lies a Rose, a budding Rose,
Blasted before its bloom;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flow'rs perfume.
To those who for her loss are griev'd
This consolation's given,
She's from a world of woe reliev'd,
And bloom a Rose in Heaven.

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6. 108.

Location? Rose Atkinson ob 1626

Stay, you that heedless of the dead;
Pass on this way; Beholde and reade,
This Rose (o'erwhile a lovelie flowre)
Had leaves as fair as fresh as your,
which cast their sweet perfumes about
Like pretious oyntments, powered out.
She liv'd as others taught she should
She died as she herself foretolde;
And, in a Budd, which from her grave,
Did in her death her life renewe.
Now is't no wonder it be sedd
That branch should live whose root is dead;
Yet here is one; From out her tombe
This very Rose anewe shall bloome.

7. 124.

Location? Rose Clifford

This tomb doth here enclose the world's
most beauteous Rose.

8. 2, 108, 9, 112

Bishop's Tawton Church, Devonshire, Eng. 1652. Rose Dart (an infant)

A Rose's springing branch no sooner bloomed
By death's impartial Dart lies here entombed
Tho' wither'd be the bud, the stock relies
Oh Christ both sure by faith and hope to rise.

(Here lyeth the infant daughter of Charels Dart,
Gent: and of Rose his wife, who departed hence
ye 26 of Aprill - Ano Dni, 1651.

9. 2, 108.

Bletchley, Eng. Mrs. Rose Sparke. oh 1615

Sixty eight years a fragrant rose she lasted,
Noe vile reproach her virtues ever blasted;
Her autume past expects a glorious springe,
A second better life more flourishing.

"Hearken unto me, ye holy children, and bud forth
as a Rose" Eccles. XXXIX

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

The history of the United States is a story of growth and change. From the first settlers to the present day, the nation has evolved through various stages of development. The early years were marked by exploration and settlement, followed by a period of rapid expansion and industrialization. The American Revolution and the Civil War were pivotal moments in the nation's history, shaping its identity and values. The 20th century brought significant social and political changes, including the rise of the American Dream and the challenges of the Cold War.

The American Revolution was a turning point in the nation's history. It was a struggle for independence from British rule, fought between 1775 and 1781. The revolution was led by George Washington and resulted in the signing of the Declaration of Independence in 1776. The new nation was founded on the principles of liberty, justice, and equality. The Civil War, fought between 1861 and 1865, was a conflict over the issue of slavery. It was a war of blood and fire that ultimately led to the abolition of slavery and the preservation of the Union.

The 20th century was a period of great change and achievement. The American Dream became a reality for many, as the nation grew into a global superpower. The Cold War was a period of tension between the United States and the Soviet Union, lasting from 1947 to 1991. The space race was a competition between the two superpowers to be the first to land on the moon. The civil rights movement was a struggle for equality and justice for African Americans, led by Martin Luther King Jr. and others.

The 21st century has brought new challenges and opportunities. The world has become more interconnected than ever before, thanks to advances in technology and globalization. The United States continues to play a leading role in the world, facing new challenges such as climate change, terrorism, and economic inequality. The American Dream remains a guiding principle, inspiring the nation to strive for a better future for all its citizens.

1. 92.

Hendon, Middlesex - Mr. Sand

Who would live by other's breath?
Fame deceives the dead man's trust.
Even our names much change by death,
Sand I was, but now am dust.

2. 43.

Port Glasgow, Scotland. John So - an obscure man

So died John So.,
So so did he SO?
So did he live,
And so did he die:
So So did he die:
So so did he so?
And so let him lie.

3. Tegg, 135,
11, "cause
of death"
"tb" "Scotch"

Old Houff, Dundee, Scotland. Alexander Speid

Time flies with speed, with speed Speid's fled.
To the dark regions of the dead:
With speed consumption's sorrows flew,
And stopt Speid's speed, for Speid it slew:
Miss Speid beheld, with frantic woe
Poor Speid was speed turn pale as snow
And beat her breast and tore her hair,
For Speid, poor Speid, was all her care,
Let's learn of Speid with Speed to fly
From sin, since we like Speid must die.

4. 112.

~~John Skarre~~ Tong, Salop, Eng. Sir Thomas Stanley

Ask who lies here, but do not weep,
He is not dead, he doth but sleep!
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones,
And his own goodness with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monuemnt is none.

Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor sky, aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall outlive marble and defacer's hands.
When all, to time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands,
Shall stand in heaven

(said by Sir W. Dugdale in his "visitation Book to have
been written by Shakespeare.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED THE

REMARKABLE PASSES OF HIS LIFE

AND DEATH

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

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1721

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1721

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1721

5. 9, 112. Seatone, Devonshire, Eng. 1633. John Starre.
- John Starre
Starr on high!
 Where should a Starre be
 But on high?
 Tho' underneath
 He now doth lie
 Sleeping in dust
 Yet shall he rise
 More glorious than
 The Starres in skies
6. 135, 93, 11, 80 Hackney Churchyard. Peter Stiller
- As still as Death, poor Peter lies,
 And stiller when alive was he
Still not without a hope to rise
 Though stiller then he still will be.
7. 9, 108. All Hallows, Bread St., London, Eng. 1628 Rev. Richard Stock
- Thy lifeless trunk
 (O! Reverend Stock)
 Like Aaron's rod
 Sprouts out again:
 And after two
 Full winters past
 Yields Blossom es
 And ripe fruit amain
 For why, this work of piety
 Performed by some of thy flock
 To thy dead corpse and sacred urn
 Is but the fruit of this old Stock.
8. 108, 66, 135 "centenarian" Affington Churchyard, Devonshire, Eng. Mr. Stone - a ged 102
- Grand Salem's curse shall never light on thee
 For here, a stone upon a stone I see
- (Jerusalem's curse is not fulfilled in me
 For here a stone upon a stone you see.
9. 108, 148, 11, 80. Barrow Churchyard, Eng. Mr. Fred Stone (North Leach North Wales (Ripley, see illustration)
- Jerusalem's curse is not fulfilled in me
 For here a stone upon a stone you see.
10. 146. Oxford, Mass. Capt. Hezekiah Stone died 1771
- Beneath this Stone
 Death's prisner lies
 The Stone shall move
 The prisner rise.

11-24

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11. 108, 135, 66,
11, 80.

Melton Mowbray Churchyard, Leicestershire, Eng.
on a lady named Stone

Curious enough we all must say
That what was Stone should now be clay
Most curious still, to own we must
That what was Stone must soon be dust.

12. Sidbury Church, Eng. ob 1617. John Stone - a Freemason)
108, 112.

On one great corner-stone this Stone relied
For blessing to his building, loveing most
To build God's temples in work's he died
And lived the Temple of the Holy Ghost,
In whose hard life is proved and honest fame
God can of Stone raise seed to Abraham.

13. 135, 148, 80.

St. Mary's Church, Rotherhithe, Eng. Capt. Thomas
Stone

Asthe Earth, the Earth doth cover
So under this Stone lies another.

N.B. This same couplet forms the commencement of
epitaph of Sir William Stone in St. Mary Magda-
lene Church, Milk St., London, Eng.

14. Hunstanton, Norfolk, Eng. 1654. Hamon de Strange
135, 9, 112.

In heaven at home, a blessed change
Who while I was on earth was Strange

Homo, extraneus, miles, obiit 31 Maij 1654
aetat 74

In terris peregrinus evam, nunc incola coeli.

15. 148.

Mr. Strange

Here lies one Strange, no Pagan, Turk, nor Jew;
'Tis Strange, but not so strange as it is true.

16. 146.

Strange Creek, West Va. named for William Strange
who became lost during a surveying trip in 1795
Several years later his bones were found beneath
a tree on which he had carved

Strange is my name and I'm on strange ground
And Strange it is I can't be found.

17. 137, 108.

Location? John Sullen

Here lies John Sullen and it is God's will
He that was Sullen, should be Sullen still;
He still is Sullen, if the truth ye seek;
Knock until Doomsday, Sullen will not speak.

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T

1. 108, 93, 100,
43, 9, 11, 112

Kirk St. Anne, Isle of Man. Daniel Tear (Centenar-
ian) epitaph by Sir Wadsworth Busk Atty-General of
the Isle.

Here, friend, little Daniel's tomb,
To Joseph's age he did arrive;
Sloth killing thousands in their bloom
While labour kept poor Dan alive
Tho' strange, yet true, full seventy years
Was his wife happy in her Tears.

Daniel Tear died Dec. 9, 1787, aged 110 years.

U

1. 11.

Sussex, Eng. In memory of Captain Underwood
who was drowned.

Here lies free from blood and slaughter,
Once Underwood, now under water.

2. 34.

Location? John Underwood

Oh! Cruel Death! thou dost no good
With thy destructive maggots
Now thou hast cropt our Underwood
What shall we do for fagots?

1. 148.
see English
version under
English nobility

Lady Mary Vere

Nobilitas tibi vera fuit; prudentia vera;
Vera tibi pietas; & tibi vera fides
Vera dei cultrix fueras et vera mariti:
Quaeque nitent aderant omnia, vera, tibi
 Acciderit tandem quod mors tibi, vera dolendum
 Excepto hoc, de te singula vera juvant.

2. 9, 112.

Branscombe, Devonshire, Eng. 1658. On a father
and son named Vessels

The wine that in these earthen vessels lay
 The hand of Death has lately drawn away:
 And as a present sent it up on high
 Whilst here the Vessels with the lees doth lie.

W

1. 52, 108, 66,
93, 148.

St. Mary Key, Ipswich, Suffolk. John Warner, aged
92, 1641.

I, Warner, once was to myself,
Both living, dying, dead I was;
Now warning an to be
See then thou warned be.

2. 108, 66, 135,
148, 92.

Eaius College Chapel 1613, William Webbe

A richer Webb than any art can weave
The soul that faith to Christ makes firmly cleave
This Webbe can Death, nor Devils sunder, nor untwist
For Christ and Grace both Ground work are, and list.

3. 108, 148, 66,
93.

St. Paul's, London, Eng. on John Webster

Here, underneath, a Webster Death has lain,
By too soon cutting his short Web in twain:
For ere he'd spun scarce half his web (sad truth!)
Death snatch'd him hence just in his bloom of youth.

4. Tegg

Location? William Willing

Death will't that Willing here should lie
Although unwilling he to die.

5. 108, 148,

Temple Church, Eng. John White. (Safford: Similar
epitaph in New Haven, Conn. on
Franklin White)

Here lies John a burning shining light,
Whose name, life, actions, all alike were White.

6. 2.

Checkley Church, Staffordshire, Eng. Rev. James White
hall

To the memory of the Reverend James Whitehall, Rec-
tor of this place twenty five years, who departed
this life the second daie of March 1644.

White was his name, and whiter than this stone.
In hopes of joyful resurrection,
Here lies that orthodox, that grave divine,
In wisdom true, virtue did so clearly shine;
One that could live and die as he hath done
Suffer'd not death but a translation.
But out of charity I'll speak no more,
Lest his friends pine with sighs, with tears the
poor.

7. 135, 37, 66. Walcot, Norfolk, Eng. 1847 William Wiseman Unger:
Lambeth, Eng. (on William Wilson
a quarrelsome litigant - 1st 2
lines)

Here lies the body of W.W.
He comes no more to trouble U, trouble U,
Where he's gone or how he fares
Nobody knows & nobody cares.

8. 124. Winslow, Maine Mr. Wood Ripley - sameman (Here lies
one wood encased in wood,
continue same as other

Here lies one Wood enclosed in wood
One wood within another
The outer wood is very good
We cannot praise the other.

9. 135, 112. East Allington, Devonshire, Eng. 1662. Elizabeth Wood

Eliza's soul, a graft divine
With clay was fastened unto Wood!
The tree did suddenly decline
The fruit was blasted in the bud.
The clay which death broke off lies here, the wife
Is now engrafted on the tree of life.
Reader, expect not long to hold thy breath
For heart of oak thou seest cut off by death.

10. 9, 108. Low Lexton, Eng. Elizabeth Wood

Wail not, my wood, thy trees untimely fall
They were but leaves that Autumn's blast could spoil;
The Bark bound up, and some fair fruit withal,
Transplanted only, she exchanged her soil,
She is not dead, she did but fall to rise
And leave the Woods to live in Paradise.

11. 66. Location? Ralph and John Wood

We that have made tombs for others,
Now here we lie:
Once we were two flourishing Woods
But now we die.

12. 9, 108, 2. Peterborough Cathedral, Eng. 1589. Sir Richard Worme.

Does worm eat worms? Knight Worme this truth confirms:
For here, with worms, lies Worme, a dish for worms.
Dees Worme eat worm? Sure Worme will this deny,
For worms with Worme, a dish for Worme don't lie.
'Tis so, and 'tis not so, for free from worms.
'Tis certain worme is blessed without his worms.

13. 11, 34, 137.

Location? John Wright

Here lies John Wright, as queer a wight,
As sleeps these tombs among,
Who, strange to tell, though always Wright
Was sometime in the wrong.

14. 115.

Ruidoso, New Mexico John Yeast

Here lies John Yeast
Pardon me for not rising.

UNUSUAL NAMES AS EPITAPHS

1. In Monroe County, Miss.

"I.M. Saved."

2. In Crown Hill Cemetery, Denver, Colo.

"Theresa R. Below"

3. In Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, Calif.

"Bury I. Dasent"

4. In Memphis, Tenn.

"Mrs. Ima Deadman"

5. In Lockwood, Huddersfield, York, Eng.

Three brothers buried in the same grave.

Livewell Sykes
Dowell Sykes
Diowell Sykes

6. On the grave of the Dearman family in Pontotoc County, Miss.

A. Dearman was my husband.

7. In Lexington, Ky. is buried.

"King Solomon"

8. On the grave of Andrew Toomb, Scioto County, Ohio

"Here lies A. Toomb
Beneath a tomb."

9. In Odd Fellows Cemetery, Weimar, Texas.

Here is
A. GRAVE

10. In Clay County, Mississippi

~~"Dunmovin"~~ D. Ed Ubett

11. In De Soto County, Mississippi

"Dunmovin"

12. In Tupelo, Mississippi

"S.O. Long"

13. 115. Rose Lawn Cemetery, Detroit, Mich.
Here lies
Lotta Dust
14. West Point, Mississippi
Dr. I. Kilnomor
15. Ghost in a cemetery in Grove City, Pa.
"Ghosh"
16. 115
2nd vol. Xenia, Ohio
Wilbur Wood Dye
17. 115.
2nd vol. Vancouver, B.C. Arthur Haine - an atheist showing his disbelief in life.
Haine Haint
18. 115. Mt. Hope Cemetery, Rochester, N.Y.
Welcume
A
Soule
19. 115.
2nd vol. Madison, Wis.
I. Etta Hamburger
20. 115. Odd Fellows Cemetery, Burlington, Vt. N.J.
Temperance Booze.
21. 66. Ely Cathedral, Eng. Mrs. Ursula Upture, aged 77, daughter of Dr. Tyndall, Dean of the Ely Cathedral. At 20 yr., she married a lover named Coxee; at 42, she became a widow; at 77 yrs., within 2 months of her death she married a youth named Upture for comfort.

Ursula (Tyndall - by birth
(Coxee - by choice
(Upture - in age and comfort
22. 135. Whitchurch, Dorset, Eng. - A.J.R. Gunter
Arabella Jennerenna Raquetenna Gunter.
Daughter of John Gunter, Esq.

23. 34.

Llanrhaider Church, Wales (near Denhigh) - on a Welch Gentleman

Here lyeth the body
John - Ap Robert, Ap Porth, Ap David Vaughn,
Ap Griffith, Ap Blethyn, Ap Griffith, Ap Meredith.
Ap Jerworth, Ap Llewellyn, Ap Jerom, Ap Heilin
Ap Cowryd, Ap Cadvan, Ap Alagwa, Ap. Cadell
The King of Powys, who departed this life
The XX Day of March, in the year of our Lord, 1642
And of his Age, XCV.

24. 146.

Near Wetumpka, Alabama. Contributed by EM Graves,
Montgomery, Ala. Hobbies Mag.
Mar. 1934. (see illust.)

On a little colored girl whose mother was a slave &
who served as a nurse in a prominent Central Alabama.
family.

Henry Ritter, Ema Ritter, Dema Ritter,
Sweet potatoe, creamatarter, Caroline
Bostwick, Daughter of Bob and Suckey
Catlen, born at Social Circle 1843,
Died Wetumpka, 1852.

25. 146.

Idlewild Cemetery, Hood River, Oregon - on a victim of
an automobile accident

Asad. Experience Wilson
1895 1946

N.B. His mother had given him the name when he was
born out of wedlock.

NAMES * SIDE BY SIDE - EPITAPHS

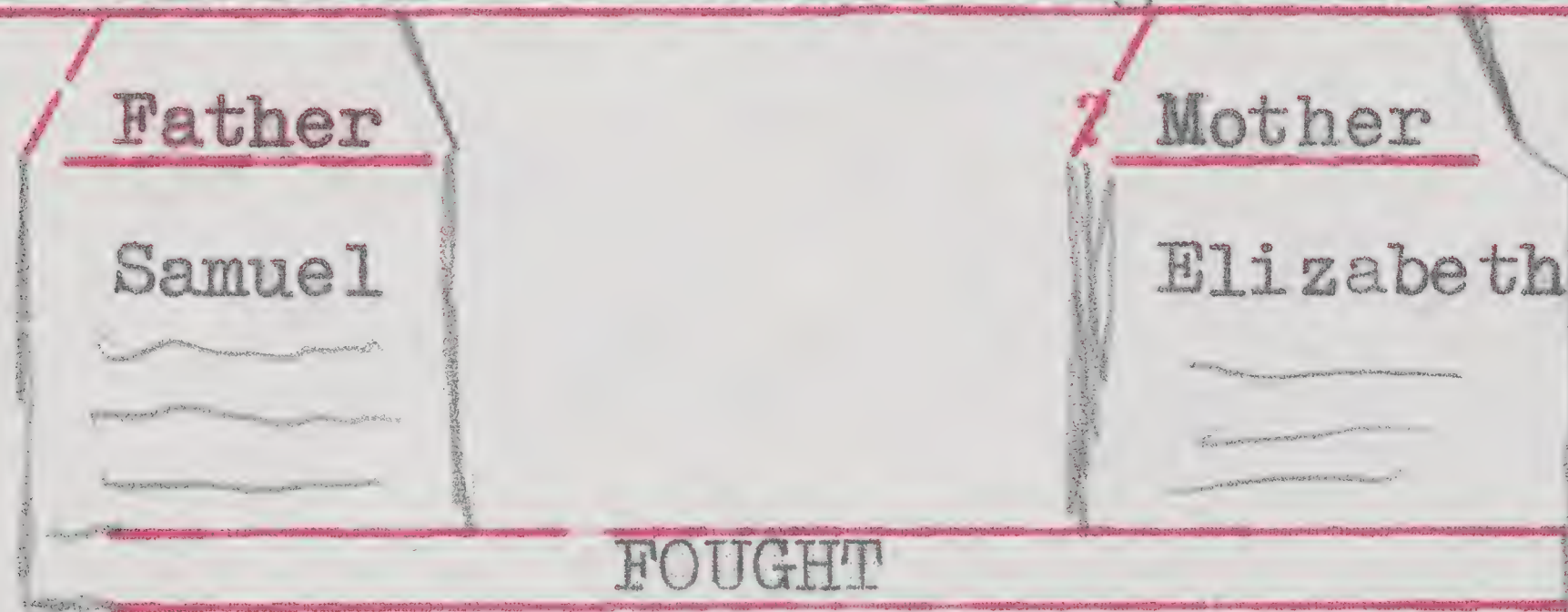
1. In Beloit, Wis.

Shoes - Stockings

2. In Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Salt Lake City, Utah

Tempest - Fairweather

3. On Tombstone of Samuel Fought and wife, Ligioner, Ind.



4. Coupar Angus, Perthshire, Scotland

Mary Kame - Jeannie Whent

5. 115, 28. In Garrettsville, Ohio

Payne - Joy

6. 115. Lee County, Miss.

Mr. Law Mr. Lawless

7. In Chickasaw County Cemetery, Mississippi

Dooin - Wright - Well

8. In Neshoba County, Mississippi

"Dun" - "Dyeing"

9. In Bridgeport, Conn. - Monument of Arms

Family names of "swords" and "cannon" are carved on one tombstone

Not far away are the gravestones of the "Gunn" family.

10. Nassau, N.Y. & Garrettsville, Ohio

"Payne - Joy"

11. 115. Nassau, N.Y.

"Snow - Frost"

12.



13. Three Family Gravestones, Westminster Cemetery, Phila.

"Bacon" "Kitchen" "Cook"

14. 28. New York City. On Vault No. 75, in marble Cemetery on 2nd Ave., near 2nd St.

"Preserved Fish"

The gentleman came from Bedford, Mass. and was a whaler.

15. 115. Near Mitchell, Mo.

On Tombstone in the Bean family cemetery

"Green Bean"

Born - April 11, 1841

Died - March 27, 1892

Aged - 50 years 11 mos 16 days

16.

AN ODDITY IN NAMES

Sirs:

I came upon this scene in the Rosedale Cemetery, West Orange, N. J., and could not help but remark the coincidence that the tombstones of a Lincoln and a Booth should stand just a few feet apart.

The tomb of President Abraham Lincoln actually can be found in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Ill. Just where

John Wilkes Booth was laid to rest, no one knows for sure. He was originally thought to have died and to have been buried in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, but other accounts have it that he escaped, died years later in Enid, Okla.

CARMEN ALBANESE
West Orange, N. J.



UNUSUAL DATES

1. 66, 110, 148.

Camden, Derbyshire, Eng.

Here lyeth Richard A. Preen
One thousand five hundred and eighty-nine
Of March the 25th day
And he that will die after him - may.

Preen= Prince (Howe)
" = Treeme (Webb)

2. 140.

Cornwall, Eng.

Here lies the body of Gabriel John,
Who died in the year 1601
Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
You may, if you please, or let it alone
For it's all one
To Gabirel John
Who died in the year 1601

3. 135.

Robert and Mary Leman - 1637 - St. Stephen's Church
Ipswich

A solemne sacred to the memory of
ROBERT LEMAN (the sonne of Wuliam Leman)
Late of Beckles in the county of Suk; Gent.
And free of the worp company of Fishmongers of
London;

of which city he was chosen Sheriffe;
and of Mary his wife.
the eldest daughter of William Gore, of Broome
in the county of Northfol: Eng. Hall
who as in life they were irreprable
so in death inseparable, both expiring in one
clay

being the 3rd of Sept: 1637.
The same sonne that closed her eyes in the morn-
ing
Shutting up his in the evening.

Beneath this monument intombed lye
The rare remark of a conivall tye.
Robert & Mary who to shew how neere
One loath behind the other long to stay.
(as married) dyed together in one day.

4. 28.

Little Burstled, Essex, Eng.

George)	Walton	(1663
George)		(1664

5. 9.

Wrexham, Eng. 1665.

Here lies John Shore
I say no more
Who was alive
In sixty-five

6. 10.

Oxfordshire, Eng. 1665

Here lies the body of John Eldred,
At least he will be here when he is dead;
But now at this time he is alive,
The fourteenth of August, sixty-five.

7. 92, 80.

Oxford, Oxfordshire, Eng.

E.G. Hancock.	died.	August 3,	1666
John Hancock, Sen.	-----	4	----
John Hancock, Jun.	-----	7	----
Oner Hancock	-----	7	----
William Hancock	-----	7	----
Alice Hancock	-----	9	----
Ann Hancock	-----	10	----

What have Death made in one family, in the course of seven days.

8. 9, 93.

Norwich, Eng., 1679

Sarah Yorke this life did resigne
One May the 13th '79.

9. 135.

Francis and Mary Huntrodds - 1680. St. Mary's Parish
Church, Whitby

Here lies the bodies of
Francis Huntrodds & Mary, his wife
Who were both born on the same say
of the week, month & year (viz) Sept. ye 19th 1600,
marry'd on the day of their birth,
& after having had 12 children born to them,
died aged 80 years, on the same day of the year they were
born,
Sept. 19th 1680, the one not above 5 hours before ye
other.

Husband and wife that did twelve children bore
Dy'd the same day; alike both aged were,
Bout eighty years they liv'd, five hours did past
(Even on the marriage day) each tender heart
So fit a match, surely could never be
Both in their lives & in their death agree.

10. 80, 93.

Richmond, Yorkshire.

Here lies the body of William Wix,
One thousand, seven hundred and sixty-six.

11. 115.

St. Peter's Church, Columbia, S.C. "man who lived in
3 centuries" (belongs in chapter
on Centeranian)

Hugh McElrone
Born Nov, 2, 1798
Died Dec. 20, 1901

12. 93.

Here lies the body of Nicholas Gunn, -
Who died in the year eighteen hundred and one;
Pray for the soul of Nicholas Gunn, -
You may if you please, it let it alone,
For it is all one to Nicholas Gunn,
Who died in the year eighteen hundred & one.

13.

On tombstone in Paris, France

J'attends ma femme
1820

Me voila
1830

I await my wife
1820

I am here
1830

14.

Westminster, South Carolina

Four members of one family who were born and died on
the same day of same month.

Mary Jolly	Mary A. Jolly	Nancy Jolly	Susan Jolly
born	born	born	born
Aug. 10, 1788	Apr. 17, 1829	June 9, 1826	May 9, 1835
died	died	died	died
Aug. 10, 1881	Apr. 17, 1877	June 9, 1877	May 9, 1877

15.

Brevard, N.C.

Julia Nathalie Forsythe
Born, married and died on the same day of the week, the
same day of the month and the same month of the year.

Julie Nathalie
Forsythe

Born - Monday - 5-14-1860
Married - Monday - 5-14-1877
~~Buried~~ - Monday - 5-14-1923

Contributed by Kin
McNeil in Life Maga-
zine 1942.

16.

Gravestone in St. Mary's Cemetery, Dallas, Texas.

Very Rev. Dean

Patrick M. Donohoe
Born - March 17, 1864
Dromard Co. Ireland
Died - March 17, 1923
St. Patrick's Parish - Dallas

17. 115
and others

Peter Chase
born
Aug. 19, 1832
Died
Jan. 14, 1894

Anna Chase
born
Aug. 19, 1832
Died
Jan. 14, 1894

Married couple born same day, died on same day.

18. 52, 9, 108,
28, 135.

Kendal Church, Westmoreland. 1725.

Nigh to this pillar lies the body
of Mrs. Frances Strickland, late wife to Mr. John
Strickland of Strickland and daughter of Edward
Backhouse.

She was born) (1690
married) 24 June (1708
buried) (1725

Emblem of temporal good, the day that gave
Her birth and marriage, saw her in her grave;
Wing'd with its native love her soul took flight
To boundless regions of eternal light.

19.

Jan III Sobieski, King of Poland. 17th century.

He was born, crowned, married and died - each time on
the same date of the year - June 17.

20. 140, 146.

Riverside Cemetery. Asheville, N.C. (Husband & wife
died on their
birthday.

Edward W.
Whiteside
Born
April 12, 1864
Died
April 12, 1930

Mrs. E.W. (Eda Mae)
Whiteside
Born
June 23, 1877
Died
June 23, 1908

21. 135.

Henry ?Cull, 1837, Lymington Hants.

Sacred to the memory of
HENRY CULL

Born 7th April 1777 at 7 o'clock in the morning
Died 7th April 1837 at 7 o'clock in the morning.

22. 135.

Thursday - Creton (?) Shropshire

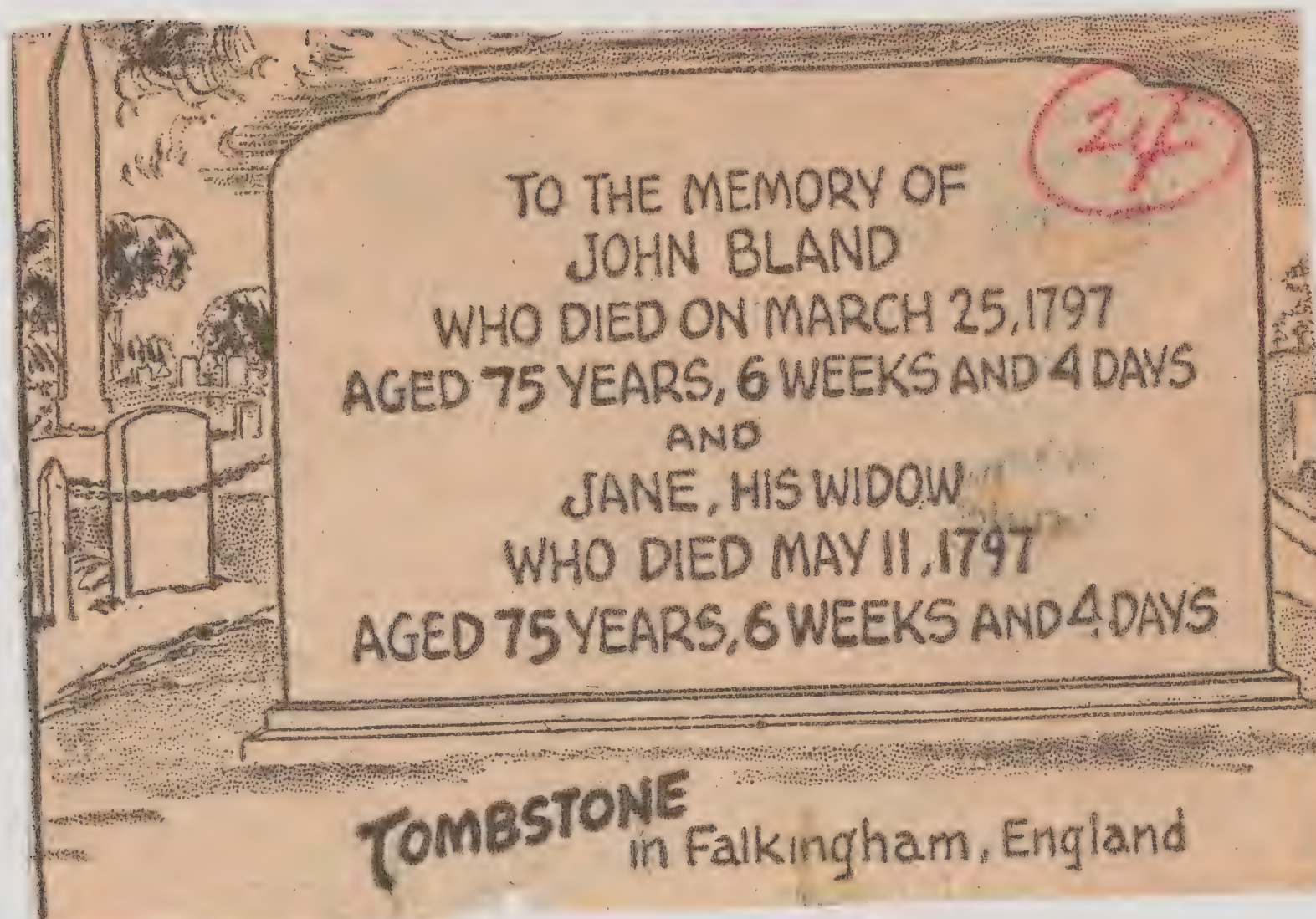
On a Thursday she was born,
On a Thursday made a bride;
On a Thursday put to bed
On a Thursday broke her leg; and
On a Thursday died.

23. 146.

Dunstable, Mass. (Central Cemetery)

In memory of Mrs. Easter Woodward
W. of Mr. John Woodward.
Who d. Jany 26, 1797 aged 32 yrs.
On this day she was born
On this day she was married.
On this day she deceast
Not many hours varied.

24.



25. 135.

Richard and Giles Wade. 1810, Camberwell, London.
Twins dying within 7 wks of each other; aged 53 years.

Richard Wade, died Oct. 21, 1810, aged 53
Giles Wade, died Dec. 8, 1810, aged 53
Near together they came,
Near together they went,
Near together they are.

26. 146.

Simsbury, Conn. on identical twins died on same day

<u>Eva Louisa Eno.</u>	Ada Letitia Eno Sanford.
Born Feb. 14th 1828	Born Feb. 14th 1828
Died Nov. 16th 1911	Died Nov. 16th 1911
Not separated in death	Not deparated in death.

27. 146.

Wilmington, N.C. (Bellevue Cemetery) Twin brothers,
railroad engineers, died in same year

Born 1875
B.L. Grant C.T. Grant
Died Oct. 16, 1920 Died Jan. 30, 1920.
As twins to mortal life we came,
As twins we rest together;
As twins we hope to rise again;
As twins with Christ forever.

28. 146.

Milford, Delaware. Christ Episcopal Churchyard.
"Hour of death"

Joseph Oliver founder of Milford.
epitaph states that he died in 1807, aged 80 years
at twenty minutes to seven in the morning."

29. 146.

Groton, Mass. (Old Burying Ground) "hour of death"

Samuel Bowers d. December 16, 1768

"at half a hour after three of the clock in
ye afternoon and in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

30. 124.

Wyoming County, N.Y.

She was in health at 11:30 A.M.
And left for Heaven at 3:30 P.M.

32. 109.

Rochester, N.H. (Haven's Hill Cemetery)

Rev. Joseph Haven, born May 14 (old style) 1747, died 1825
Mrs. Mary Haven, born April 1 (new style) 1753, died 1814

32. 140.

Maryland.

Elizabeth Scott lies buried here
She was born Nov. 20th, 1785
According to the best of her recollection.

33. 140.

A.D. - I am anxiously expecting you
A.D. - Here I am.

34. 28.

Burlington, Mich. He erected his tombstone with these
dates before his death as he had a premonition he would
die in 1934.

Willard Hyatt
1854 - 1934.

35.

New Bedford, Mass.

John E. Stanton
Born 1844
Born again 1915
Died 1922

36. 146.

Oxford, Miss. (St. Peter's Cemetery) emphasize date of
birth of former pres. of Univ. of Miss.

Sacred to the memory of
Augustus Baldwin Longstreet
who was born in Augusta, Ga.
on the day the sun crossed the line.
A.D. 1790.

37.

Yorktown, Va. Gravestone at Moore House

Feb. 30
1847

38.

Old St. Peter's Episcopal Churchyard, Baltimore (see
illustration)

~~Relict of~~ Elizabeth H. Cullen
Relict of Charles M. Cullen
Born February 30, 1760 and this life
Sept. 30th, A.D. 1838. Aged 78 years & 7 mos

39. 110.

Ashfordby, Leicestershire
John Morris, died Feb. 14, 1687

Here lies his dust, who, living, had the love
Of all that knew him here, of God above;
Whose soul with too much virtue was array'd,
In this world's pesthouse to be longer stay'd;
And therefore, to secure his innocence,
He bade adieu and took his flight from hence,
Ascending to the court of power divine,
To choose his saviour for a valentine *
* valentine day

40. 80.

Egam, North Derbyshire

Here lise ye bodies of Ann Sellars, buried by this
stone, who died on January 13th day, 1731. Likewise
here lise buried Isaac Sellars, my husband and my
right, who was buried that same day come seven years,
1738.

In seven years time there comes a change,
Observe, and here you'll see,
On that same day come seven years,
My husband's laid by me.

41. 80.

Axbridge Church, Somerset

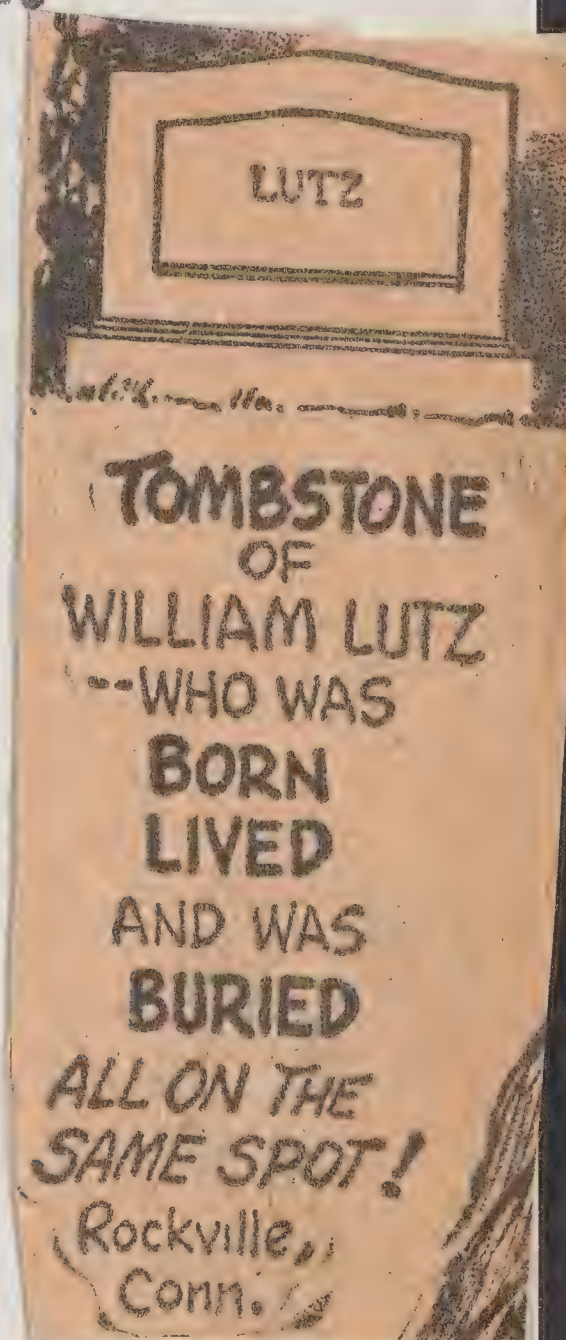
Here lie the remains of Roger Harper, formerly a
merchant or trader of this town, and Joanna his wife;
which Roger indeed died on the twenty-second day of
the month of August, and the said Joanna died on the
same day in the preceding month in the year of our
Lord MCCCCXCIII

May God be propitious to the souls of both.

42. Ripley.

Rockville, Conn. William Lutz, a centenarian.

Tombstone of William Lutz.
who was born, lived and buried
all on the same spot.



3, 4, 14, 17, 23, 24, 25
27, 31 (Vol. #4)
34, 39, 40, 43, 44, 45, 46, 49, 52, 57
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✓ WALES, Wm. Rockland (N.Y.) Cemetery. N.Y., (1881). \$2.00
- 57
✓ WHITE PLAINS Rural Cemetery. 32pp., wrappers. White Plains, 1867. \$2.00
- 58
WICKES, S. Sepulture: Its History, Methods, and Sanitary Requisites. Phila., 1884. ** Presentation copy. \$6.00
- 59
WOODLANDS Cemetery Co. Charter, By-Laws & Regulations. 47pp., wrappers. Phila., 1857. \$2.50

EPITAPHS PRAISING WOMEN

1. 10.

Epitaph on Countess of Pembroke (composed by Ben Jonson?)

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sydney's sister, - Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!

Marble piles let no man raise
To her name for after days;
Some kind woman born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.

2. 10.

St. Pancras' churchyard, Eng. Miss Bennett, 1756, aet 23

Go, spotless honor and unsullied truth;
Go, smiling innocence, and blooming youth;
Go, female sweetness joined with manly sense;
Go, winning wit, that never gave offence;
Go, sweet humanity, that blest the poor;
Go, saint-eyed patience, from affliction's door;
Go, modesty that never wore a frown;
Go, virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.

Not from a stranger came this heartfelt verse:
The friend inscribed thy tomb, who fear bedewed thy
hearse.

3. 10.

St. Mary's churchyard, Islington.

Censure not rashly, though nature's apt to halt,
No woman's born that dies without a fault.

4. 9, 10.

Cuddesdon Church, Oxfordshire, Eng.

Bishop Lowth's epitaph on his daughter

Cara, vale, ingenio praestans, pietate, pudore,
Et plus quam natae nomine care, vale
Cara Maria, vale: ab veniet felicius aerum,
Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.
Cara redi, laeta tum dicam voce, paternos
Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi!

4 a.

Translation - (Bombaugh)

Dearer than daughter - paralleled by few
In genius, goodness, modesty, - adieu!
Adieu! Maria, - till that day more blest,
When, if deserving, I with thee shall rest.
Come then, thy sire will cry in joyful strain,
Oh, come to thy father's arm, dear Mary, come."

4b.

Translation - (Beable)

Dear as thou didst in modest worth excel
More dear than in a daughter's name - farewell!
Farewell, dear Mary - but the hour is nigh.
When if I am worthy, we shall meet on high:
Then shall I say, triumphant from the tomb
"Come to thy father's arm, dear Mary, come"

5. 37.

Salisbury, Eng. - on a lady aged 64

So fair so young
So gentle and so dear
So lovely, so early lost,
May claim a tear.

6. 10.

Another epitaph on a lady friend (presumably by Ben Jonson)

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die,
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.

)
)
)
) Similar to
one on Mrs.
Cynl Marti-
neau
) Quoted by
Beable # 24
)

7. 124.

Orange County, New York (similar to above)

Underneath this stone doeth lie
As much virtue as could die
Which when alive did vigor give
To as much of beauty as could live.

8. 94, 10, 135,
9.

Folkstone, Eng. Rebecca Rogers, 1688

A house she hath, 'tis made of such good fashion,
The tenant ne'er shall pay for reparation.
Nor will her landlord ever raise her rent,
Or turn her out of door for non-payment.
From chimney tax this cell's forever free -
To such a house who would not tenant be.

9. 37.

Arlington, Mass.

Here lies the body of Mary Morgan
~~Like~~ the morning dew she glistened,
Exhaled, and went to heaven.

10. 37.

Westfield, N.J.

/ takes her

The dame that / rests beneath this tomb, Loaring -
Had Rachel's beauty, Leah's fruitful womb, Southham
Abigail's wisdom, Lydia's faithful heart, Churchy d,
Martha's just care, and Mary's better part. Warwickshire
On Judy Tur-
vill, aged
28

11. 9

Blagdon, Eng. 1768 Ann Langhorne, age 32

With Sappho's taste, with Arria's tender heart,
Lucretia's honor, and Cecilia's art;
That such a woman did surprize cant give;
'Tis only strange that such a one could live.

12. 109.

Norwalk, Conn.

Here lies the body of Mrs. Susannah Saint John,
The wife of Capt. Joseph Saint John, who died
Dec. 4, 1749, aged 40 years and 2 mos.

She that lies at rest within this tomb
Had Rachel's face and Leah's fruitful womb,
Abigail's wisdom, Lydia's faithful heart.
With Martha's care, we hope Mary's better part.

13. 93.

On a young lady in England

Death loves a shining mark
And in this case he had it.

14. 140.

From the Greek in Athens, Greece

If there ever was a thoroughly good woman
I am she, both in reference to righteousness
And in all other ways.
But being such, I got no just return,
Neither from those from whom I expected it,
Nor from Providence.
Unhappy, I lie apart from my mother and father.
I say nothing about what gratitude they showed me
Not they, but my sons provided for me.

15. 115.

Zion Lutheran Cemetery, New Palestine, Indiana.

God's angel band was not complete
Till Katie went and took her seat.

16. by S.F.H.
in J.A.M.A.

Massachusetts

Madam Anna Hunt
Relict of the late
Capt. Samuel Hunt
Ob. May 6th 1794
E tal 90

To rise again the sun goes down
And in the furrows grain is sown
Beauties that sleep thro winter's reign
When spring returns revive again
Shall then that friend o'er whom we mourn
Never to life again return.
Great source of life, Light, Love and joy
Let no such thot our hope destroy
Our lively hope that sometimes hence
Thro the redeemer's influence
On whom she placed her hope & trust
She'll bust this tomb, shake off her dust
Ascend to where God holds his throne
And Immortality put on.

17. 80.

Our mother
Fell asleep
Nov. 12th, 1840
ae 41
When will morning come?

18. 80.

She always made home happy.

19. 80.

St. Michael's Churchyard, Coventry

Mrs. Woodier
She was --
But words are wanting
To say what.
Look what a wife should be
And she was that.

20. 34.

On a beautiful lady

Clarissa reigned the Queen of Hearts,
Like sparkling diamonds were her eyes,
But thro' the Knave of Clubs' false acts
Here bedded by a Spade she lies.

21. 9.

Islington, Eng. 1808 Elizabeth Emma Thomas. aged 27

She had no fault save what travellers give the moon:
Her light was lovely, but she died too soon.

22. 9.

On Marian Wentworth - by T. Carew

And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely-tempered clay was made
So fine that it the quest betrayed -
Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatched a cherubim.

23. 9.

Sutton, Eng.

This monument presents unto your view
A woman rare, in whom all grace divine,
Faith, love, zeal, piety, in splendid hue,
With sacred knowledge perfectly did shine.
Since, then, example teach, learn you by this
To mount the steppes of everlasting bliss.

24. 9.

Mrs. Cyril Martineau

Underneath this stone doth lie,
As much beauty as can die,
Which in life did harbour give.
To more goodness than could live.

Bombaugh -
goodness=
virtue
could = doth

25. Stafford Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Boston, Mass. - Emily

Shed not for her the bitter tear,
Nor give the heart to vain regret;
'Tis but the casket that lies here;
The gem that filled sparkles yet.

26. 93. Saratoga, N.Y.

She was a sister true and kind
While with us she could stay
God blest her with a loving mind
And then took her away.

27. 93. Milford, Conn. - on a young lady, died in 1792, aged 24

Molly, tho' pleasant in her day
Was suddenly seized and sent away.
How soon she's ripe, how soon she's rotten,
Laid in the grave and soon forgotten.

28. 28. St. Mary's Cemetery, Hamilton, Ohio

Mary Moriarity
One of the best mother-in-laws God ever made

29. 10. Dorchester, Mass. - on a young woman
On the 21st of March
God's angels made a sarche sarche= search ?
Around the door they stood
They took a maid,
It is said
And cut her down

30. 10, 93. East Hartford, Conn.

Now she is dead and cannot stir,
Her cheeks are like the faded rose;
Which of us next shall follow her
The Lord Almighty only knows.

Hark, she bids all her friends adieu;
An Angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Through liquid telescopes of tears.

31. 140. Location?

Josephine lies here below
Upon my word she was not slow,
The life she led was very sporty -
She died when she was nearly forty.

32. 66.

Dinedor Churchyard, near Hereford, Eng.

She was a mortal, but such gifts she bore
About her, that we almost deemed her more,
For everyday, we saw new graces start,
To touch our love, and bind her to our heart.

33. 10.

St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, England
Luke XX. 36

Sleep on in peace; await thy maker's will;
Then rise unchallenged, and be an angel's still.

34. 10.

Malherbe's Epitaph on a Young lady

Elle etait de ce monde, ou les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin;
Et, rose, elle a reçu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

~~35.~~

Translation

She was of this world, where all things rarest
Have still the shortest race;
A rose she lived, so lives of flowers the fairest
A little morning's space!

35. 10, 112.

Church of Ighman, Seven Oaks, Kent, Eng. - Dame Dorothy Selby - she was famous for her needlework; also for having written letter to Lord Monteagle which resulted in the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot.

D.D.D.

To the pretious name and honour of
Dame Dorothy Selby, Relict of Sir William Selby, Kt,
The only daughter and heire of Charles Bonham, Esq.

She was a Dorcas,
Whose curious needle wound the abused stage
Of this leud world into the Golden Age;
Whose pen of steel and silken inck enrolled
The acts of Jonah in records of Gold;
Whose art disclosed that plot, which had it taken,
Rome had triumphed, and Britain's wall had shaken.

She was

In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hanna;
In zeale a Ruth; in wedlock a Susanna;
Prudently simple, providently wafy,
To the world a Martha; and to heaven a Mary.
Who put on) in the year) Pilgrimage 69
immortality) of her) Redeemer, 1641.

36. 10, 80, 37.

Westfield, N.J. Mr. Jennet Woodruff, 1750, aet 43.

The dame, that rests within this tomb,
Had Rachel's beauty, Leah's fruitful womb,
Abigail's wisdom, Lydia's faithful heart,
Martha's just care, and Mary's better part.

37. 43.

Bath Abbey, Eng. - Lady Miller

Near this monument are deposited the remains of
Lday Miller.

Wife to Sir John Miller, Bart, of Bath-Easton, Villa
She departed this life at the Hotwells of Bristol
The 24th June 1781, in the forty-first year of her
age.

Devoted stone! amidst the wrecks of Time,
Uninjured bear thy Miller's spotless name:
The virtue's of her youth, and ripen'd prime,
The tender thought, Th'enduring Record claim.

When clos'd the numerous eyes that round this bier
Have wept the loss of wide extended worth;
O, gentle stranger, may one gen'rous tear
Drop as thou bendest o'er this hallow'd earth.

Are Truth and Genius, Love and Pity, thine?
With lib'ral Charity, and Faith sincere?
Then rest thy wondering step beneath this shrine;
And greet a kindred spirit hovering near.

38. 148.

Elizabeth Pickard. - St. Mary's, Nottingham, Eng.

Here lies a friend for whom we weep,
She's safely come unto the shore;
She is not dead, but fallen asleep,
And only gone to bed before;
And we, when ended is our pain;
Shall sleep with her, and wake again.

39. 110.

On a young lady

Had cruel death, whose harvest is each hour,
But stopt awhile to view this lovely flower,
In pity he had turned his scythe away,
And left her standing till another day
But ruthless he mow'd on, and she, alas!
Too soon fell with'ring with the common grass.
EM Collins

allegory - Death= reaper

Mary, Relict of Kildare, Lord Digby
Departed this life December 23d
Anno Dom. 1692

Whom it were unpardonable to lay down in silence,
And of whom 'tis difficult to speak with justice
For her just character will look like flattery
And the least abatement of this is injury to her
memory,
In every condition of life she was the pattern of
her sex;
Appear'd mistress of those peculiar qualities
That were requisite to conduct her thro' it with
honour;
And never fail'd to exert them, in their proper
seasons
with the utmost advantage.
She was modest without affectation,
Easy without levity, and reserved without pride.
Knew how to stop without sinking,
And to gain people's affections without lessening
their regard,
She was careful without anxiety,
Frugal without parsimony;
Not at all fond of the superfluous trappings of
greatness;
Yet abridged herself in nothing that her quality
required;
She was a faithful member of the Church of Eng-
land;
Her piety was exemplary, her charity universal;
She found herself a widow in the beginning of her
life,
When the temptations of beauty, Honour, Youth
and pleasure,
Were in their full strength;
Yet she made them all give way to the interest of
her family,
And betook herself entirely to the matron's part
The education of her children engross'd all her
cares;
No charge was spared in the cultivation of their
minds,
Nor pains in the improvement of their fortunes
In a word,
She was truly wife, truly honourable, and truly
good;
More can scarce be said:
And yet he that says this, knew her well;
And is well assured he has said nothing
which either veracity, or modesty, should oblige
him to suppress.

This humble tribute of pure affection is respectfully offered to the memory of Mary Huggins.
By her devotedly fond husband. Edward Huggins.
Of Percy Street, Bedford Square & Bartholomew place, Kentish town, Died 18th of June, 1835. Aged 27 years.

"This day is a day of trouble, for the children are coming to the birth, and there is not strength to bring forth;"
2nd Kings, 19 Chap., 3 verse.

Torn from my widow'd arms, in life's first bloom,
Mary, to Thee I consecrate this Tomb,
And vainly strive, in just, but feeble lays,
To paint my anguish, or to speak thy praise.
True Christian worth was thine - the spotless mind,
The graceful form - the manners pure, refined.
Themes such as these demand the poet's art,
But who can strike the lyre - when torture wrings the heart?

Yet though left lonely in this vale of tears,
Through the dark vista smiling hope appears!
With placid mien she points to those blest skies,
Where the enfranchis'd spirit never dies!
Where souls united hereby virtue's tie,
Again shall join in blissful sympathy!
Yes, Mary, tho' thy loss I now deplore.
I feel we yet shall meet on that glad shore,
Where sorrow is unknown - where joy reigns evermore.

In her life she did her best,
Now I hope her soul's at rest;
Also her son Tom lies at her feet -
He lived till he made both ends meet.

"I owe thee much: thou hast deserved from me.
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay;
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart.

(1) Mrs. Janet Morrison, daughter of William Morrison, Esq., of Greenock, in North Britain, died at Runcorn, upon the 6th day of February, 1801, in the thirty-first year of her age.

(2) This stone is erected by Aeneas Morrison, the husband of Janet Morrison, to mark the spot where her remains are deposited, that her infant children, when they shall have attained a more mature age, may approach with reverential awe, and pledge their vows to heaven to respect her memory by imitating her virtues.

45. 80.

Kensington Churchyard.

Here are deposited the remains of Mrs. Ann Floyer
The beloved wife of Mr. Richard Floyer, of Thistle Grove
in this parish. Died on Thursday, the 8th of May, 1823.
- God hath chosen her as a pattern for the other angels -

46. 80.

In English College, Rome

Martha Swinburne
born Oct. X, MDCCLXVIII (1768)
Died Sept. VII, MDCCLXXVIII (1778)

Her years were few, but her life was long and full
She spoke English, French and Italian, and had made some
progress in

Latin tongue; knew the English and Roman histories; a-
rithmetic and geography;

sang the most difficult music at sight, with one of the
finest voices in the world; was proficient on the harp-
sichord, wrote well, danced many sorts of dances with
strength and elegance.

Her face was beautiful and majestic, her body a perfect
model, and her motions graceful.

Her docility and alacrity in doing everything to make her
parents happy, could only be equalled by her
sense and aptitude.

With so many perfections, amidst the praises of all per-
sons from the sovereign down to the beggar in the street,
her heart was incapable of vanity.

Affection and arrogance were unknown to her.

Her beauty and accomplishments rendered her the admira-
tion of all beholders, the love of all that enjoyed her
company.

Think, then, what the pangs of her wretched parents must
be at so cruel a separation.

There only comfort is in the certitude of her being com-
pletely happy, beyond the reach of pain, and forever
freed from the miseries of this life.

She can never feel the torments they endure for the loss
of a beloved child. Blame them not for indulging an in-
nocent pride in transmitting her memory to posterity, as
an honor to her family and her native country, England.

Let this plain character, penned by her disconsolate
father, claim a tear of pity from every eye that peruses
it.

Here lieth the body of
 Dame Elizabeth,
 Late wife of Sir William Gore, Knt.
 whose honoured names are not recited,
 because she wanted no borrowed lustre,
 Being adorned with all graces and perfections,
 Both of body and mind.
 She was pious, devout, wise and virtuous,
 A faithful and obedient wife, a prudent and tender
 mother.
 To her friends, kind and useful, courteous and
 sincere;
 To the poor, compassionate, and full of good works.
 A singular modesty, meekness and humility
 Appeared in all her words and actions.
 And her life was a fair example of aimable and illus-
 trious virtues in every relation.
 After a short sickness on the fourth of March
 She humbly resigned her pious soul to God. 1705, aet
 52
 This monument is erected for a lasting memorial of
 his parents,
 By William Gore, Esq.

EPITAPHS DENOUNCING WOMEN

7

Ripley

Bermondsey Churchyard, London, Eng on an overworked housewife.

Weep not for me, friends
Though death do us sever
I am going to do nothing
Forever and ever.

Beable

Two epitaphs on talkative old maids

circa - 1750

Pettigrew
Unger

(see Webb's
version on the
back of page)

(1) Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid
Who from her cradle talked till death
And never before was out of breath.

1750

Beable
Unger

New Market, Eng.

(2) Here lies, returned to clay
Miss Arabella Young
Who on the first of May
Began to hold her tongue

Unger, Eaton, Tegg, Northend's version

Beneath this stone, a lump of clay
Lies Arabella Young
Who on the 24th of May
Began to hold her tongue.

Ripley - returned to clay - in silent clay
first = 21st.

Northend

Massachusetts.

Fair as the rose, when first it smiles
On the green earth - Her pretty wiles,
In childhood shadowed gentlest worth,
But oh how false all things of earth,
Sleep on, nor wake, we pray you, Anne,
Your quile has ended many a man.
Coquette you lived, and flirt you died,
Death made you 'his unwilling bride

Ripley's version of above

Hants, Eng - Cemetery of Christ Church

Here beneath this silent stone
There lies ~~a noisy~~ antiquated maid
Who from the cradle talked to death
And ne'er before was out of breath.

Eaton

Location?

This world is a prison in every respect,
Whose walls are the heavens in common.
The jailor is sin, and the prisoners men;
And the fetters are nothing but women.

Location?

Since all that's mortal turns to dust
Reader! be humble and be just;
'Twill ease thy mind of anxious care
And soothe thy passage - God knows where!

Unger.
Webb

Location?

Here lieth the body of Martha Dias,
Always noisy, not very pious,
Who lived to the age of three score ^{years} and ten,
And gave to the worms what she refused to men

Unger

Suffolk County Churchyard, Eng

Here lies the body of Mary Ann.
Who rests in the bosom of Abraham.
Underneath a wag added
It's all very nice for Mary Ann
But it's mighty tough for Abraham.

Unger

Location?

Here lies, thank God, a woman who
Quarreled and stormed her whole life through,
Tread gently o'er her moukling form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.

Unger.

on a worthless old maid

For three score years this life Cleora led,
At morn she rose, at night she went to bed. — W. Cowper

Webb

on an old maid — supposedly written by Benjamin Franklin

13

Beneath this silent Stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated Maid,
Who, from her Cradle talk'd till Death,
And ne'er before was out of Breath.
Whither's she's gone we cannot tell,
For, if she talks not, she's in Hell;
If she's in Heav'n, she's there unblest'd;
Because she hates a Place of Rest.

Webb.

on an old maid

14

Tread softly, Reader, lest you wake
The greatest Talker that e'er spake:
'Tis chance, but, if her Dust you move,
Each Atom there a Tongue may prove:
And, tho' she rises all alone,
You'll think it a general Resurrection. By Lord Bristol

Webb.

On Mistress Maria Maggot, Spinster who died Nov 6, 1743.

By her own account aged 28; by the parish - Account, 42.

15

Beneath lye The Bones of a Worm-eaten Dame,
Whose Weather-cock Deeds are the Laughter of Fame:
Her Life was a Scene of a Yea, and a Nay;
Now smiling, now sullen, now grave, and now gay;
This Moment, all Honey; next Moment, all Crab;
Now Helen, now Hecate, now Fairy, now Drab;
To-day, all submissive, all Saint, and all civil;
Tomorrow, all Tyger, all Fury, all Devil.
Where this Contrast abides, 'tis uncertain to know,
Hypocrisy's branded above and below.

Pulleyn.

On a prating Little woman

16

Here lies little Patty, a yard deep, or more,
That never lay silent, or quiet, before;
Her head always working, her tongue always prating,
And the pulse of her heart continually beating.
To the utmost extremes of loving and hating;
And yet she performed all the duties of life,
And excellent friend, and a very good wife.
Her body was built of that superfine clay
That is apt to grow brittle for want of allay;
And when, without show, it was apt to decay,
It began, by degrees, to moulder away, —
Her soul then, too busy on some foreign affair,
Of its own pretty dwelling took so little care,
That the tenement fell, for want of repair.

Pulleyn

Stanwell Churchyard. — Margaret Grissel, wife of Roger Grissel,
Crier of this parish

17

Here to this spot my wife is layd,
At rest from all her earthly labours,
Glory to God, peace to the dead,
And to the ears of all her neighbours.

"

By a man on his wife

18

Two of my bones have taken a trip —
My rib is departed, so is my Hip

(Hip = hypochondriac)

Pulley.

St. Edmunds, Sarum

4

19

If yt be lawfull for a rurall penne
To write of matters touchyng heavenly power,
or to renew a great complainte for them
whose vertuous deeds have gained, in happy houre,
A place with God, Then give me leave to tell
of such a losse whose lyke hath here befell;
Anne Venard, she whose corps interred here,
whose soul in blisse, whose vertues live on earth,
A mother thrice, yea, thrice a mother deare,
whose godly lyfe, abridged by fatall death,
makes me complayne; and, from a sighing hearte,
Doe with that peace (though not by my deserte)
whilst she did live: her vertues likewise lyve
Now shee is deade, they are again reviv'd;
Each one that knew hir sayd she liv'd to dye,
And yet, nowe deade, hir praise they ratify.
This me contents: hope sayes that we shall meete
with all joy in throned of heavenly seate.

An 1586

~~Datchet, near Windsor~~

~~Here lies~~

Booth. — On a worthless old maid.

For three score years, this life Cleora led,
At morn she rose, at night she went to bed
(V. Cowper)

20

Oldboy

Trinity Churchyard, N.Y.C. city.

On grave of 2 women, one 84, one 26

21

Booth old and young, as well as me
must in due time all Buried be
Under this body of cold clay.
Just in my prime I'm forced to lay.

Abson.

Coldstream, Berwickshire, Eng

on his mother by a dutiful son

"I owe thee much: Thou hast deserved from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay;
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart."

42

(430 p. 10)

Booth.

Here lies my wife; here let her lie!

22

Now she's at rest, and so am I.

Dryden.

The original of above is in French according to Malone.

23

C'y gist ma femme. O qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos — et pour le mien.

Graham.

On a woman who had three husbands

24

Here lies the body of Mary Sexton,
who pleas'd three men and never vex'd one.
This she can't say beneath the next stone.

Graham.

On a scold.

25

How apt are men to lye! how dare they say,
When life is gone, all learning fleets away?
Since this glad grave holds Chloe fair and young,
who where she is, first learnt to hold her tongue

(26 p. 11)

Loaring.

Runcorn Churchyard, near Liverpool. Two inscriptions on wife.

10

43a

1) Mrs Janet Morrison, daughter of William Morrison, Esq, of Greenock in North Britain, died at Runcorn upon the sixth day of February 1801, in the thirty-first year of her age.

2) This stone is erected by Aeneas Morrison, the husband of Janet Morrison to mark the spot where her remains are deposited, that her infant children, when they shall have attained a more mature age, may approach it with reverential awe, and pledge their vows to heaven to respect her memory by imitating her virtues

11

Kensington Churchyard.

43b

Here are deposited the remains of Mrs Ann Floyer the beloved wife of Mr Richard Floyer, of Thistle Grove in this parish. Died on Thursday the 8th of May 1823.

—God hath chosen her as a pattern for the other angels—

Loaring.

In English College Rome

Martha Swinburne

born Oct X, MDCCCLXVIII (1768)

died Sept VII, MDCCCLXXVIII (1778)

43c

Her years were few, but her life was long and full

She spoke English, French and Italian, and had made some progress in the Latin tongue; Knew the English and Roman Histories, arithmetic and geography; sang the most difficult music at sight, with one of the finest voices in the world; was proficient on the harpsichord, wrote well, danced many sorts of dances with strength and elegance.

Her face was beautiful and majestic, her body a perfect model, and all her motions graceful.

Her docility, and alacrity in doing everything to make her parents happy, could only be equalled by her sense and aptitude.

With so many perfections, amidst the praises of all persons, from the Sovereign down to the beggar in the street, her heart was incapable of vanity. Affection and arrogance were unknown to her.

Her beauty and accomplishments rendered her the admiration of all beholders, the love of all that enjoyed her company.

Think, then, what the pangs of her wretched parents must be at so cruel a separation.

Their only comfort is in the certitude of her being completely happy, beyond the reach of pain, and for ever freed from the miseries of this life.

She can never feel the torments they endure for the loss of a beloved child. Blame them not for indulging an innocent pride in transmitting her memory to posterity, as an honor to her family and her native country, England.

Let this plain character, penned by her disconsolate father, claim a tear of pity from every eye that peruses it.

Tring, Hertfordshire

Dame Elizabeth Gore

Loaring.

43d

Here lieth the body of

Dame Elizabeth

Late wife of Sir William Gore, Knt. whose honoured names are not recited,

Because she wanted no borrowed lustre, Being adorned with all Graces and Perfections, Both of Body and Mind.

She was Pious, Devout, Wise and Virtuous, A faithful and obedient wife, a prudent and tender Mother.

To her Friends, Kind and useful, courteous and Sincere;

To the Poor, compassionate, and full of good Works.

A singular Modesty, Meekness and Humility

Appeared in all her words and Actions.

And her life was a fair Example of amiable and illustrious Virtues in every Relation.

After a short sickness, on the 4th of March

She humbly resigned her pious Soul to God, 1705, Aet 52.

This monument is erected for a lasting memorial of his Parents,

By William Gore, Esq.

26

Here lies a true maid, deformed and old,
 That never was handsome, nor needed be told;
 Tho' she ne'er had a lover, much friendship had met,
 And thought all mankind quite out of her debt.
 She ne'er could forgive, for she ne'er had resented;
 As she never deny'd, so she never repented.
 She lov'd the whole species, but some had distinguish'd,
 But time and much thought had all passions extinguish'd.
 Tho' not fond of her station, content with her lot,
 A favour receiv'd she had never forgot;
 She rejoic'd in the good that her neighbours possess'd,
 A piety, purity, truth she profess'd.
 She liv'd in much peace, but ne'er courted pleasure,
 Her book and her pen had her moments of leisure;
 Pleas'd with life, fond of health, yet fearless of death,
 Believing she lost not her soul with her breath.

CHAPEL OF S. GEORGE'S BURYING GROUND, LONDON, W.

~~Pewsey, Wiltshire~~

Mrs Jane Molony - "Lady O'Looney".

also said to be
 originally in Pewsey
 Wiltshire
 1839.

Ravenshaw

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
 MRS JANE MOLONY.

WHO LIES INTERRED IN A VAULT UNDERNEATH THIS CHAPEL.
 DAUGHTER OF ANTHONY SHEE OF CASTLE BAR IN THE COUNTY OF MAYO, ESQRE.
 WHO WAS MARRIED TO MISS BURKE OF CURRY IN THE SAID COUNTY,
 AND COUSIN TO THE RT. HONORABLE EDMOND BURKE COMMONLY CALLED THE SUBLIME
 WHOSE BUST IS HERE SURMOUNTED OR SUBJOINED.

THE SAID JANE WAS COUSIN TO THE LATE COUNTESS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
 AND WAS MARRIED TO THREE SUCCESSIVE HUSBANDS:

FIRST STUART, ESQRE, COUSIN TO THE LATE MARQUIS OF BUTE;
 SECONDLY TO WILLIAM COLLINS JACKSON OF LANGLEY LODGE IN THE COUNTY OF BUCKS,
 FORMERLY MILITARY SECRETARY TO THE HON. EAST INDIA COMPANY IN INDIA, ESQRE.

THIRDLY EDMOND MOLONY OF CLONONY CASTLE KING'S COUNTY, IRELAND, ESQRE,
 BARRISTER AT LAW AND LATE OF WOODLANDS IN THE COUNTY OF DUBLIN,
 COUSIN TO THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON, WHO IS BROTHER IN LAW OF THE PRESENT
 EARL OF SHREWSBURY AND ALSO COUSIN OF LORD VISCOUNT DILLON
 OF COSTELLO AND GALLON IN THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

THE FIRST WIFE OF THE SAID EDMOND MOLONY WAS JANE MALONE
 WHO IS INTERRED IN THE DEANESNE OF BARINSTOWN
 IN THE COUNTY OF WEST MEATH WITH HER BROTHER IN LAW,
 ANTHONY MALONE, ESQRE, AND ALSO WITH HER COUSINS LORD SUNDERLIN
 AND HER PREDECEASED BROTHER EDMOND MALONE, COMMONLY CALLED
 SHAKESPEAR MALONE, LATE OF QUEEN ANNE STREET, EAST LONDON.
 SHE WAS THE DAUGHTER OF SERGEANT RICHARD MALONE, AN EMINENT LAWYER
 AND A GREAT STATESMAN, WHO POSSESSED GREAT ESTATES IN THE
 SAID KING'S COUNTY, AND NIECE TO THE RT HONBLE ANTHONY MALONE
 DECEASED, WHO WAS GREATLY REGRETTED OF WHOM IT WAS SAID BY ONE
 OF THE MOST ELEGANT WRITERS OF THE DAY THAT HE POSSESSED
 ONE OF THE SWEETEST TONGUES THAT EVER UTTERED THE DICTATES
 OF REASON. HE WAS A GREAT PATRIOT AND REFUSED THE GREAT SEALS
 OF IRELAND. THE SITUATION BEING AT THE PLEASURE OF THE CROWN WHILE
 CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER OF IRELAND FROM WHICH HE WAS REMOVED
 WITHOUT CAUSE OR HIS OWN CONSENT. HE VAILED HIMSELF OF THE
 JUDICIAL PLACE ATTACHED TO IT AND SAT ON THE BENCH ABOVE THE CHIEF
 BARON AND DECIDED MANY CASES WHICH GAVE GENERAL SATISFACTION AND
 HIS DECREES WERE NEVER QUESTIONED. HE DIED 1776 AGED 76.

THE SAID MRS MOLONY, OTHERWISE MALONE, DIED AT SAID WOODLAND
 IN FEBRUARY 1808, AGED 59.

THE SAID MRS MOLONY, OTHERWISE SHEE, DIED IN LONDON IN JANUARY 1839, AGED 74.
 SHE WAS NOT PASSIONATE AND TENDER AND A HIGHLY ACCOMPLISHED LADY
 AND A SUPERB DRAWER IN WATER COLOURS WHICH WAS MUCH ADMIRER
 IN THE DRAWING ROOM IN SOMERSET HOUSE SOME YEARS PAST.

"THOUGH LOST FOREVER, YET A FRIEND IS DEAR."

THE HEART YET PAYS A TRIBUTARY TEAR

THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY HER DEEPLY AFFLICTED HUSBAND, THE SAID
 EDMOND MOLONY, IN MEMORY OF HER GREAT VIRTUES AND TALENTS
 BELOVED AND DEEPLY REGRETTED BY ALL WHO KNEW HER
 FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Wallis

St Paul's Cemetery, Alexandria, Va.

^{NB.} The identity of "The Female Stranger"
has been the subject of much romantic
speculation

To the memory of a
Female Stranger

whose mortal sufferings terminated
on the 14th of October 1816.

Aged 23 years and 8 months

This stone is placed here by her disconsolate
Husband in whose arms she sighed out her
latest breath and who under God did his utmost
ever to sooth the cold ear of death.

How loved how valued once avails thee not

To whom related or by whom begot

A heap of dust alone remains of thee

Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be

VIRGINS AND OLD MAIDS

1. 9.

Lowestoft, Suffolk

1663 Anne Allen

A pious, virtuous, blameless, spotless maid
By cruel Death was suddenly betrayed
Of sweetest life. Alas! a barbarous crime
To crop a flower so sweet, so near the prime.
Cease brinish tears, forbear your grievous moan,
A happy change 'tis, a Celestial throne
Prepared is; what comfort doth this give
To pay a debt, to die and yet to live.

2. 66.

Braunton Parish Church, Devonshire

(Her grateful heirs could not too warmly commend the
virtue (celibacy) to which they were indebted for the
inheritance).

Here lieth interred
Mrs. Deborah Keene
Late owner of the manor of Braunton Arundell
in this parish;
She was baptized Febr. the 24th, 1627
Lived unmarried
and was buried Decem. the 31 1694.
Virginity was had in estimation,
And wont to be observed with veneration;
Above 'tis still so, single life is led:
In Heav'n none marry or are married.
But live angelic lives, and virgins crown'd.
All with their coronets the lamb surround.
This maiden landlady has one obtained
Wh. too much sought in marriage still retian'd
And now the inheritance undefiled obtain'd
Hoeredes posuere.

3. 66.

Toddington, Bedfordshire - Maria Wentworth, died 1632,
aged 18

And here the pretious dyste is layde,
Whose luerile tempered day was made
So fine, that it the quest portrayed.

Else the soule grew so fast within
It broke the outer shell of sinne
And so was hatched a cherebim.

In height it soar'd to God above,
In depth it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth, in general love.

Before a pious dutye shin'd
To parents, curtesie, behind;
On either side an equal mind.

Good to the poore, to kind red dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

3. (con't)

Soe, though a virgin, yet a bride
To everie grace, she justified
A chaste poligamic, and dyed.

4. 66, 110.

Enfiêld Church, Middlesex (on brass plate on chancel
floor bearing arms of Grey family)

Here lies interr'd
One that scarce err'd
A virgin modest, free from folly
A virgin knowing, patient, holy;
A virgin blest with beauty here,
A virgin crowned with glory there,
Holy virgins read and say
We shall thither all one day.
Live well; ye must
Be turn'd to dust.

5. 108.

Canterbury Cathderal - Anna Milles

There is white marble monument with long inscription
terminating thus:

"Tho' a virgin herself, she was invited to the marriage of the Lamb, and, like the wise Virgins, went with her lamp burning to meet the bridegroom, on the 23rd of December, Anno 1714, in the 20th year of her age.

6. 108.

Staplehurst, ob 1703

Mary, daughter of W. Mayo.
Here lies a piece of heav'n (t'other's above)
Which shortly goes up to the world of love
The brightest sweetest angels must convey
This spotless virgin on the starry way,
That glittering quire sings but a lisping song
Till she appears amidst the shining throng.

7. 140.

St. George's Churchyard, Somerset, Eng. On a Maad of Honor

Here lies (the Lord have mercy on her)
One of her Majesty's maids of honor;
She was young, slender and pretty;
She died a maid - the more's the pity.

8. 140.

St. George's Churchyard, Somerset, Eng.

Here lies poor Charlette,
Who was no harlot,
But in her virginity
Though just turned nineteen -
Which within this vicinity,
Is hard to be found and seen.

9. 9.

North Tudenham, Eng. - 1656

Here lyes the corps of Frances Neve interred,
This virgin's soul to Heaven is transferred.
April lament's her death, tho' born in May,
When Flora her perfections doth display.

10. 135.

Warrington, Lancs, Eng. 1816 Margaret Robinson

This maid no elegance of form possessed;
No earthly love defil'd her sacred breast;
Hence free she liv'd from the deceiver man:
Heaven meant it as a blessing: she was plain.

11. 9.

American epitaph

Be not afraid to venture near this stone!
Of naught contagious did she die.
The maid who rest beneath this stone
She died of "constancy" alone.

12. 9.

Fowey churchyard, Cornwall, Eng. 1664. on a maid - Sarah

Reader here lies - but forbear
To read more without a tear,
One - I cannot speak the rest,
You may weep. I'll smite my breast,
Grief preventing, and this stone,
Too small to be written on.
Only this - a spottless maid
Sarah - in Abraham's bosom's laid.

13. 146.

Middle Cemetery, Lancaster, Mass. Elizabeth Peacock, died
1813, aged 56.

Her hand no wedlock ever bound.

14. 28.

Virginia - quoted by Fulton Oursler

Here lies Vera Bemish
For twenty years she preserved her virginity
A very good record for this here vicinity.

15. 135.

Wimbledon Parish Church, Eng. - on youngest daughter of
Viscount Wimbledon

Dorothy Cecil
Unmarried as yet.

16. 109, 146.

Woburn, Mass. (Park St. Cemetery) Father refused per-
mission and forbade her to marry

Here lyes the remains of
Mrs. Elizabeth Cotton
Daughter of Rev. Roland Cotton,
late of Sandwich, dec'd who died
a virgin Oct. 12, 1742, aetatis 46

If a virgin marry she hath not sinned
Nevertheless such have have trouble in the flesh
But he that giveth her not in marriage doth better
She is happier if she so abide.

117. 148.

Mistress Dorothy Calthorpe - Ampton, Suffolk, Eng.

A virgin votary is oft in snares,
This safely vow'd, and made the poor heir heirs.

18. 148.

Elizabeth Quelch - Dartmouth, Eng. - ob. Apr. 19, 1741.

Here lies interr'd Elizabeth Quelch
A maid not twenty-three,
In Dartford born and there she dy'd
As you above may she,
For in that fatal month alas!
Upon the nineteenth day,
A sore distemper did rage,
Which took her life away.
In youthful years she left this world,
Within this grave to rest;
Tho she a virgin pure may rise
To live among the blest.

19. 148.

Written with chalk on the tombstone of an old maid who a little before her death declared she was 53, though it was known she was at least 60, and her age was engraven on the stone 53 accordingly

A stiff-starch'd virgin of unblemish'd fame
And spotless honour'd Bridget Cole, by name,
At length the death of all the righteous dies,
Age but three and fifty - Here she lies.

20. 148.

Intended for a lady, who resolved to die a maid.

Here lies (her debt of nature paid)
An handsome, proud, and ancient maid,
Who us'd (you'll think it strangely odd)
This as a plea to cheat her God:
That few were blest, tho' fondly wed,
So rare the joy of marriage - bed:
Thus broke the law that first was giv'n
By the kind hand of Parent Heav'n:
Be wife, ye fair, and this apply -
God orders you to multiply.

21. 148.

On a very chaste maid

Here lies the body of a beauteous maid,
Whose secret parts no man did e'er invade;
Scarce her own hand she would admit to touch
That virgin spring, altho it itch'd so much.
She dy'd at eighteen years of age, and then
She gave to worms what she deny'd to man:
But 'twas her last request with dying groans,
To have no tomb at all, if built with stones;
Such vig'rous things she always us'd to wave,
And fear'd they wou'd disturb her in her grave,

22. 148.

On an old maid's tombstone

Here lies upon her nuptial bed of earth,
Olivia, married, as you see, to Death;
Her vigour going, and her beauty past,
Submitted thus, at time's approach at last;
Mourn not, ye youth! rejoice you were deny'd;
Had she liv'd longer, you must soon have dy'd.
The apes she met with here, she lik'd so well
She's only gone to seek for more in Hell.

23. 148.

St. John Baptist's, Westminster, Eng.

Here under is entomb'd, Blanch Parry,
Who died in the 82^d year of her age.

24. 148.

On an old maid

Here lies a true maid, deformed and old,
That never was handsome, nor needed be told;
Tho' she ne'er had a lover, much friendship had met,
And thought all mankind quite out of her debt.
She ne'er could forgive, for she ne'er had resented;
As she never deny'd, so she never repented:
She lov'd the whole species, but some had distinguished,
But time and much thought had all passions extinguished.
Tho' not fond of her station, content with her lot,
A favour receiv'd she had never forgot;
She rejoic'd in the good that her neighbors possess'd,
A piety, purity, truth she possess'd
She lov'd in much peace, but ne'er courted pleasure,
Her book and her pen had her moments of leisure;
Pleas'd with life, fond of health, yet fearless of death
Believing she lost not her soul with her breath.

25. 148.

On an old maid

Here lies the body of Martha Dias
Always noisy and not very pious;
Who liv'd to the age of threescore years and ten,
And then gave to the worms what she refus'd to men.

26. ~~XXX~~.92.
(~~XXXXXX~~)
~~XX~~

Tewkesbury, Essex. Eleanor Freeman, age 21

A virgin blossom, in her may
of youth and virtues, turned to clay, -
Rich earth, accomplish'd with those graces,
That adorn saints in heavenly places!
Let not death boast his conquering power,
She'll rise a star that fell a flower.

27. 110.

On a young lady who was a virgin

If birth, if virtue, if fair feature, deckt
With gifts of mind, if piety breeds respect,
Her tomb then view and grace, kind passenger,
With whom so many graces buried were;
Conquer'd by patience, yet she overcame;
Nor was her youth death's triumph, but his shame.

28. 110.

On a virgin

by Andrew Marvel

Enough! and leave the rest to fame -
'Tis to commend her, but to name.
Courtship, which living she declin'd,
When dead to offer were unkind:
When never any could speak ill,
Who would officious precises spill?
Nor can the truest wit or friend,
Without detracting her, commend;
To say she liv'd a virgin chaste,
In this age loose and all unlac'd!
Nor was where vice is so allow'd,
Of virtue, or asham'd or proud;
That her soul was on heav'n so bent,
No minute but it came and went;
She summ'd her life up ev'ry day;
Modest as morn, as m'idday bright,
Gentle as ev'ning, cool as night:
'Tis true, but all too weakly said,
'Twas more significant, she's dead.

29. 11.

On a virgin

(by Herrick)

Here a solemn fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep.
Hush'd be all things; no noise here,
But the toming of a tear:
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

30. 52.

Near village of Bridgewater, Eng.

To the memory of
Kate Jones, a wealthy spinster, aged four score,
Who'd many aches, and fancy'd many more,
Knitting her friends to th' grave with a churchyard
Long hung she on death's nose, 'til one March morn^{cough}
There came a wind north-east, and blew her oft,
Leaving her Potticary quite forlorn.

± apothecary or doctor

EPITAPHS PRAISING WIVES

1. 34.

Tottenham Churchyard, Eng.

Sorrow and pain is worn me quite!
And: death is welcome at my sight,
The life I led: was only a dream?
And every earthly thing was mean,
My husband due! not weep at me,
And you the blessed one shall see.

2. 92.

Wycombe, Buckinghamshire

Here lies one, whose rest
Gives me a restless life;
Because I've lost a good
And virtuous wyfe.

3. 92.

Ravenstonedale, Westmoreland.

Here lies a wife, Mary Metcalf.
Where I was born or when.
It matters not -
To whom related, or
By whom begot.

4. 92.

Chelmsford, Essex

Martha Blewitt
of the Swan, Baythorn-End
of this parish,
Buried May 7th, 1681
Was the wife of nine husbands
successively, but the ninth outlived her.
The Text to her Funeral Sermon was:-
"Last of all the women died also.!"

5. 109.

Portsmouth, N.H.

Here lies buried the body of
Mrs. Hannah Grant
who departed this life
Septr. the 18th, 1769
Aged 38 years
Our life contains a thousand springs
And dies if one begone
Strange that a harp of a thousand springs
Should keep in tune so long.

6. 109.

Windham, N.H. (cemetery above Cobbett's pond) written by
Robert, "Bard of Salem"

Mrs. Mary Dinsmoor
consort Mr. Robert Dinsmoor
died June 1st, 1799, aetat. 37 yrs.
In humble prayer to God's kind care
She left her babes eleven
And husband dear without a tear
And wing'd her way to heaven.

7. 109.

Canterbury, N.H. (Osgoodite Cemetery) N.B. Osgoodites,
a religious sect whose last member died
about 1900. They had an antipathy to
hireling priests.

Here lies Phebe, wife of David Ames,
Who was a succorer of many,
And of Brother Osgood also.
She died October 20, 1838.

8. 109.

Lynn, Mass. (Pine Grove Cemetery)

Jane, wife of Ja's Graham
died Oct. 29, 1863, aged 30 y's, 5 m's

James was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife -
Fresh as if touched by fairy wand
With beauty, grace and life.
He almost tho't it spoke; he gazed
Upon the treasure still,
Absorbed, delighted and amazed,
To view the artist's skill.
This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true:
"I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kissed you back my dear,
Why - no - my love!" said he.
"Then James, it is very clear
'Tis not at all like me!"

9. 109, 146.

Spencer, Mass. (North cemetery)

In memory of Mrs. Olive Watson
wife of Mr. Jacob Watson.
Who died Augst. 26, 1810
Aged 32 years

While I lie mould'ring in my grave
No mother will my children have
They will go wand'ring after me
O where is Ma'am, where can ~~be~~ she be.

10. 11.

Booth On a wife by Chas MacKay

Husband, I die - my peace is won;
I linger, but my race is run.
O choose a grave where I may sleep
Untroubled in a silence deep.
Were thou, perchance, at evening's hour,
Mayst o'er my headstone drop a flower;
And where, each sunny Sabbath day,
The children may come forth to pray.

11. 78.

Silverlake, N.Y.

Elizabeth McFadden
wife of David P. Reid
Died Feb. 28, 1859
In her 47th year

She never done a thing
to displeas her husband.

12. 148.

St. Mary's, Nottingham, Eng. Mary Williamson

Here lies the vine
That once was mine;
Her thoughts were good,
But now refined.

13. 93, 78, 28.

Lyons, N.Y.

Last ray of departed hope! Thou didst leave this
world of sin and sorrow while thy Father was far
away and thy sainted mother in Heaven. But the
Father of thy dear departed mother did see that my
obsequies were properly performed.

14. 146, 78.

Guilford, Indiana

Ann, wife of I.H.B. died June 187-, aged 45 years
less 45 days.

Dear Angel wife
I gave the parting kiss
Twenty-one yrs we lived
In truth, and bliss,
Always firm
But never mild
I never saw
Her strike a child.

15. 78.

Contributed by a gravestone manufacturer who received
this orders:

1. She seeketh wool & flax
and laboreth diligently with her hands

16.

2. My dear & beloved wife though
Has left me to mourn thy sad
Loss & by the blessin of God &
Son, I found another wife.

17. 93.

Location? a disconsolate husband's tribute to his wife

I've lost the comfort of my life
Death came and took away my wife,
And now I don't know what to do
Lest death should come & take me too.

18. 37.

England. Thamozone J. wife of James Vernon

'Tis with regret, dear Thamozone,
Her voice no more to hear
I'll banish from my heart
Her groanings in my ear

Her children were her care,
To me she did request
Take care and with them share
On your honesty I can trust.

19. 135.

Offenham, near Evesham, Eng. Anne Gibbs 1801. Aged 80
years

My quivering lips hang feebly down.
My pulse are faint and few,
Then speechless with a doleful groan,
I bids the world, adieu.

20. Edmund &
Williams
80.

Location?

Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown. aged 80 years

She lived with her husband fifty years, and died) simi-
in the confident hope of a better life.) lar to
21.

21. 146.

Concord, Mass. Mrs. Job Brooks died 1786. aged 89?

After having lived with her said husband upwards of
sixty-five years, she died in the hope of a resurrection
to a better life.

22. 135.

x Fritton, Norfolk, Eng. Jane Rivett 1854 aet 57 yrs, maiden
name Jane Angel

My wife was of angelic race
She's gone to Heaven, her native place.

23. 37.

Wales

This spot is the sweetest I've seen in my life
For it raises my flowers and covers my wife.

24. 112.

Staverton, Eng. Margaret Gould

Death spar'd not Margaret,
Although a Pearl in Goulde so nicely set.

25. 10.

Grimstead, Essex, Eng.

A wife so true, there are but few,
And difficult to find
A more just and true to trust
There is not left behind.

26. 10, 112.

Titchfield Church, Hants, Eng. Lucie Quinsie Brom-
field - 1618

'The husband speakinge trewly of his wife,
Read his losse in hir death, hir praise in life.'

Heare Lucie Quinsie Bromfield buried lies,
With neighbours sad deepe, weeping, hartes, sighes,
eyes.

Children eleaven, tenne livinge, me she brought:
More kind, trewe, chaste was noan, indeed, word,
thought.

House, children, state, by hir was ruld, bred,
thrives.

One of the best of maides, of women wives.
Now gone to God, her hart sent long before;
In fasting, prayer, faith, hope and alms' deedes
stoare.

If anie faulte, she loved me too much.
Ah, pardon that for ther are too fewe such!
Then, reader, if thou not hard-hearted be,
Praise God for hir, but sigh and praie for me.
Heare by hir dead, I dead desire to lie
Till, raised to life, wee meet no more to die.

27. 66.

Wesleyan Chapel, Wakefield, Eng.

Her manners mild, her temper such!
Her language good, and not too much.

28. 9.

Fulham, Eng.

Ye who possess the brightest charms of life
A tender friend - a kind indulgent wife,
Oh, learn their worth! In her beneath this stone.
Those pleasing attributes together shone.
Was not true happiness with them combined?
Asked of the spoiled being she has left behind.
He's gone too!

29. 9.

Iver Churchyard, Eng. 1634 Alice Cutt, aged 55

Two happy days assigned me to men,
Of wedlock and of death! Oh, happy then!
'Mongst women was she that is here interred,
Who liv'd out two, and dying had the third.

30. 9.

Washington, D.C. (near navy yard)

O! an she dead an be she gone.
And are I left here all alone!
O cruel fate, thou wast unkind
To take she first and leave I behind.

31. Stafford. Schenectady, N.Y.

What tho in age I leave my wife
With all the joys of human life.
Grieve not my friends to see me die
For so must you as well as I.
Life is a flower that soon must fade
And Death a debt that must be paid.
So farewell friends; your grief refrain
When Christ appears, we'll meet again.

32. 93, Belfast Bay, Maine.

Fairwell, my dear husband saith she,
Now from your kind bosom I leap -
To Jesus my bridegroom to be -
My flesh in the tomb shall soon sleep.

Now like a disconsolate dove
I'm left all alone for to mourn
Oh! May the kind Saviour above
Show pity to me while alone.

33. 108. Folkestone, Eng. ob 1777

Martha Wells, wife of John Wells
We far from home did come
Each other for to join,
In peace with all men here we liv'd
And did in Love combine
But oh remark the strange
Yet heaven's wise decree,
I'm lodg'd within the silent grave,
He's rouling in the sea.

34. 93, 146. Saratoga, N.Y. Wallis says Epitaph No. 1 dated 1792 was printed in Notes and Queries, Dec. 4, 1880.

1. Here lies the wife of Robert Ricular
Who walked the way of God perpendicular.
2. Gone to yon heavenly dome,
From sin to sorrow free
How desolate our home
Since 'tis bereft of thee, Sarah.

35. 93, 146. Long Island, N.Y.

In memory of
Michal, wife of Nath'l Tuthill,
who died Feb. 15, 1756.
Beneath this little stone
Does my beloved lie,
O pity, pity me, whoever passeth by:
And spend a tear at last,
Or else a tear let fall, on my
Sweet blooming rose, whom
God so soon did call.

36. 146.

Springhill Cemetery, Huntington, W. Va.
on tombstone of Flossie Fay Gross, died 1923, aged 22 years.

To
My only honey
My wife
Flossie

From
Her only honey
Her husband
Jinny

37. 78, 146.
also under
large fami-
lies & re-
quests.

Conds Hill Burying Ground, Boston, Mass.

In memory of Betsey
Wife of David Darling
died March 23rd, 1809, ae 43.
She was the mother of 17 children, and around
her lies 12 of them, and 2 were lost at sea.
Brother Sextons
Please to leave a clear birth for me
near by this stone.

38. 78, 146.

Copp's Hill Burying Ground, Boston, Mass.

Here lyes ye body of
Mrs. Ammey Hunt, wife of
Mr. Benjamin Hunt.
who died Nov. 26th, 1769
Aged 40 years

A sister of Sarah Lucas lieth here,
Whom I did love most dear,
And now her soul hath took its flight
And bid her spiteful foes good night.

39. 148.

Oh Kitty Fisher - died soon after being married

She wedded - to live honest; but when tried,
Th' experiment she lik'd not - and so died.

40. 9, 112.

Prittlewell, Essex. 1658

Under this stone, two precious gems do lie,
Equal in weight, worth, lustre, and sanctity;
Yet perhaps one of them do excel;
Which was't who knows? ask him that knew them well.
By long enjoyment. If he thus be pressed
He'll pause, then answer; truly both were best;
Wer't in my choice that either of the twain
Might be returned to me to enjoy again;
Which should I choose? Well, since I know not whether
I'll mourn for the loss of both, but wish for neither
Yet here's my comfort, herein lies my hope,
The time a coming Cabinets shall ope.
Which are locked fast, then shall I see
My jewels to my joy, my jewels me.

Here lieth the bodies of Mrs. Anna and Mrs. Dorothy
Freeborne, wives of Mr. Samuel Freeborne, who de-
parted this life, one on the 31st of July 1641, the
other August the 20th, 1658, one aged 33 years, the
other 44.

41. 9, 112.

Launceston, Cornwall 1667 Sarah Ruddle

The Husband's Valediction

Blest soul since thou art fled into the slumbers of
the dead
Why should mine eyes
Let fall unfruitful tears, the offspring of despair
and fears,
To interrupt thy obsequies
No, No, I won't lament to see thy day of trouble
spent:
But since thou art gone,
Farewell, sleep, take thy rest, upon a better hus-
band's breast
Until the resurrection.

42. 9.

Maker, Cornwall 1781 Aaron Bankers

My wife so dear I've left behind
With an aching heart and a troubled mind
In heaven I hope your soul to see
So lead your life for to come to me
There pain and grief cannot annoy
Nor yet eclipse our loving joy.

43. 9, 112.

Stalbridge, Cornwall 1794 Susannah Phillips

Here lies a good and patient wife
Who in here lifetime hated strife:
A generous friend in time of need,
And one who loved the poor to feed,
A loving wife, a tender mother:
'Tis hard to find out such another.

44. 9, 112.

Bath Abbey

In memory of Rebecca Leyborne
Interred at the foot of this pillar
Borne June the 4th 1698
Deceased February 18, 1756

A wife more than twenty three years to Robert
Leyborne, D.D.

Who never saw here once ruffled with anger,
or heard her utter even a peevish word:
whether pain or injured, the same good woman
In whose mouth, as in whose character
was no contradiction;
Resigned, gentle, courteous, affable:
without passion, tho' not without sense,
She took offense as little as she gave it:
She never was, or made an enemy:
To servants mild; to relations kind:
To the poor a friend, to the stranger hospitable;
Always caring how to please her husband,
Yet was her attention to the one thing needful,
How few will be able to equal,
What all should endeavour to imitate.

45. 9, 112.

St. Gregory's, Norwich, Eng. 1598 Mary Sandys

In remembrance of whose piety, and singular virtues,
the eternal love of her husband hath caused this
monument to be erected

In Heaven her soul, in me her love,
Her body resteth here:
Which is to God, was to the world,
To me, her husband, dear.

46. 9, 112.

Waterperry, Oxon 1610 Magdalen Curson

She that lies here within this gloomy grave
Enjoyed all virtues that a mind could have
Let this suffice thee then in brief to know
She once was such as thou mayest read below.
Lord Dormer's daughter, Sir John Curson's wife
To whom four sons and daughters two she bore
Beloved of all the lived yet chang'd this life
For such a life as shall never change more
A Magdalen by name a Saint by Grace,
Died much bewailed and buried in this place,
Then happy she who such a life did lead
As she now lives anew though she is dead.

47. 112, 9.

Arreton, Isle of Wight 1619 Elizabeth Leigh

Sixteen a maid and fifty years a wife
Make the sum total of my past life.
Long thread, so finely spun, so fairly ended,
That few shall match this pattern, fewer mend it.
What friends, what children, what blest marriage,
Dead I forget: living I light esteemed
For thy dear love (O Christ) that has redeemed
My soul from Hell; and shortly shall upraise
This mortal dust, in Heaven to sing thy praise.

48. Tangier Island, Maryland. (Roy H. Copperud in Baltimore Sun)

Two tributes by husbands to their wives

1. Thy form alone is all, thank God,
That to the grave is given;
For we know thy soul, the better part
Is safe, yes safe in Heaven.

2. All the plans of life are broken.
All the hopes of life are fled;
Counsel, comfort and adviser.
Alas, alas, for thou art dead!

49. 67.

Elland Churchyard, Yorkshire, Eng.

On the 12th day of Sept. 1840
was added to the pale nations underground
the remains of Anne, wife of Jonas Fielding
of thistown.

After spending a life of anxiety and care,
death obliged her to let go her hold,
leaving this world

(for her class of society)
in a far
worse condition than she found it 48 years ago.

50. Stafford

Orange County, N.J.

Here lies a kind and loving wife,
A tender nursing mother,
A neighbor free from brawl and strife,
A pattern for all others.

51. 9, 112.

Ilfracombe, Devonshire 1759 Joan Ley

Joan Ley here she lays all mould in grave
I trust in God her soul to save
And with her Saviour Christ to dwell
And there I hope to live as well.

This composed by her grateful husband
Nicholas Ley

52. 9, 112.

Clyst St. George, Devonshire. 1614 Julianna Osborne

Bonifant a Virgin; Osborne a loyal wife
For thirty years; A widow was forty and more.
A hundred years almost she lead her life,
Kind to the rich and good to the poor
Here lies her dust whose souls to Heaven gone
Since she did live and die a saint like one.

53. 9, 112.

Barnstaple, Eng. 1656 Mrs. Amy Tookey

'Tis not her plenteous, nor this pile
Her husband's love erected can beguile
Times 'stroying hand: for such memorials must
Themselves lie down, wrapt in oblivion's dust.
No, she preferred her name, away more sure
By faith, love, patience a meek life and pure
These, these are spcies shall embalm her name
And make it fragrant when the world's aflame.

54. 9, 112.

Totbury, Gloucestershire, Eng. - 1710 Mary Cripps

Her body earthly was, and to the earth,
Descended is, from whence it took its birth.
Her soul from a more high Original
Mounted aloft, became Angelical.
Clog not her wings, then, with your dewy tears
On which she's raised above the starry spheres
Cease, Husband, children, cease, give God the praise
Which now she warbles in immortal lays.

55. 9, 135.

Ormersley, Worcestershire, Eng. ~~1764xxJohnxxandxxAlice~~
1724 Elizabeth Cupper

Sharp was her wit, mild was her nature:
A tender wife and a good humoured creature.

56. 9.

Legh Delamere, Wiltshire, Eng. 1764 John and Alice
Browning

Death in a good old age
Ended our weary pilgrim stage
It was to we a end of pain
In hopes to enter life again.

57. 9, 112.

Onibury, Salop 1630 Dorothy Pytt

Here lies, divorced from her husband's ride,
One that by death is made her saviour's bride;
For on Good-Friday he did her betrath
Unto himself for ever where he goeth
And thus united she a guest became
Unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.
Leaving her earthly mate grief to sustain
Till death, by striking him weds her again
O languish then my soul until I see
My dearest wife in her felicity.

58. 66, 135.

Sitlingbourne, Eng. Elizabeth Poodde circa 1450

I was as yee be, now in dust and clay,
Have mercy on my sowl yat bowght hit wit yi bloodde
For Elizabeth of Cheritie, a Pater noster say,
Sumtymes I was the wyff of Edmonde Poodde.

59. 9.

Holt, Wiltshire, Eng. 1646 Anne Bailey

This stony register is for her bones
Her fame is more perpetual than the stones:
And still her goodness, tho' herself begone,
Shall live when earth thy monuments are gone
who reading this can chose but drop a tear
For such a loving wife and mother dear.

60. 9.

Arreton, Ilse of Wight 1619 Elizabeth and Gertrude
Leigh

(N.B. The writer of this epitaph having married for the third time thought of a fitting occasion to erect a monument to his two former spouses. The first having had fifteen children, and the second being childless, he finds virtues in both.

To the remembrance of the two most worthy and religious Gentlewomen, his late dear and loyal wives, Mrs. Elizabeth, who died 7th March 1615, having been the mother of 15 hopeful children. And Mrs. Gertrude Parceval who died childless the 22nd Dec. 1619 was this monument consecrated by their loving and sorrowful husband Barnabas Leigh.

60. (con't)

Since neither pen nor pencil can set forth
Of these two matchless wives the matchless worth,
W'are forced to cover in this silent tomb
The prayers of a chaste and fruitful womb.
And with Death's sable veil in darkness hide
The rich rare virtues of a barren bride.
Sweet saint-like pair of souls on whom did shine
Such models of perfection feminine.
Such piety, love, zeal, that tho' we sinners
Their lives have lost; yet still themselves are
winners.
For they, secure, Heaven's happiness inherit,
While we lament their loss, admire their merit.

61. 9.

Arbroath, N.B. 1699 Grisell West

Here lies a wife was chaste, a mother blest,
A modest woman, all these in one chest!
Sarah unto her mate, Mary to God
Martha unto men, whilst here she had abode.

62. 66.

Wasborough Churchyard, Eng.

Here lyeth the body of Isabella, wife of John
Carrington;
Who had 9 children deare
4 died before her,
5 are living heare;
Kind to her husband,
Faithful to her friend,
And a loving mother
Till her life did end.
who departed this life 6th Aug., 1674.

63. #324

From Mogridge's Collection

My wife and my children are gone to their rest;
They have reached their fair home in the land of
the bless'd;
And why should I selfishly sigh or pine,
When they all are enjoying the Presence divine?

#433

This frail memorial of departed worth is raised
over the dust
of an affectionate wife and tender mother, who
closed a life of
usefulness by a death of tranquillity.

64. 146.

Bethel Methodist Churchyard, Northeast, Md.
On tomb of Annie Cordes, died 1881, aged 32.

"Hard to beat"

(Story: local story alleges that Annie was his
second wife and Cordes was less successful in
abusing Annie than his first wife who died of
abuse.)

1. My time on earth is done you see,
For the great judge Hath call'd for me,
Whose call I'm ready to obey
And launch into eternal clay.
2. And now away from me she's gone,
And never more for to return,
But I to her shall shortly go,
And leave all earthly things below.
3. Lovely in life, bewald in death
A lingering summons called her breath
She is gone we hope to glorious rest,
In God her Saviour's image blest.
4. My husband, friends, I bid you all adieu
I leave you in God's care
My son I'll never more see you,
Prepare to meet me there.

Mogridge

#218 Wit and worth and wisdom fled,
When she was number'd with the dead;
But beauty, sharer of her doom,
Was laid beside her in the tomb.
Hope lingering waits till she arise;
While faith, with adorative eyes,
Gazes on Heaven, the gift of grace,
And ones: "Behold! her dwelling place."

#331 Her talents and her virtues were formed rather to
bless a narrow circle, than to attract the transite
ory plaudits of a wide one: no one could know her
without love, nor lose her without regret.

#336 The flower of the meadow,
The leaf on the tree
The rush in the river,
Are emblems of me.

In freshness and beauty
They flourish a day
I bloom'd for a season
Then wither'd away.

Morgantown, N.C. - Grace McDowell

Once engaged in scenes of life,
A tender mother and loving wife,
But now she's gone and left us here
The lesson bids us all prepare.

68. G.S. Carra-
way

Wake County, N.C. (Pleasant Grove Cemetery)

A devoted Christian mother who whipped Sherman bum-
mers with scalding water while they were trying to
take her dinner pot, which contained a ham bone be-
ing cooked for her soldier's boys.

69.

"

North Carolina (Beauford County)

(This lady was considered the most beautiful woman in
the state in early part of 19th century. While politi-
cian husband was away at convention in Hillsboro, wife
play a game of forfeits at a party and paid forfeit to
one Maxwell. Epitaph alludes to this.)

Where flies my wife, oh lovely once and fair!
Her face cast in the mold of beauty?
Where her eyes, all radiance; her cheeks like snow.
Those cheeks once tintured with a purple glow?
Where those ivory teeth, and lips of celestial sound?
Here lips like lillies set with roses round?
Where that soft marble breast, white neck, and where
That all of woman past description fair?
Where those active fingers that with artful ease
In her house once sought her family to please?
Where that sprightly wit, even love's divine delight-
All sunk alas, in everlasting night.
Earth takes her bones; chaste soul she smiles at rest
While her image lives immortal in my breast.

70. 78.

Trinity Churchyard, Oxford, Philadelphia, Pa.

Here lyeth the body of Elizabeth, wife of John Roberts,
who departed this life, May 6th, in the year of our
Lord, God, 1708, aged 41 yrs.

Weep not for me, for it is vain
Weep for your sins, and then refrain.

*-----

Here by these lines is testify'd
No Quaker was she, when she dy'd,
So far was she from Quakerism,
That she desired to have Baptism.
for her, our babes and children, dear.

To this, these lines true witness bear,
And further more, she did obtain
That faith, that all shall rise again
Out of the graves at the last day
And in this faith she passed away.

71. 140.

Location?

A widower placed the following upon the tomb of a
beloved wife.

1890 The light of my life has gone out
1891 I have struck another match.

72. 148.

On Mrs. Creswell by L. Rochester

Beneath this stone
Here lies one
That I have often lain upon;
And kist her sitting, standing, lying,
And if she rise again, have at her flying.

73. 108.

Iver Church, Eng. Alice Cutt, aet 55

Two happy days assigned me to men
of wedlock and of death! o! happy then!
'Mongst women was she that is here interr'd
Who liv'd out two, and dying had the third.

74. 108.

Bluntsham Church, Eng. ob 1622, aet 44

Her rest gives me a restlesse lyfe,
Because she was a vertuous wyfe;
But yet I rest in hopes to see
That daye of Christ and then see thee.

75. 108, 9.

St. Andrew's, New Castle, Eng.

Mary, wife of Robert M'Cutchin
sargeant in the Grenadiers Guards, died May 11, 1781
in the 28th year of her age.

In all our marriage vows, she did fulfill,
And fondly sought her husband, thro' the dead on Bunk-
er's Hill.

At many actions more, and at the Brandywine,
She lov'd her husband so, she would not stay behind.
Till now by cruel Death's dread dart,
She is left behind, and forc'd to part
Till the last trump, when Gabriel sounds amain
She'll rise, embrace, and join again.

76. Stafford,
93.

Folkstone, Eng. Wife of David Stewart, shoemaker, died
April 11, 1803

For twenty years and eight I lived a maiden's life,
And five-and thirty years I was a married wife;
And in that space of time eight children I did bear -
Four sons, four daughters, who ever lov'd most dear,
Three of that number, as the Scriptures run,
Preach up the way to Heaven, and Hell to shun.

77. 93.

St. John's Churchyard, Chester, Eng.

A good wife, a tender mother,
It were hard to find out such another;
In love she lived, in peace she died,
And when God called he was not denied.

78. 146.

Bradley, South Carolina

Elizabeth, wife of Francis E. Harrison d. 1925 age
82

The greatest person
I have ever known.

79. 148.

On a woman who had three husbands

Here lies the body of Mary Sextone,
Who pleas'd three men, and never vex'd one -
This she can't say beneath the next stone.

80. 93.

Bennington, Vt.

Is she gone
Am she went
Am she left I all alone
She can never come to me
But he will sometime go to she.

81. 93.

Verona, Miss.

This is all that could die of Martha.

82. 146.

College Hill Cemetery, Lebanon, Ill.
Jennie E. Wilson, died 1882, aged 29 year

"She was more to me
Than I expected."

83. 93.

Elkton, Md. Mrs. H.B. Cordes (Ripley illust.)

She was hard to beat

84. 93.

New York State (Beable - This inscription also
found on grave of 7 yr. old girl in
Westchester County, N.Y.)

She done her best.

85. 93.

Piedmont, N.C.

She hath done what she could

86. 93. also
Croy

Berkshire County, Mass.

The best wife I ever had.

87. 93.

Henry County, Ill.

Tears cannot bring her back
Therefore I weep.

88.

Caribou, Colorado.

Sarah Collins, wife of James Collins. d. 1875, aged 36

Gone before us, O! our sister
To the spirit land
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.

89. 146.

Rome, Ga. Marther Fitzpatrick died 1917
(see illust.)

A true wife is man's best friend;
His dog is next.

90. 28.

See. 87. This inscription also found in English Churchyard preceded by the line:

Here lies my wife
All

Similar epitaph in Silvermine, Conn.
Quoted by Johnny Gruelle, artist of "Raggedy Ann" and "Uncle Brutus"

Here lies the body of Mary Devoe
Wife of Henry Devoe.

91. H.W. Thompson. N.Y.
Times Mag.
8.25.40

Cooperstown, N.Y. Mrs. Augusta Maria Averill, died 1
1833

She opened her mouth with wisdom
And in her laughter was the law of kindness.

92. 93.

Middletown, Conn.

A loving wife and a tender mother,
Left this base world to enjoy the other.

93. 93.

Location?

She's gone and cannot come to we
But we shall shortly go to she.

94. 93.

Hebron, Conn. on tombstone of 2nd wife of Rev. S. -
P. - (who was married at 17 died within 20 days)

A wedding turned to lamentation
The greatest grief in all creation

95. 78.

Saratoga, N.Y.

Emmo, dau'r of Abraham and Matilda C., wife of
Theodore, S., died Aug. 10, 1868, ae 26 years,
leaving 5 children,

Married too young, against her father's will
Single women, take warning.

96. 109.

York, Maine (Scotland Cemetery) wife of Rev. Samuel
Moody

Mrs. Hannah Moody, consort
of ye Revd Mr. Samuel Moody

An early & thoro convert, eminent for holiness,
Prayerfulness, weanedness from ye world,
Self-deniall, Publick-spiritedness, Diligence,
Faithfulness & charity.

Departed this life in sweet assurance of a better.
Jan. 29, 1728, aetat. 51.

Follow Ym who thro faith & patience inherit ye promises

97. 109.

Enfield, Conn.

Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, died 1780, age 80
She was a woman of a good graceful person;
of a good understanding, of eminent piety, and of great
prudence.

She shone with distinguished luster in the several
charcters
of a wife, parent, mistress and a friend.

98. 109.

Newport, R.I. (old or common burying cemetery)

- (1) Martha, wife of Robert Jenkins, in Newport and
daughter of Jaheel and Frances Brenton.
who in a loose and dissolute age
through an uncommon education
and happy turn of mind
was at first what others seldom are at last
A perfect mirror of domestic life.

(2) Same location

Here lieth entombed the body of Abigail
the wife of Mr. George Wanton, di May 12, 1726,
aged 28 yrs.

Having left five pledges of her love
Terras Astrae Reliquit

If tears alas, could speak a husband's woe,
My verse would streight in plaitiff's numbers flow,
Or if so great a loss deplor'd in vain
Could solace so my throbbing heart from pain:
Then would I, oh! sad consolation chuse
To sooth my cureless griefa private muse.
But since thy well known piety demands
A publick monument at thy George's hands.
O, Abigail! I dedicate this tomb to thee
Thou, dearest, half of poor forsaken me.

(3) Same Location

She united an improved mind
To great native sensibility
And possessing a feeble constitution
Lived under Divine Providence
On the affection of her family.

99. 124.

Concise epitaph in Hebron, Conn.

Peggy Dow, shared the vicissitudes of Lorenzo, fifteen years, and died aged 39.

100. 124.

New York State

Should I ten thousand years enjoy my life,
I could not praise enough so good a wife.

101. 140.

Location?

She was married twenty-six years
And in all that time never once banged the door.

EPITAPHS ON FAMILIES AND WIVES

1. 124.

Stowe, Vermont

Stranger, pause, as you pass by;
My thirteen children with me lie.
See their faces how they shine
Like blossoms on a fruitful vine.

2/ 9.

Great Milton, Oxon, Eng. 1654. The wife of Dr. H. Wil-
kinson.

Here lie mother and babe both without sins
Next birth will make her and her infants twins.

3. 109.

Middletwon, Conn. - of one the earliest American epitaph's
1695.

Sarah, the wife of John Bacon lyes here
Who dyed being aged but 31 years
Who has lying by her six children deare
And two she has left her husband to cheer.

4. 135, 80.

St. Cue, Cornwall, England. (not complimentary to father

Here lies the body of Joan Carthew,
Born at St. Columb, died at St. Kew;
Children she had five.
Two are dead and three are alive;
Those that are dead choosing rather
To die with their mother than live with their father,

5. 10, 66, 133. Clerkenwell Churchyard, Devonshire, Eng. (in Torrington)

Near this monument of human instability
are deposited the remains of Ann,
the wife of -----
She resigned her life the 8th day of November 1784
Aged 37 years.
She was -----!
But words are wanting to say what!
Think what a wife should be!
And she was that!

6.

Some wag added to the above lines

A woman should be both a wife and mother
But Jennie Jones was neither one or t'other.

7. 135, 66.

Wesleyan Chapel, Wakefield, Eng.

Her manners mild, her temper such
Her language good, and not too much.

8. 135. Ombersley, Wores, Eng. Elizabeth Cupper 1724
Sharp was her wit, mild was her nature
A tender wife & a good natured creature.
9. 135, 66. Alves Churchyard, Morayshire, Eng. Majory Anderson
1590
Here lies
Anderson of Pittensere
Maire of the earldom of Moray
With his wife Majory
Whilk (which) him never displicit (disple aseth)
10. 108, 135, 124, 66, Streatham church, Surrey, Eng. 1746. Elizabeth
9.
Elizabeth, wife of Major Gen. Hamilton
who was married near forty seven years.
and
Never did one thing to disoblige her husband.
She died in 1746.
11. 66. New Hampshire. "Rejoicing in Tribulation" a man
having lost his wife ordered a tombstone on which,
in his grief, he had inscribed:
"Tears cannot restore her -
Therefore I weep."
12. 109. Dummerston, Vt. - Joanna Wilder
She fulfilled in a good degree the scripture
requirements of the wife of a deacon.
She lived with her husband 60 years.
13. 93, 66. Folkstone, Kent, England.
Here lyeth the bones of Mary Rogers
who left this world A.D. 1692.
She was a goode mother, wife and daughter:
Al gude people as you pass,
Pray ree d my hourglass;
After sweets and bitters it's down,
And I have left your pretty town.
Remember soon ye must prepare to fly
From all our friends and come to high.
14. 135, 110. Streatham Church, Surrey, Eng. 1663.
Rebecca, wife of William Lynne
who died in 1663
Might I ten thousand years enjoy my life
I could not praise enough so good a wife.

15. 66, 37.

Kensington Churchyard, Eng.

Here are deposited the remains of
Mrs. Anne Floyer
The beloved wife of Mr. Richard Floyer,
of Thistle Grove, in this parish.
Died on Thursday, the 8th of May, 1823.

"God hath chosen her as a pattern for the other
Angels."

16. Ø 9.
against
wife??

Bedwelty, near Tredegar, Eng. - on a wife

This poor man wept and the Lord heard him
and delivered him out of all his troubles.

17. Tegg, 37,
80.

Rockville, Mass.

Here lies the body of Jane Ann Bent;
She kicked up her heels, and away she went.
Eaton Jane = Mary
She = who

18. 93, 66, 37.

Worcester, Eng.

Mammy and I together lived
Just two years and a half;
She went first - I followed next,
The cow before the calf.

19. 124.

Location? on Amanda Lowe

She loved me and my grandchildren revered her,
She bathed my feet and kept my socks well darned.

20. 124.

Alexandria, Va.

The milk of human kindness was my own dear cherub
wife,
I'll never find another one as good in all my life.
She bloomed, she blossomed, she decayed,
And under this tree, her body we laid.

21. 93, 10.

Boston, Mass.

She looked well after the hogs,
chickens, and cows and kept my socks darned.

22.

Sturgis, Miss.

Put out the light
Close the door
Alice has gone home.

23. 115.

Thuringia, Germany

Here lies for the first time
Schulteiss Watzka

24. 115, 146.

Rome, Georgia - Oakland Cemetery. Marther Fitzpatrick d. 1913

A true wife
is
man's best friend,
His dog next.

25. 80.

Bunhills fields.

Here they laid Mary Thomas,
When Death snatcher from her husband,
Ben Thomas.
Her name both maid and wife
And his the same throughout his life
Deceased 22nd Nov. 1711
aged 35.

26. 110.

Sussex, Eng. By a disconsolate widower

Here lieth the body of Sarah, wife of John -
who died 24th March 1823, aged forty-two years.
"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away;
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

27. 110.

On a virtuous wife

Stop, passenger, until my live you've read;
The living may get knowledge by the dead;
Five times five years I liv'd a virgin's life;
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I liv'd a widow chaste.
Now, tired of this mortal life, I rest.

28. 118.

Coldstream churchyard, Berwickshire, Eng.

(1) On Mrs. David Innes

Clos'd, ever clos'd those speaking eyes,
Where sweetness beam'd, where candour shone;
And silent that heart-thrilling voice,
Which music lov'd and call'd her own.
Alas! before the violet bloom'd,
Before the snows of winter fled,
Too certain fate my hopes consum'd
For she was number'd with the dead.

29. 119.

(2) On Mrs. William Beloe

Oft to this spot will memory fondly turn,
And love's pure flame still unextinguished burn
Within their breasts, who here doth mourn their
loss.
But nails their sorrows to a Saviour's cross.
Oh! precious hope! By faith to mortals given,
That loving hearts which hath on earth been ri-
ven,
May through the same dear Saviour's pleading
love
Again unite in realms of bliss above.

30. 80.

Location?

Margaret, wife of Hugh Wright

(Eye) findeth; (Heart) chooseth; (Knot) bindeth
(Death) looseth.

31. 80.

Gloucester Cathedral. Catherine Pembridge

Stop, Traveler!
And learn from me
How vain the hopes, how transient the joys of men.
Here lies, alas! here lies my Catherine.
The best, the most excellent of wives.
So beautiful, so chaste, so loving.
That her superior did not exist.
If the loss of the mutual perfection,
Both in body and in mind,
Be just subjects for sorrow,
Oh! tell me the end of my griefs.

32. 80.

Essex.

Weep not for me, my husband dear,
Keep it in mind that I lie here,
And have compassion on the nine
motherless children I left behind.

33. Contribu-
ted by a
friend
(also be-
longs in
chap. on
Fracture)

I.U. Cemetery, near Chestertown, Md.

Sacred to the memory of
HOSANAH REED,
Daughter of George and Beatrice Medford
and wife of Phil. Reed.
Who departed this life Wednesday 10th of March 1802
Aged 29 years
Leaving two sons, Phil. and Geo.
She was an affectionate wife and mother,
A sincere friend and neighbor.
She sustained a long and painful illness
with Christian patience and resignation.
A fall from his carriage by which her leg was frac-
tured. Deprived her affectionate husband of the
power of paying her that unremitting attention to
which her merits and virtues fully entitled her.

34. 146.

Burlington Flats, N.Y. Rhoda Hopkins, died 1814, aged

In our youth we joined for life
And I becom his lawful wife
Then we did rove the world in wide
Til deth has brought us side by side.

35. 146.

Bruton Parish, Williamsburg, Va.

Mrs. Ann Timson Jones,
Consort of Rev. Scervant Jones
Born 1 Sept. 1787
Married 26 Dec 1805
Baptized 3 Mar 1822
Died 6 June 1849.

Seventeen years having followed after her marriage
to the reverend sire before she was baptized.

If woman ever yet did well
If woman ever did excell
If woman husband err adored
If woman ever loved the Lord:
If ever Faith and Hope and Love
In human flesh did live and move
If all the graces err did meet
In her, in her they were complete
My Ann, my all, my angle wife
My dearest one, my love, my life
I cannot sigh or say farewell
But where thou dwellest I will dwell

N.B. The disconsolate Rev. soon married again &
tradition has it that the same coach which brought
the tombstone for Ann from Richmond also carried
Mr. Jones home from his second honeymoon.

36. 146.

Ocracoke Island. North Carolina - Agnes Howard, died
1857, aged 76.

She was !
But words are wanting to say what -
Think what a wife should be
She was that.

37. 146.

Elizabeth, N.J. Maria Michean, died 1793, aged 20

Clos'd are those eyes in endless night
No more to beam with fond delight,
Or with affection roll
Eternal silence seals that tongue
Where sense and soft persuasion hung
To captivate the soul.

38. 146.

St. Peter's churchyard, Washington, D.C. Sarah
Bonner d. 1779, aged 23.

Where flies my wife oh lovely once and fair
Her face cast in the mould of beauty, where
Her eyes all radiance her cheeks like snow
Whose cheeks once tintured with a purple glow
Where those ivory teeth and lips of celestial sound
Her lips like lily's set with roses round
Where's that soft marble breast white neck and where
That all of woman past description fair
Where's those active fingers that with artful ease
Which in her house once taught her family to please

38. (con't.)

Where's that sprightly wit even love's delight
All sunk alas in everlasting night
Earth take her bones chaste soul she smiles abreast
Whilst her image lives on immortal in my breast.

39. 146.

Greenwood Cemetery, Orlando, Fla. by L.H. Geer to
his wife and his daughter

Erected by L.H. Geer
Husband and father, in the memory of his loved ones,
Sleep, precious souls. No more sorrow or pain.
But the one that is left, will there tomorrow.
Earth has no more pleasure, without you to remain.
Tomorrow has come, no one to mourn, all is lost in
sorrow.

I am now in the bourne, I promised tomorrow

Mrs. R. Geer

wife

of L.H. Geer, July 28, 1900

A good wife and mother and only known to be loved.

In memory of Miss Lillie Geer

daughter of

L.H. Geer

died May 8, 1901

age 46 years

"I want to be laid next to Ma" Lillie said

In life unassuming. In her death all is lost, Pa.

In memory of L.H. Geer

died March 23, 1903

age 75

No one to mourn, no one to caress, no one to own

No life, let me rest, let me rest.

40. 146.

Milford, Conn. Mrs. Sarah Pomeroy, died 1783, aged 48

Thou, dear departed, with no laboured bust
Nor panegyric I insult thy dust.
Yet let a child with duty in arrears
Say while he heaves a sigh & drops a tear
The tenderest of all parents slumbers here.

EPITAPHS AGAINST WIVES

1. 9. St. Mathew's churchyard, Friday Street, London, Eng. 1569
one of earliest against wives

As man liveth, so he dieth,
As tree falleth, so it lieth,
Ann Middleton, thy life well past,
Doth argue restful bliss of last.
2. 9, 135, 108, 93, 110, 148, 112. Hadleigh, Suffolk, Eng. 1706, Susan Pattison (Oct. 19, 1706

To free me from domestic strife,
Death called at my house, but he spake with my wife,
Susan, wife of David Pattison, lies here.
Stop, reader, and, if not in a hurry, shed a tear.
3. 9, 124, 135, 112. Patterne, Wiltshire, Eng. 1790, Mary Ford. Safford = Mary Land

Here lies Mary, the wife of John Ford.
We hope her soul has gone to the Lord;
But if for Hell she has chang'd this life,
She had better be there than be John Ford's wife.
4. 9, 135, 108. Essex, Eng.

Here lies the man Richard
And Mary his wife;
Their surname was Pritchard;
They lived without strife;
And the reason was plain -
They abounded in riches,
They had no care or pain,
And his wife wore the breeches.
5. Webb's version

Here lies the wife of Master Ford,
I hope her soul is with the Lord.
But if for Hell she's chang'd this life,
'Tis better so - than John Ford's wife.
6. Riply - Essex Churchyard.

They abounded in riches
But she wore the britches.
7. 135, 66, 34. Painswick churchyard, near Stroud, Gloucestershire, Eng.
Eaton = 1st line - Susan Tompkins, here she lies

My wife is dead, and here she lies,
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries,
Where she is gone, and how she fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

8. 9.

Harborne, near Birmingham, Eng.

O cruel death, so soon to end
Two faithful wives and sincere friends
Death takes the good, too good on earth to stay
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

9. 135, 66,
224, 34.

Elloe, Lincolnshire, Eng. Safford - Bayfield, Mass
Unger

Here lies my wife in earthly mould,
Who when she lived did naught but scold.
Peace! wake her not, for now she's still,
She had, but now I have my will.

10. 135, 52.

Yorkshire, Eng.

Here lie my wife, without bed or blanket,
But dead as a dornnail. God be thanked.

11. 9, 108.

Belfast, Ireland. (composed by Patrick Leary)

Beneath this stone lies Katherine my wife,
In death my comfort, and my plague through life.
Oh! Liberty! But soft, I must not boast,
She'll haunt me else, by jingo, with her ghost.

12. 9, 108.

Location?

Here rests my spouse, no pair through life
So equal liv'd as we did;
Alike we shar'd perpetual strife,
Now knew I rest till she did.

13. 9, 108.

Location?

Here is my much lov'd Celia laid,
At rest from all her earthly labours!
Glory to God! peace to the dead
And to the ears of all her neighbors.

14. ~~94, 72,~~
~~140.~~ 9,
108.

Location?

Beneath this stone and not above it
Lies the remains of Anna Lovett;
Be pleased, dear reader, not to shove it,
Lest, she should come above it,
For 'twixt you and I, no one does covet
To see again this Anna Lovett.

1 5. 93, 78,
140

Massachusetts

To the memory of Mary Gold.
Who was gold in nothing but her name
She was a tolerable woman for an acquaintance
But O.H. himself couldn't live with her,
Her temper was furious,
Her tongue was vindictive,
She resented a look and frowned at a smile,
And was as sour as vinegar.
She punished the earth upwards of forty years,
To say nothing of her relations.

16. 93.

By a resigned and submissive husband on his second wife location?

Here lies wife second of old Wing Rogers
She's safe from cares and I from bothers!
If death had known thee as well as I
He ne'er had stopped but passed thee by.
I wish him joy, but much I fear
He'll rue the day he came thee near.

17. 115.
Believe
it or
Not

Bedford, Eng. erected by a husband to his wife

Perfect peace
Until
We meet again.

18. 115.

Marlinine Cemetery, Glasgow, Scotland

Here beneath this stone we lie
Back to back my wife and I
And when the angel's trump shall trill
If she gets up, then I'll lie still.

Beable - also claims it to be an American and an Irish epitaph.

Beable, Safford, Unger

Within this grave do lie

.....
When the last trump the air shall fill
....., I'll just lie still.

19. 135.

London Magazine 1824 details?

Here lies, thank God, a woman who
Quarreled and stormed her whole life through;
Tread gently o'er her moulder form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.

20. 135.

Ulverston, Lane, Eng.

Here lies my wife
Here lies she
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!

21. 146.

Mayflower Cemetery, Duxbury, Mass.

Asenath Soule died 1865 aged 87

"The chisel can't help any."

22. 146.

Plymouth, N.Y.

Ruth S. Kibbe
wife of
Alvin J. Stanton
May 5, 1861
Apr. 5, 1904
The Lord don't make any mistakes.

23. 109, 146.

Duxbury, Mass. (Mayflower Cemetery)

Asenath
widow of
Simeon Soule
Died Feb. 25, 1865
Aged 87 years, 11 mo., & 19 days
"The chisel can't help her any"

24. 140.

Location?

Husband, prepare to follow me!
(the husband added:)

I cannot come my dearest life,
For I have married another wife.
And as much as I would come to thee
I now must live and die with she.

25. 78.

On a Quaker's second wife

Here lies wife second of old Wing Rogers
She's safe from cares and I from bothers;
If death had knowed thee as well as I,
He ne'er had stopped, but passed thee by,
I wish him joy, but much I fear,
He'll rue the day he came thee near.

26. 124.

Peak Cemetery, New Hampshire

The voice of a stepfather beneath this stone
Is to rest one, shamefully robbed by his wife's son,
And Esq. Tom and David Leary's wife.

27. 124, 93, 78. Massachusetts

This to the memory of Ellen Hill
A woman who would always have her will
She snubbed her husband, though she made good bread,
And on the whole, he's rather glad she's dead.
She whipped virtue out, and whipped the devil in,
May all such women go to some great fold
Where they through all eternity can scold.

28. 146. Hadley Cemetery, East Hampstead, N.H.

Thomas Gilbert, died 1868, aged 85

Beneath this stone is grave for one
Shamefully robbed in life
By his wife's son and Squire Tom
And Daniel Seavey's wife.

29. 67, 140 Devonshire, Eng. Similar one at Burlington, Vt. - Stafford.

Charity, wife of Gideon Bligh
Underneath this stone doth lie.
Nought was she e'er known to do
That her husband told her to do.

30. 124. Hollis, N.H.

Here lies Cynthia, Steven's wife;
She lived six years in calm and strife.
Death came at last and set her free;
I was glad and so was she.

31. 124. Burlington, Vt.

Here lies the wife of brother Thomas
Whom tyrant death has torn from us,
Her husband never shed a tear
Until his wife was buried hear.
And then he made a fearful rout,
For fear she might find her way out.

32. 124. Burlington, Vt.

In memory of Elizabeth Taylor
Could blooming years and modesty,
And all that's pleasing to the eye,
Against grim death been a defence,
Elizabeth had not gone hence.

33. 9. Rhayader Churchyard, Radnorshire, Eng.

I plant these shrubs upon your grave, dear wife,
That something on this spot may boast of life.
Shrubs must wither, and all earth must rot;
Shrubs may revive; but you, thank heaven, will not.

34. 9.

Ribbesford, Bewdley, Eng. (on the wife of the Parish clerk)

The children of Israel wanted bread,
And the Lord he sent them manna,
Old clerk Wallace he wanted a wife,
And the devil, he sent him Anna.

35. 93.

Dorset, Vt.

Let those who had wives
Be as though they had none.

36. 9, 108, 124.

English Epitaph - frequently and erroneously quoted
as written by John Dryden

Here lies my wife; here let her lie!
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

Safford: Here lies my wife Sallie; let her lie
She's at peace and so am I.

37. 37.

Location?

Here lies my wife, poor Molly, let her lie,
She finds repose at last, and so do I.

38. 9, 108.

Old Greyfriars churchyard, Edinburgh, Scotland

Here snug in grave, my wife doth lie
Now she's at rest, and so am I.

39.

Suffling - gives the original of the above as written
in French in same churchyard.

Cy gist ma femme fort bien
Pour son repose, ce pourle mien.

40. 9, 108, 34.

Another version ascribed by Pettigrew to Jacques de
Loxens upon his scolding wife

Here lies my wife and Heaven knows
Not less for mine than her repose.

41. 37.

Another version

I laid my wife beneath this stone
For her repose and for my own.

Good Housekeeping Magazine June 1944
Here lies my wife; what better could she do
For her repose; and for her husband's too?

42. 115.

Middlebury, Vt.

Same as above except "put" = "laid"

43. 124.

Location? Diprove and Howe give location as Selby,
Yorkshire

Here lies my dear wife, a sad slattern and shrew
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too!

44. 124.

Another version of the above

Here lies my wife Polly, a terrible shrew
If I said I was sorry, then I should lie too.

45. 67.

Quincy, Ill. On James Robinson and his wife, Ruth

Their warfare is accomplished.

46. 10.

Location?

Requiescat in pace
Here lies the body of Obadiah Wilkinson
and Ruth his wife:
Their warfare is accomplished.

47. 140, 108, 80.

Location? on a henpecked Country Squire - by
Robert Burns

As father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's quite too common.
Here lies a man by a woman rul'd,
The Devil rul'd the woman.

48. 140.

Greek epitaph - on a bad wife

Ah, once dear partner of my days,
Willing to Thee this tomb I raise;
My grateful thoughts your shade pursue
In this small gift so justly due
No envious tongue, with clamors rude
Arraigned this fact of gratitude.
For all must know that with my wife
I lost each hour of care and strife.

49. 140.

Location? on a wife who was a shrew

Resurgam - (I am risen)
underneath:-
"But don't tell my husband it"

50. 80.

On a scolding wife

We lived one and twenty yeare,
Like man and wife together;
I could no longer have her here,
She's gone - I know not whither.

If I could guess, I doe confesse
(I speak it not to flatter)
Of all the women in the worlde,
I never could come at her."

50. (con't.)

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave doth hide her;
And sure her soul is not in hell -
The Fiend could ne'er abide her!

I think she mounted up on high,
For in the last great thunder,
Me thought I heard her voice on high,
Rending the clouds in sunder.

51. 124.

Kent, Eng. Susan Blake (composed by Sir Thomas Moore at her urgent entreaty)

Good Susan Blake, in royal state
Arrived at last at heaven's gate.
(after an absence of years & having fallen out
with her, he added these two lines)

But Peter met her with a club
And knocked her back to Beelzebub.

52. 93.

Kilmury, Churheyrd, Eng.

This stone was raised by Sarah's Lord,
Not Sarah's virtues to record,
For they're well-known to all the town
But it was raised to keep her down.

53. 37.

Location?

Here lies my poor wife, much lamented
She's happy and I'm contented.

54. 140.

Acton, Gloucester.

I laid my wife beneath this stone -
For her repose - and for my own.

55. 140, 148.

Location?

Here lies my poor wife
Without bed or blanket.
But dead as a doornail
And God be thankit.

56. 148.

Hadleigh Church, Suffolk, Eng. (same as 2nd in this chapter)

Susan Patison

To free me from domestic strife
Death call'd at my house -
But he spoke with my wife.
Susan, wife of David Patison, lies here
Oct. 19, 1706
Stop, reader, and if not in a hurry shed a tear.

57. 124.

Stowe, Vermont

My wife from me departed
And robbed me like a knave;
Which caused me broken hearted
To sink into the grave.
My children took an active part
To doom me did contrive;
Which struck a dagger in my heart
That I could not survive.

Wallis: Burial Hill Cemetery. Rehoboth, Mass.
Seth J. Miller, d. 1848, aged 47

to sink = to descen
struck = stuck
that = which

58. 140

Rothsay, Eng.

Erected by Jane - to the memory of her husband John
"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast
out."

59. 37.

Location?

Don't weep for me, my wife most dear,
But still remember I lie here,
Altho' cut down when little past my bloom,
Shed not one tear upon my tomb.

60. 148.

By Arnold Hill

How apt are men to lye! how dare they say,
When life is gone, all learning fleets away?
Since this glad grave holds Chloe Fair and young,
Who where she is, first learnt to hold her tongue.

61. 148.

On the Countess of W----- K. (Warwick?)

Here lies P-----pe Lady R-----d (Penelope-
Countess of W---K (chuse you which) Randolph?)
Content with one stone, see what Death can do!
Who while she liv'd was not content with two.

62. 148, 110, 52.

On a scolding wife who died in her sleep

Here lies the quintessence of noise and strife,
Or, in one word, here lies a scolding wife;
Had not Death took her when her mouth was shut,
He durst not for his ears have touch'd the slut.

63. 148.

Here lies little -----, a yard deep or more,
That never lay quiet or silent before.
Her head always working, her tongue always prattling,
And the pulse of her heart continually beating,
To the utmost extremes of loving and hating.
Her reason and humour were always of strife,
And yet she perform'd all the duties of life;
An excellent friend, and a pretty good wife,
So indulgent a lover, that no man could say,
Whether Patty or Minta did rule or obey,
For the government chang'd some ten times a day.
At the hour of her birth some lucky star gave her
Wit and beauty enough to have lasted her forever.
But fortune, still forward where nature is kind,
A narrow Estate maliciously join'd
To a truly great genius, and right noble mind.
Her body was built of such superfine clay,
That at length it grew brittle for want of allay:
Her soul then too busie on some foreign affair,
Of its own pretty dwelling took so little care,
That the tenement fell, for want of repair.
Now far be from hence the fool and the knave!
But let all that pretend to be witty or brave,
Whether generous friend, or amorous slave,
Contribute some tears to water her grave.

64. 148.

On a Shrew

Here lies entomb'd a married man's great woe,
A nimble linguist and a quick-tongu'd shrew:
She's dead, and earth to earth is flung:
The earth holds her who could not hold her tongue.

65. 148.

On another Shrew

Here lies a woman - no man can deny it,
She rests in peace, altho' she liv'd unquiet:
Her husband prays, if by her grave you walk,
You'll gently tread, for if she walks she'll # talk.

66. 148.

On a scold

After some three score years of caterwauling,
Here lies a scold, stopp'd from above ground bawling:
Tho' ill she liv'd, I dare not read her Doom:
But sure go where she will, she's troublesome:
I wish her, in revenge, among the blest,
For she's as live be damned as be at rest.

67. 148.

Oxford, Eng.

Reader, behold this stone keeps Kitty down,
Who, when alive, mov'd all the stones in town.

68. 148.

An epitaph in Dorsetshire, answered by a Gentleman
on a widower's Marrying again in a fortnight

For me deceas'd, weep not, my dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here:
Your time will come, prepare to die:
Wait but awhile, you'll follow I.

Answer

I am not grieved, my dearest Life:
Sleep on - I've got another wife;
And therefore cannot come to thee,
For I must go to bed to she.

69. 148.

Wife of Mr. S. of Fleet Street - by the husband

Here rests my wife, poor Phyllis! let her lie;
She finds repose at last - and so do I.

70. 110.

Midhurst, Sussex on an incorrigible shrew

Beneath this stone
Lies my wife Joan,
To hell, she's gone, no doubt;
For if she be hot,
If heaven's her lot,
I must (God wot) turn out.

71. 80.

x A poor compliment to a husband.

Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown,
aged eighty years. She lived with
her husband fifty years and died in
the confident hope of a better life.

72. 110.

Prittlewell churchyard

A man had 2 wives buried in one grave. After re-
cording their several virtues, the following ter-
mination was added:

Were it in my choice that either of the twaine
Might be restor'd to me, to enjoy again,
Which should I choose? Well, since I know not whe-
ther,
I'll mourn for the loss of both - but wish for
neither.

73. 106.
belongs in
"Praise of
wife"

Old Burial Hill, Plymouth, Mass.

Erected to the memory of Mrs. Mehitabel, wife of
Capt. Thos. Atwood, who died Jan. 11, 1809, in
the 58 year of her age. In early life, her feeble
constitution gave painful premonition of her early
exit. She however unexpectedly passed the meridi-
an of life, discharging in a very laudable manner
filial, parental and conjugal duties. At length
the seeds of death were planted in her vitals -
she sickened, languished and expired in hopes of
a blessed immortality.

Short is our longest day of life,
And soon its prospect ends
Yet on that day's uncertain date
Eternity depends.

74. 106.
belongs in
"Praise of
wife"

Old Burial Hill, Plymouth, Mass.

Sacred to the memory of Phebe X J. Bramhall, a native
of Virginia & wife of Benjamin Bramhall, Jun, who died
August 27, 1817, aged 21 years.

Possess'd of all amiable disposition.
She endeared herself to all around her.

"but"

Weep not for her springtime she flew
To that land, where the wings of the soul are un-
furl'd

And now, like a star beyond evening's cold dew
Looks radiantyl down on the tears of this world.

75. 106.

Old Burial Ground, Plymouth, Mass.

Consecrated to the meory of Mrs. Peggy Holbrook, wife
of Mr. Jeremiah Holbrook, who departed this life, Aug-
ust 28th, 1811, aged 26 years. Her amiable disposition
endeared her to her friends and died lamented by all
who knew her.

Though harsh the strike and most severe the rod,
Cease mourner, cease, it was a strike from God.

76. 80.

Horsleydown church, Cumberland, Eng.

Here lie the bodies
of Thomas Bond, and Mary his wife.
She was temperate, chaste and charitable;

But

She was proud, peevish and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife, and a tender mother;

But

Her husband and child, whom she loved,
Seldom saw her countenance without a frown,
Whilst she received visitors, whom she despised,
with an endearing smile.

Her behavior was discreet toward strangers;

But

Imprudent in her family.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding;

But

A t home, by ill temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery,
And was seldom known to praise or commend;

But

The talents in which she principally excelled
Were difference of opinion, and discovering
flaws and imperfections.

She was an admirable economist,
and without prodigality,
dispensed plenty to every person in her family;

But

76. (con't.)

would sacrifices their eyes to a farthing candle.
She some made her husband happy
with her good qualities;

But

much more frequently miserable with
her many failings;

In so much, that in thirty years cohabitation
he often lamented

That, mauger all her vitues,
he had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years
of matrimonial comfort.

At length,

finding she had lost the affection of her husband,
as well as the regard of her neighbors,
family disputes having been divulged by servants,
she died of vexation, July 20, 1768,
aged 48 years.

Her worn out husband survived her
four months and two days,

And departed this life Nov. 28th, 1768
in the 54th year of his age.

William Bond, brother to the deceased,
erected this stone

as a weekly monitor to the surviving wives
of the parish,

that they may avoid the infamy
of having ~~were~~ their memories handed down to posterity
with a patchwork character.

77. 146.

Custis Plantation, Northampton County, Virginia - John
Custis IV, died 1749.

He married Frances, daughter of Col. Daniel Parke, and
had a very unhappy life with her and in revenge ordered
that his epitaphs should be the following:

The 2nd husband of his daughter-in-law was Geo. Washing-
ton

Under this marble tomb lies ye body

of the Honorable John Custis, Esq.

of the city of Williamsburgh, and parish of Bruton.

Formerly of Hungars Parish on the Eastern Shore of
Virginia and County of Northampton,

the place of his nativity.

Aged 71 years and yet liv'd but seven years
which was the space of time he kept
a Batcheler's house at Arlington
on the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

EPITAPHS CONCERNING MOTHER-IN-LAWS, STEP-MOTHERS, ETC.

1. 34.

Grand Duke's Museum, Florence, Italy. (original in Latin)

1. Philaetius, the son-in-law, and Duseris, the step-mother, who while living, you'll scarce believe it, were unanimous; now they are dead, rest lovingly together in this urn.
2. The ashes of Philonicus, the son-in-law, and of Dyscheria, the stepmother, retaining still their old hatred, refuse to be mixed together.

2. 28.

Location?

Gone to meet his mother-in-law

3. 140.

St. Mary's Cemetery, Hamilton, Ohio

Mary Moriarity
one of the best mother-in-laws God ever made

4. 146.

New Marlborough, Mass. (old Burying Ground) Mrs. Eliza-
beth Strong d. 1775 aged 55

The stepchild of the deceased
remembering with gratitude
her kindness to them, in their
tender years, place this stone.

Ye step-mothers!
Follow her example & ye
Shall not lose your reward.

EPITAPHS ON MORE THAN ONE WIFE BURIED TOGETHER (MULTIPLE WIVES)

1. 93, 67, 135. Kent, Eng. 1732

To the memory of my four wives, who all died within
the space of ten years: but more partickler to the
last, Mrs. Sally Horne, who has left me and four dear
children: she was a good, sober and clean soul, and
may I soon go to her - A.D. 1732.

Dear wives, if you and I shall all go to Heaven
The Lord be blest, for then we shall be even.
Eilliam Joy Horne, carpenter

2. 93, 78, 146. Sag Harbor, Long Island - (by a sea captain, Capt. David
Hand, a ~~xxx~~ whaling captain & revolutionary hero. On
the tombstone of his third wife.

Behold ye living mortals passing by,
How thick the partners of one husband lie,
Vast and unsearchable the ways of God.
Just but severe his chastening rod.

3. 93. Isle of Wight

Amelia Anne	-	beloved	wife	of	Albert	Saunders
Emily	-	"	second	"	"	"
Agatha Mary	-	"	third	"	"	"
Naomi	-	"	fourth	"	"	"
Ruth Maria	-	"	fifth	"	"	"

Robert Saunders, rest in peace

4. 124, 146. Stowe, Vermont (erected by a widower in memory of his
two wives)

This double call is loud to all,
Let none surprise or wonder,
But to the youth it speaks a truth
In accents loud as thunder.

In memory of Betsy
consort of Capt. Elias Bingham
who died Sept. 10, 1805
in the 20th year
of her age.

In memory of Anigail
consort of Capt. Elias Bingham
who died Sept. 14, 1804
in the 25th year
of her age.

5. 93.

Quaker's Farms, Oxford, Conn. Tombstone marking death of a husband and three of his wives, a niche is left for his fourth spouse.

S H	M H	Z H	R H	-----
1741	1774	1806	1786	

By this stone are deposited the remains
of Capt. Zachariah Hawkins
a worthy and respectable member of society,
who in the 90th year of his age died in faith
and hope, June 27th, MDCCCVI
He had 14 children, who all survived him,
2 grandchildren & 95 great-grand-children.

Sarah, his first wife, is buried in Derby
by whom he had Sarah and Mercy

Mary, his second wife, is buried twelve feet on the
left of this stone - by whom he had
Mary, John, Elizabeth, Elijah, Arma, Gaylord
Ruth, Silas, Joseph, Moses & Isaac.

Rachel, his third wife, lies close by this
on the left, by whom he had Zachariah.

Lydia, his relict and his sons
erect this monument, their tribute
of gratitude, love and honour.

6. 93, 28.
(Milton

Bacon -
CBS Broad-
casting -
Reader's Digest
site - Vt.)

New London, Conn.

There is a lot containing five graves - one in the
center, the others nearby at the four points of the
compass. The inscriptions on the latter read respec-
tively, after the name of the deceased:

My I wife

My II wife

Our Husband

My III wife

My IIII wife

7. 93, 37, 9.

Bideford, Eng.

Mr. Sexton had two wives, and this significant in-
scription was put on the tombstone of one by the be-
reaved husband:

Here lies my wife, Sallie Sexton;

She was a wife who never vexed one;

I can't say that for her at the next stone.

8. 109, 146.

Little Compton, R.I.

In memory of

Lidia

wife of

Mr. Simeon Palmer

who died Decem

ye 26th 1754 in ye 35

year of her age.

8. (con't.)

Two epitaphs alongside each other - see illustrat.

In memory of Elizabeth
who should have
been the wife of
Mr. Simeon Palmer
who died August 14th
1776 in the 64th year
of her age.

Story: Several versions
prevail. Mr. Palmer
was an attorney & prom-
inent citizen. It is
said Elizabeth never
reconciled herself to
Simeon's 1st marriage
altho she named her 1st
child "Lidia". Another

story has it that on eve of her wedding day, her
frugal groom asked her to partake of a supper of
"cat meat" when she found out her mistake she ad-
hered to marriage vows and performed wifely task
without love.

Best bet is that Simeon is libeled by an awkward
expression & was a good husband to both.

9. Oakland Tribune
Reader's Digest
also Hobbies
Magazine

Niagara Falls, Ontario

Here I lie between two of the best women in the
world, my wives, But I have requested my relatives
to tip me a little toward Tille.

10. 80, 146.

West Bradford, Mass.

In this cemetery there are seven blue slate tomb-
stones, side b side, covering the remains of
Hon. Nathaniel Thurston and his six wives in this
order@

Mrs. Betsy Thurston, died November 25, 1790, age
34

* Mrs. Martha Thurston, died May 12, 1799, aged 32

Mrs. Hulda Thurston, died Sept. 8, 1801, aged 24

Mrs. Clarissa Thurston, died Nov. 14, 1803,
aged 36

Mrs. Martha Thurston, died July 30, 1804, aged
25

* Mrs. Mary Thurston, died Mar. 3, 1808, aged 27

Hon. Nathaniel Thurston, died in Lansinburgh, N.Y.
October 21, 1811, aged 56.

*This Martha died within 9 months of her prede-
cessor.

On Betsy's Tombstone (1st wife)

Let mourning friends and kindred dear
Lament the dead, repent and fear,
Let youths and children read this stone,
Feel they must die and soon be gone.

10. (con't)

On Martha (2nd wife)

See there all pale and dead she lies;
Forever flow my streaming eyes.
There dwells the fairest, loveliest mind,
Faith sweetens it together join'd
Dwells faith and wit and sweetness there,
O' read the change and drop a tear.

The next four wives are buried with inscriptions.
Before he died he married a 7th wife who survived him.

Bradford, Mass. Capt. Nathaniel Thurston died 1811 age 56. He is buried with his six wives. On tombstones of his first 2 wives are found poetic inscriptions, but not on his next four. When the Capt. died in Lansingburgh, N.Y. his last wife returned to Bradford with the body, and some say, promptly married the undertaker who had accompanied her on the journey.

11. 140.

Location? (also under cremationists) Epitaph by Max Adeler - from out of the Hurly-Burly

A man named Sparks who survived his four wives had their bodies moved to a new cemetery lot. On the way, the remains became hopelessly mixed, so that he found it necessary to inter all four in one grave, with this inscription:

Stranger, pause, and shed a tear
For Susan Sparks lies buried here,
Mingled in some perplexing manner,
With Jane, Maria, and portions of Hannah!

12. 9, 135, 108,
112.

Bakewell, Derbyshire - John Dale 1757 (and his 2 wives)

Know posterity that on the 8th of April in the year of grace 1757 the rambling remains of the above said John Dale were in the 86th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives.

This thing, might in life cause some jealousy:
Here all three lie together lovingly:
But from embraces here no pleasure flows,
Alike are here all humans joy and woes.
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears,
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears:
A period's come to all their toilsome lives:
The Goodman's quiet, still are both his wives.

13. 52.

St. Margaret's, Westminster, Eng.

in memory of
Henry Hagan's three wives
Beneath this stone in peace, here lies
Ann, Eliza, and Mary, three good wives.

14. 146.

Warrenville, Ill. - Thomas Marshall Manning, died 1922,
aged 86. He is buried with two of
his wives but his third wife outlived
him & is buried elsewhere.

Mary D. Jones
His perfect wife.
Apr. 2, 1838 - Feby 3, 1868
Lucy Talbot
His 2nd sweet wife
Dec. 29, 1839 - Nov. 24, 1872
Mary E. Briggs
His healthful third wife
July 14, 1862.

15. 146.

Groton, Mass. Mr. Davis and his two wives who were sisters

In memory of
Mr. Joshua Davis
who died
July 5, 1827; aet 79
also Mrs. Sibel,
his wife
died Jan. 12, 1799, aet 25
also Mrs. Betty
his wife
sister of his former wife.
died Aug. 27, 1818; aet 42

Three happy shades now
freed from cares
Our mortal frames at
rest;
Secure from pain & grief
and fears
With kindred souls we
are blest.

16. 146.

River Burying Ground, East Lyme, Conn. Wm. Keeney - out-
lived three of his four wives.

William Keeney
died April 11, 1837
in his 87th year
Betsy, his wife, died
April 6, 1791, aged 40 years
Sally, his wife, died
July 21, 1810, aged 50 years

Naomi, his wife, died
Aug. 27, 1829, aged
64 years
Nancy, his last wife
died July 9, 1839
aged 71 years

17. 146.

City Cemetery - Ithaca, N.Y. Three wives of Mr. Taber
on two small monuments. On a large monument next to
the two small ones!

Ann
wife of
Bernard Taber
died
March 4, 1843
aged 32 years
10 months, 23 days

Olive Jane
wife of
Bernard Taber
died
Oct. 30, 1846
aged 32 years
2 mos. 28 das.

Louisa
wife of
Bernard Taber
died
Sept. 9, 1871
Aged 49 years
4 mos. & 29 das.
This monument or-
dered by herself.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>(1)
Sara A
Consort of Jas. M. Beall
Born Oct. 8, 1796
Married Sept. 17, 1822
Died Aug. 20, 1824</p> | <p>(2)
Sara Y.
Consort of Jas. M. Beall
Born Oct. 27, 1800
Married April 10, 1827
Died May 2, 1828</p> |
|--|--|
- (3)
Sarah Ann
Consort of Jas. M. Beall
Born April 25, 1809
Married Aug. 10, 1830
Died Oct. 24, 1854.

On the 4th side of tombstone:

As wives devoted
As mothers affectionate
As friends ever kind and true.
In life they achieved all the
graces of the christian
In death their radiant spirits
returned to God who gave them.
I loved them on earth
I will meet them in heaven.

1. Epitaph, Susannah, 1st wife: died 1791, aged 27
Hark my fair Guardian chides my stay
And waves his golden rod
Angel, I come! Lead on the way
And waft me to my God.
2. On Mary, second wife, died 1794, aged 32 y
The Almighty spoke and she was gone,
Eternity now reigns alone;
If you would live with God on high,
Learn, O! ye living, how to die.
3. On Hannah, third wife, died 1798, aged 30
Behold ye living mortals passing by,
How thick the partners of one husband lie;
Vast and unsearchable the ways of God,
Just but severe is his chastising rod.
4. On Charlotte, fourth wife, died 1800, aged 30
O! death thou King of terrors - where's thy sting
What welcome tidings to my ears you bring;
my faith discovers through thy dark abode,
A seat prepar'd at the right hand of God.

19. (con't.)

5. Oh Hannah, fifth wife, died 1835, aged 69. (lived together 40 years) no epitaph.
6. Capt. David Hand died Feb. 29, 1840, aged 81 - in mean while another woman declined to become his 6th wife. Near his grave is appropriately enough the famous "Broken Shaft Whaler's Museum."

Capt. David Hand and his five wives. Hand was a whaling capt. and a revolutionary hero. He was prototype of Natty Bumppo, the character created by James Fenimore Cooper.

20. 146.

Harmony Cemetery, Boxford, Mass. Gen. Solomon Lowe and his four wives.

On the tomb is a medallion picture of the general.

To the left are medallions of his first two wives.

1. Huldah, died 1808, aged 28)
 2. Dolly, died 1817, aged 31)
- in the pictures each is shown nursing a child.

To the right are the pictures of the last two wives.

3. Martha, died 1855, aged 50
 4. Caroline, survived her husband 14 yrs.)
- in the pictures each having been childless, is shown holding a Bible.

21. 112.

Welton, Yorksh Jeremiah Simpson

Here lieth he
ould Jeremy
who hath eight times married
been but now in his ould age
he lies in his cage under
the grass so green
which Jeremiah Simpson
departed this life
in the 84 yeare
of his age
in the year of our Lord
1719.

22. 112.

Harborne, near Birmingham, Eng.

O, cruel death, so soon to end
Two faithful wives & sincere friends
Death takes the good ~~good~~ too good on earth to stay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

HUSBANDS

1. 135.

Sir William Dyer Colmworth Church, Beds

My dearest dust, could not thy hasty day
Afford thy drowsy patience leave to stay
One hour longer, so that we might wither
Have sat up, or gone to bed together.
But since they finish'd labour hath possessed
Thy weary limbs with early rest.
Enjoy it sweetly, and thy widow bride
Shall soon repose her by thy slumbr'ing side
Whose business now is ~~only~~ to prepare
My nightly dress, and call to prayer
Mine eyes wax heavy, and the days grows old
The dew fall thick, my blood grows cold:
Draw, draw the closed curtains and make room
My dear, my dearest dust, I come, I come.

2. 135.

William Hampton. Leigh Essex

As Mary mourned to find the stone removed
From o'er the Lord, who was her best beloved,
So Mary mourns that her hath laid this stone
Upon the best beloved husband gone.

3. 135.

Benjamin Dobins 1760 Almondsbury, Gloucs

The costly marble may perhaps express
In lying lines the Unworthy's worthiness
Thy humble stone shall this fad truth convey,
The best belov'd is soonest call'd away.
Full short but full of Honour, was thy span.
Thou tender husband & thou honest man.

4. 135.

Pickering, Yorks

Death comes to all - none can resist his dart;
At his command the dearest friends must part
A mournful widow, who this truth doth own,
In gratitude erects this humble stone.

5. 135.

Martha Blewitt - 1681 Chelmsford, Essex

Martha Blewitt
of the Swan, Baythorn Eng.
of this parish,
buried May 7th 1681
was the wife of nine husbands.
Successively, but the 9th outlived her.
The text to her funeral sermon was:-
"Last of all the woman died also."

6. 135.

Newland Head, Morland, Westmoreland

Here lies my love, my only dear
Eight feet straight forward just from here

7. 135.

Source?

This I have done for an indulgent husband, who
was near & dear to me; and what I ahve done
is nothing to you, nor what I do.

8. 135.

Joseph Sewell. Et. Cornard, Suffolk

Here lies the body of Joe Sewell
Who to his wife was very cruel
And likewise to his brother Tom,
As any man in Christendom.
This is all I'll say of Joe
There he lies and let him go.

9. 80.

Derby Old Cemetery

A better husband never lived
A kinder father never died,
This honest heart no man deceived,
His many spirit knew no pride,
His memory fondly in our hearts shall rest
Loved while on earth, in heaven for ever blest.

10. 135.
carpenter

Portsmouth, Eng.

Here lies Jemmy Little, a carpenter industrious
A very good-natured man, but somewhat blustering.
When thot his little wife his authority withstood,
He took a little stick & banged her as he would.
His wife now left alone, her loss does so deplore
She wishes Jemmy back to bang her a little more;
For now he's dead & gone this fault appears so small
A little thing would make her think it is no fault at all

11. 135.

Charles Ward. 1770 Lowestoft, Suffolk

In memory of
CHARLES WARD
who died May 1770
aged 63 years
A dutiful son, a loving brother
and an affectionate husband.
N.B. This stone was not erected by Susan, his wife.
She erected a stone to John Slater her second
husband, forgetting the affection of Charles
Ward, her first husband.
Let no one disturb his bones.

12. 78.

Detroit, Mich.

In memory
of
Homer Clink
who died
Oct. 13, 1873
aged 41 yrs, 7 mo., 21 days

He was the kindest sort of man,
He was a good provider,
And when a friend asked him to drink,
He always called for cider.
His wife, she has a noble heart.
And though she may re-marry:
Whene'er she thinks of Homer Clink
Her heart a sigh will carry.
"He has crossed the dark river, and found peace and
good health."

13. Albert
Edward
Wiggam in
"New Tech-
niques of
Happiness"

On the tombstone of her husband's grave, a southern
mountain woman chiseled in rough and uneven letters this
epitaph:
"He always appreciated."

14. 9, 135, 108.

Newnham, Gloucestershire, Eng. 1759 Thomas Yerbury

From every blustering storm of life,
And that worse storm, domestic strife,
Which shipwrecked all our social joys,
And every worldly bliss destroys:
I luck'ly am arrived at last,
And safe in port my anchor's cast;
Where sheltered by the blissful shore
Nought shall disturb, or vex me more:
But joys serene, and calmest peace
Which Christ bestows, shall never cease.

15/ 9.

Almondsbury, Gloucestershire, Eng. 1760 Benjamin Dobins

The costly marble may perhaps express
In lying lines the unworthy's worthiness:
My humble stone shall this sad truth convey,
The best beloved, is soonest call'd away.
Full short, but full of honor, was thy span,
Thou tender husband, and thou honest man.

16. 9, 92, 80,
37, 140,
112.

St. Philip's, Birmingham, Eng. 1781 James Barker

O, cruel death, how could you be so, unkind,
To take him before and leave me behaind?
You should have taken both of us if either
Which would have been more pleasing to the survivor.

17. 9, 112.

Lowestoft, Suffolk, Eng.

In memory of
Charles Ward
who died May 1770
aged 63 years
a dutiful son, a loving brother
and an affectionate husband.
Let no one disturb his bones

) N.B. This stone was
) not erected by Susan
) his wife. She e-
) rected a stone to
) John Salter her se-
) cond husband for-
) getting the affectio
) of Charles Ward, her
) first husband.

18. 9, 112.

Birford, Oxon, Eng. 1625 Sir Lawrence Tanfield (written
by his wife)

Here shadow lie
Whilst earth is sad:
Still hopes to die
To him she had.

So shall I be
With him I loved:
And him with me
And both as blessed.

In bliss is he
Whom I loved best;
Thrice happy she
With him to rest.

Love made me poet
And this I writ
My heart did do it
And not my wit.

19. 9, 112.

Aldenham, Hertfordshire, Eng. 1674 John Robinson, aged

23

Death parts the dearest lovers for a while
But makes them mourn tho only used to smile
But after death our unmixed lovers shall tie
Eternal knots between my love and I
I, Sarah Smith, whom thou didst love alone
For thy dear sake have laid this marble stone.

20. 86.
#374

What though awhile in dust I slumber here,
And leave behind a wife and children dear
He who preserved me will not them despise,
But guide them by his mercy to the skies.

21. 86.
#494

I lov'd thee, fond partner, and love was thy due -
I lov'd thee, fond partner, and tenderly too:
My wish for thy welfare was fervent and free,
And the heart in my bosom beat warmly for thee.

I cannot forget thee, but cling to the scene
Where, in days that are faded, thy footprints have been
Where, in moments of joy, we have wander'd alone
And, with all its fond bearings, thy heart was my own.

22. 148.

Timothy Gallop

Here yests Gaffer Gallop, who marry'd Dame Trot;
An housewife so good that she spent all he got:
But she, God be thanked! in time broke her wind,
And left poor old Gallop to jog on behind.

22. (con't.)

The old man found it lonesome to travel alone,
So posted in haste to o'ertake his dear Joan:
But his pace made him weary, he stumbled and fell,
And the Sexton, for him, as for Joan, toll'd the
bell;
When their journey was o'er, and their sun it was
set,
The Grave was the inn where these travellers met.

23. 148.

Here lies the body of Ralph Jones, who liv'd a Bond
life:
He was bound in his cradæ, and bound to a wife;
He was bound upon the earth and boundin his grave;
Was ever poor creature made such a Bond slave?

24. 148.

Mr. Andrew Leigh

Here lies Leigh, who, vex'd with a shrewd wife,
To gain his quiet, parted with his life.
But see the spite; she that had always crost
Him living, dies, and mans to hunt his ghost.
But she may fail; for Andrew, out of doubt,
Will cause his brother Peter shut her out.

25. 148.

St. Mary's, Guilford, Surry - John Hone

Under this stone lies honest John Hone
Courageously bold in his time:
Flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone,
Snatch'd from me, by Death in his prime.

26. 92. also
"Biblical"

Yoxhall, Staffordshire, Eng.

"And if any man ask you, why do you loose him?
Then shall ye say unto him, Because the Lord
hath need of him*" Luke XIX, 31

*A woman inferring that her husband is an ass or
colt.

27.

On a Hen Pecked Country Squire by Robert Burns

As Father Adam first was fool'd.
A case that's still too common
Here lies a man a woman ruled -
The Devil ruled the woman.

28. 2, 112.

Welton Churchyard, near Hull

Here lieth ye ould
Jeremy who hath
eight times married
been but now in his
ould age he lies
in his cage under
the grass so green.
which Jeremiah Simpson
departed this life
in the 84 yeare
of his age
in the year of our Lord
1719

29. 21.

St. Pancras Churchyard, London, Eng.

To the memory of William Franks, Esq.
the best of husbands and the kindest of fathers,
who died the 22nd day of May, Ann. Dom. 1790

This monument is erected
as the last token of conjugal affection
by his disconsolate widow, Mary Franks.
A mind serene, with useful knowledge fraught,
A judgment clear, a quick resource of thought,
Complacent manners, and that friendly zeal
which prompts to serve, not indolently feel,
were his. Not active for himself alone,
He made the wants of every friend his own,
As dearer ties, with kindness ever new,
The father's, husband's warm affection drew,
His heart in quest of joy ne'er sought to roam.
But fouled all comfort center'd in his home;
There most in life his social virtues shone,
Now most lamented, where they best were known.

30. 67.

Winkleigh Churchyard, Devonshire, Eng. - Bartholomew
Gridley

M.S.

Here underneath lyeth
Immaturely entered
and

Generally lamented
BARTHOLOMEW GIDLEY, ESQR.
Nephew and heir to ye deceased
And father to ye surviving
Who left this transitory world
And his affectionate and disconsolate wife,
who erected him this monument,
with four sons and as many daughters
2nd Aug: in the 34th year of his age
And of our Lord 1762.

All your deare pious relicts here come
Bedecke with flowers, Bedew with tears his tomb.
His love, his kindness still retain in mind
No parent was more fond or husband kind.

31. 124, 78,
109, 93.

Ellington, Conn. (near New Windsor)

Here rests the remains of Alexander McKinstry.
A kind husband, tender parent, dutiful son,
affectionate brother, faithful friend, generous master,
compassionate and obliging neighbor.
The house looks desolate and mourns, every door
groans doleful as it turns.
The pillars languish and each silent wall in grief
laments the master's fall.
who departed this Novem. ye 9, 1759 in ye 30th
year of his age.

32. 109.

Portsmouth, N.H. Thomas --- d.1802

A husband, father, brother, son rests here,
Beloved, lamented, wept in every sphere;
Nor wept alone by those we held most dear
For fellow men give him a social tear.

33. 108.

Cumberland, Eng. Augustine Harrison - 15th century
by Deborah - his wife

My husband lyeth dede
Ondyr thys ston;
Dethe came to he, & seyde
Oh! Oh! John.

34. 9.

Location?

This turf has drank a widow's tear;
Three of her husbands slumber here.

35. 9.

Location?

When dear papa went up to heaven,
What grief mama endured;
And yet that grief was softened,
For papa he was insured.

36. 9, 140.

Prestonpans, Churchyard, Eng.

William Mathieson, here lies,
Whose age was forty one.
February 17, he dies
Went Isbael Mitchell from,
who was his married wife,
The fourth part of his life.
The soul it cannot die
Though the body be turned today.
Yet meet again they must
At the last day.
Trumpets shall sound, archangels cry
Come forth Isabel Mitchell
And meet Will Mathieson in the sky.

37. 37, 140.
see sim-
ilar one
#16

St. Philli^o's Churchyard, Birmingham, Eng. James Baker
d. Jan. 27, 1781

O **cruel death!** how co ld you be so unkind
To take him before and leave me behind.
You should have taken both of us, if either,
Which would have been more p^leasing to the survivor.

38. 37.

Truro, Nova Scotia.

Don't weep for me, Eliza dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here.
As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

39. 10.

Swansea Churchyard, Eng.

The body underneath this stone is
Of my late husband Jacob Jonas,
Who, when alive, was an Adonis.
Ah, well-a-day!
O, Death, thou spoiler of fair faces,
Why tookst thou him from my embraces?
How couldst thou mar so many graces.
Say, tyrant, say.

40. 135.

St. Alban's Abbey, Herts, Eng. 1766. Thomas Shepherd (a
repentant Benedict)

Great was my grief, I could not rest;
God called me hence - He thought it best;
Unhappy marriage was my fate,
I did repent when it was too late.

41. 124.

Location?

She tormented him until he dried up like a bundle of straw

42. 67.

Gayton, Eng. (Northamptonshire) William Houghton ob. 1600

Neere fourscore years have I tarried
To this mother to be married
One wife I had, and children ten,
God bless the living, Amen, Amen.

43. 67, 140.

Burlington, Mass.

Sacred to the memory of Anthony Drake,
Who died for peace and quietness sake;
He was constantly scolding and scoffin
So he sought repose in a twelve dollar coffin.

44. 93.

Saratoga, N.Y.

Farewell, dear wife, my life is past,
I loved you whilst my life did last.
Weep not for me nor sorrow take,
But love, my brother for my sake.

45.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Here lies F.K. who lived 26 years as a man, 37 as a hus-
band.

46. 80.

Staffordshire

This turf has drunk a widow's tear,
Three of her husbands slumber here.

47. Carraway

Guilford County, North Carolina

Ma loved Pa; Pa loved women.) North Carolina
Ma caught Pa with one in swimming.) by a loving wife
Here lies Pa.) Rest in Peace
Until we meet a-
gain.

48/ Evergreen Cemetery, Jacksonville, Fla.

I promise never to marry again.
--- 'Jack'---

49. 93.

Quordon, Eng.

He first departed - she a little tried
To live without him - like it not and died.

50. 93.

Rushville, N.Y.

In my 23rd year, I married me a wife,
And lived with her 35 years of my life;
Sixteen years after my life I resigned,
And of my 8 children, left 7 behind.

51. 93.

Michigan. (written by a disconsolate widow)

My dear husband, I erect this monument in memory of you;
I hope it will be pleasing to God and to you.

52. 93.

England - Composed by wife of Edward Everard

You was to good to live on earth with me.
And I not good enough to die with thee;
Farwel, dear husband; God would ahve it so;
You'l near return, but I to you must go.
near=never

53. 67.

Lee: Essex, Eng. William Hampton.

As Mary mourn'd to find me stone removed
From o'er the Lord, who was her best belov'd.
So Mary mourns that here hath lain this stone.
Upon the best beloved husband gone.

54. 115, Jan. 14, 1947
28, 146.

Round Grove, Cemetery, Illinois

Here rests
Samuel Wells
Born 1824, Died -
The victim of a dishonest women
Never had a child of his own
but
Loved other peoples little ones.

55. 146.

Evergreen Cemetery, Lakewood, N.J.
David Goodman Croly, d. 1889, age 59

He meant well
Tried a little
Failed much.
Epitaph taken from Robert Louis Stevenson's
"Christmas Sermon" was not erected by his
widow.

56. 146, 124, 140, 80.

Alexandria, Va.

Mr. Jame Danner, late of Louisville, was laid
by side of his four wives

An excellent husband was this Mr. Danner,
He lived in a thoroughly honourable manner.

He may have had troubles,
But they burst like bubbles.
He's at peace, now with Mary, Jane, Susan, and
Hannah.

57. 140.

Rothsay, Eng.

Erected by Jane - to the memory of her husband
John -

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise
cast out."

58. 37.

Location?

Don't weep for me, my wife most dear,
But still remember I lie here,
Altho' cut down when little past my bloom,
Shed not one tear upon my tomb.

59. 124, 93, 146.

Cherry Valley, Ohio. Isaac Sirine d. 1867
Had tombstone made in Ashtabula carried it home
one his back & later it was erected over his
grave. The last 2 lines were added later by
members of his family.

Here the old man lies
No one laughs and no one cries
Where he's gone or how he fares
No one knows and no one cares.
But his brother James and his wife Emmaline
They were his friends all the time.

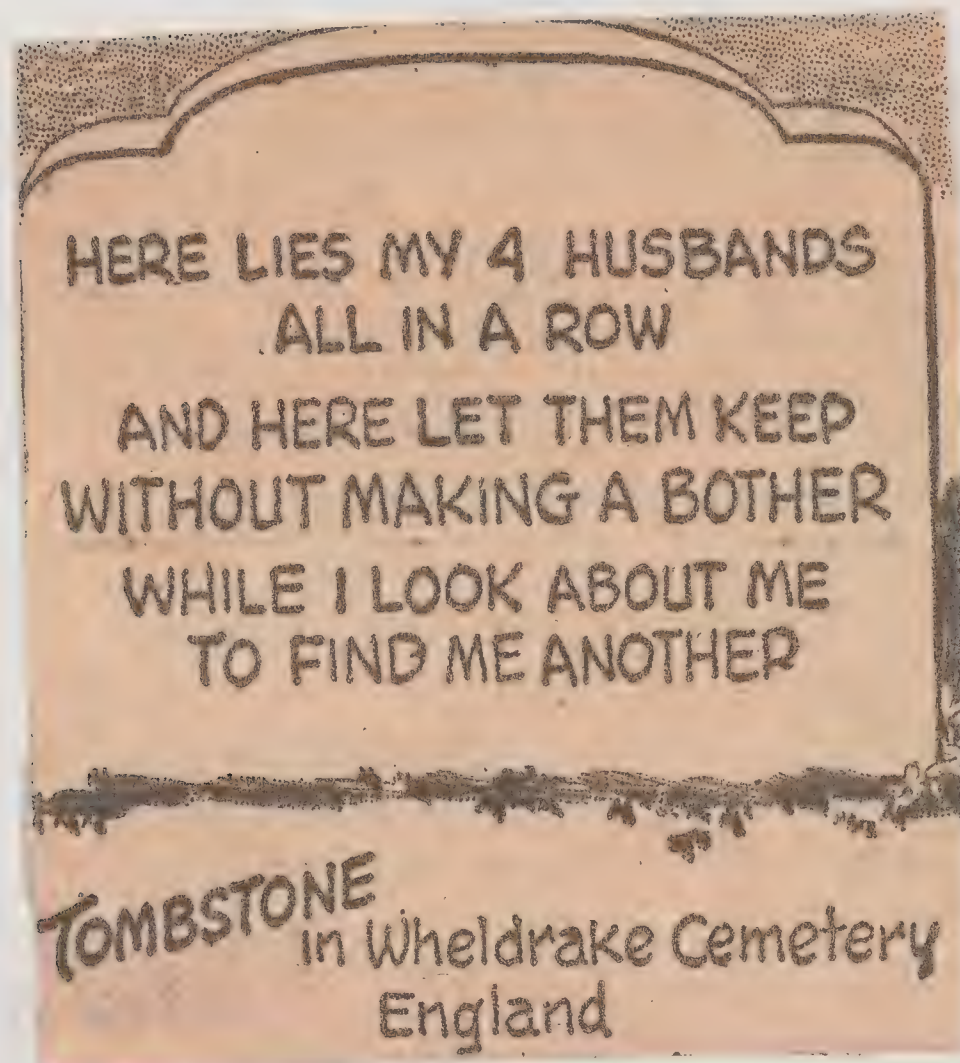
60. 78.

Calvary Cemetery, Chicago, Ill.

Edward R ---
Died Aug. 3rd, 1867
Aged 35 years

Farewell, dear wife, my life is past,
My love to you while life did last,
But after me no sorrows take
But love my orphans for my sake.

61.



62. Source?

A suppressed husband left careful instruction for the marble cutter to carve on his tomb the simple words:

AT REST

His wish was obeyed but his obstreperous widow was infuriated at the insinuation and had the following inserted:

UNTIL I GET THERE

63. 148

On Dr. Sherlock

Here lyes, within this Holy Place
(The Lord have mercy on him!)
The Weesel, in a wooden case,
Exempt from human plagues, unless
You lay his wife upon him.

Some people think, if this were done,
Tho' dead, he would be ready
To rise before his time, and run
The Lord knows where, to shun
That termagant, his lady

Since he is gone, 'tis hard that she
Should be so long deserted.
Whu, Death, shouldst thou so partial be,
Since all good people do agree
'Tis pity they were parted?

Pray bid her, when she comes, not prate,
But hold her teasing nonsense:
For if the Weesel smell a rat,
He'll fly his wife, I'll tell you that,
As he once did his conscience!

64. 110.

Hackney, Eng. Edward Saunders

His name, his place, the gentry of his birth,
And credit held unto his dying dayes,
Were things that gave him favor here on earth,
But gave him not the greatest of his praise.
His greatest glory was his godly life,
The bounty of his house and open door;
His country's love, his kindness to his wife;
Faith to his friend, and pity to the poor.
His virtue, valor, and all good desires,
His zeal, and life, agreeing to the same,
And last, the death that such a life requires,
These be the true records of lasting fame.
These write him blessed, in the heavens above,
And leave him in the world, good will and love
EDWARD SAUNDERS
Died the last day of November, Anno 1599.

65. 62.

Chester Cathedral, Eng. (composed by family lawyer)

John Vernon of Beech Hill, Cheshire, Gentleman.
Departed this life in 1797.
Polite, learned, ingenious, upright,
To the best of husbands;
Ann, his afflicted relict.
Erected this.

66. 62.

King's Ryon Churchyard, Herefordshire

J. Reynolds, age 63, died 1860.
Weep not for me my wife and children dear;
I am not dead but sleeping here,
The loss is great that you sustain,
But hope in heaven to meet again.

67. 62.

King's Pyon Churchyard. Died 1810, age 49 A husband

Here lies the only comfort of my life
Who was the best of fathers and husband to a wife,
Since he is not, no joy shall I now have,
Till laid beside him in the silent grave.
Then shall we sleep and peacefully remain,
Till by God's power we meet in Heaven again.

68. 11.

On one who died the day after his wife

She first departed: he for one day tried
To live without her; liked it not, and died.
(by Sir. H. Walton)

69. 80.

Kensington Churchyard. Sacred to the memory of

James Gunter, Esq. of Earls Court, Kensington
who departed this life in the 74th year of his age

When the ear heard him, then it blessed him;
and when the eye saw him, then it gave witness to him.
"The blessings of those who were ready to perish came
upon him)
and he caused the widow's heart to leap for joy."

70. 110.

Attleburgh, Norfolk

John Dowe

Here lieth the Dowe, who ne'er in his life did good,
Nor would have done, though longer he had stood,
A wife he had, both beautiful and wise,
But he ne'er would such goodness exercise.
Death was his friend, to bring him to his grave,
For he in life commend an none could have.

71. 110.

On a litigious person (married man)

Here lyeth Henry Gee,
Whoe with himselfe could ne'er agree.
Here now lies, who in his life
With every man had law and strife;
And now' he's dead, and laid in grave,
His bones no quiet rest can have;
For lay your ears unto thi stone,
And you shall hear how every bone
Doth knock and beat against each other -
Pray for his soul's peace, gentle brother.

72. 146.

West Cemetery, Middlebury, Vt. Edward Oakes died 1866
aged 24. epitaph by wife; does it have a double meaning?

Faithful husband, thou art
At rest until we meet again.

73. 146.

Old Mandan Cemetery near Bismarck, N. Dakota Mathies
G. Braden, died 1882. age 28.

Stranger call this not a place
Of fear and gloom.
To me it is a pleasant spot,
It is my husband's tomb.

74. 146.

Hill Burying Ground, Concord, Mass. "epitaph against
husband" Mrs. Job Brooks died 1786, 2 years before her
husband who was 91 years when he died.

After having lived with her said husband
Upwards of sixty-five years,
She died in the hope of a resurrection
to a better life.

75.

On husband's grave

He was considered by survivors
as coming to the grave in a full age.

76. 146.

Laurel Hill Cemetery, San Francisco, Cal.

Dearest Thomas, thou art gone,
Thy kind heart I miss
You did not say good-bye, Tom
Or give me the parting kiss.

77. 112.

Maker, Cornwall. Aaron Barkers d. 1781

My wife so dear, I've left behind
With an akeing heart and a troubl'd mind
In heaven I hope your soul to see
So lead your life for to come to me
There paine and grief cannot annoy
Nor yet eclipse our lovingjoy.

78. 146.

Fredericksburg, Va. (Old Masonic Burying Ground)
Maleleel W. Carter d. 1849, aged 50

Farewell, but not a long farewell
In heaven may I appear
The trials of my faith to tell
In thy transported ear
And sing with thee the eternal strain
Worthy the lamb that once was slain.

79. 146.

Barre Plains, Mass. (Adams Cemetery) Mrs. Silence
Glazier d. 1851 aged 66

Husband, farewell; a long farewell.
And children, all, adieu;
And when we meet no tongue can tell;
How I shall welcome you.

EPITAPHS ON HUSBANDS AND WIVES

1. 93.

In an early settlement in Western New York - by a dutiful son

Here lies a Father and a Mother true
A Granther and a Granny tue.

2. 9.

Witchingham, Eng. 1650 Thos. Alleyn and his two wives

Death here advantage hath of life I spye
One husband with two wives at once may lye.

3. 9.

Dunster, Norfolk, Eng. 1709-1720 Israel and Sarah Long

Here lies a noble pair, who were in name,
In, heart, in mind, and sentiment the same.
The arithmetick rule then can't be true,
For one and one, did never here make two.

4. 37.

Cornwall, Eng.

Forty nine years they lived as man and wife,
And what's more rare, thus many without strife;
She first departing, he a few weeks tried
To live without her, could not, so died.
Both in their wedlock's great Sabbatic rest
To be where there's no wedlock was blest,
And having here a jubilee begun,
They've taken hence that it may ne'er be done.

5. 93.

East Grimstead, Sussex, Eng.

In memory of Russell Hall
and Mary his wife.
He died March 25th 1816.
aged 79 years
She died August 22nd, 1809
aged 58 years

The ritual stone thy children lay
O'er thy respected dust,
Only proclaims the mournful day,
When we our parents lost.
To copy thee in life we'll strive,
And when we that resign
May some good-natured friend survive
To lay our bones by thine.

6. 67.

Somerley, near Oakham, Eng. (Thomas Stacey, died Dec. 11,
1802, aged 86. Elizabeth Stacey, died July 6, 1802, aged 80

Studious of peace, they hated strife
Meek virtues fill'd their breasts;
The coat of arms a quiet life
And honest hearts their guests.

7. 109, 93, 78,
146.

Dover, N.H. Pine Hill Cemetery

Repository of husband & wife.

Joseph Hartwell, Inanimated - Apr. 7, 1867, aet
68

Betsy Hartwell, Inanimated - Dec. 7, 1862, aet
62.

The following embraces a period of 41 years. In all our relations in life toward each other there has been naught but one continuation of fidelity and loving kindness. We have never participated or countenanced in others secretly or otherwise that which was calculated to subjugate the masses of people to the dictation of the few. And now we will return to common mother, with our individualities in life unimpaired, to pass through together the ordeal of earth's chemical laboratory preparatory to recuperation.

Her last exclamations:-

If you should be taken away, I could not survive you. How happy we have lived together. Oh, how you will miss me. Think not, Mr. Hartwell, I like you less for being in the position you are in. No, it only syrengthens my affections. To those who have made professions of friendship and have then falsified them by living acts: Pass on.

8. 10, 140.

Location?

Here lies the body of Obadiah Wilkinson
and Ruth his wife

There warfare is accomplished.

9. 66.

Quincy, Ill. - James Robinson and Wife Ruth

Their warfare is accomplished

10. 37.

Concise epitaph on husband and wife in a French cemetery

I am anxiously awaiting you - A.D. 1827
Here I am - A.D. 1867

11. 140.

Woodland Cemetery, Philadelphia, Pa.

Two stones side by side have engraved the words:
"Father" "Mother"

Connecting the two is an arch bearing the words:
"Divided in life - united in death"

12. 140, 92.

Location?

There were so one, that none could say
Which of them ruled, and whether did obey -
He ruled because she would obey, and she
In so obeying, ruled as well as he.

13. 140, 148, 110,
80, 52.

Old English epitaph on husband and wife by Aaron Hill

Stay, bachelor, if you have wit,
A wonder to behold!
A husband and wife in one dark pit,
Lie close and never scold!
Tread softly though for fear she wakes -
Hark! she begins already!
You've hurt my head - my shoulder aches;
These sots can ne'er move steady,"
Ah friend, with happy freedom blest!
See how my wife's miscarried!
Not Death itself can give you rest,
Unless you die unmarried.

14. 92.

South Petherwin, Cornwall

Beneath this stone lies Humphrey and Joan.
Who together rest in peace
Living indeed,
They ~~disregard~~ disagreed
But now all quarrels cease.

15. 92.

Milton Abbot, Devonshire

To Bartholomew Doidge - and Joan his wife.
Joan was buried the 1st day of Feb'y, 1681.
Bartholomew was buried the 12th day of Feb'y, 1681.
She first deceased, he a little try'd
To live without her, lik'd it not, and died.

16. 92, 80.

Hertford, Hertfordshire

Woman

Grieve not for me, my husband dear.
I am not dead, but sleepeth here;
With patience wait, prepare to die,
And in a short time you'll come to I.

Man

I am not grieved, dearest life;
Sleep on - I have got another wife;
Therefore, I cannot come to thee,
For I must go and live with she.

17. 92, 80.

Location?

Here lies poor Thomas and his wife
Who led a pretty jarring life;
But all is ended - do you see?
He holds his tongue, and so does she.

18. 80.

Belper Churchyard

Oh! cruel death! who could no longer spare
A loving father and a tender mother dear!
The loss is great to them that's left behind,
They're gone in hopes eternal joys to find.

19. 108.

St. Antholin's, ob 1407

John and Joan Spenser

Here under rests this marble ston,
Jone Spenser both flesh and bon,
Wyff to Jon Spenser certen,
Taylor of London and citizen.
Dawter she was, whylst she was here,
And to Elizabeth his wyf,
Whych Jone departed this lyf,
The tweluth day of September,
As many one do yet remember,
In the yere of our Lord God full even
One thousand fowr hundryd and seven.

20. 112.

St. Andrew's, Helborn. 1603

Richard Aldworth & Elizabeth, his wife
My turtle gone, all joy is gone from me
I'll mourn awhile, and after flee
For time brings youthful youths to age,
And age brings death, our heritage
They lived married together 44 years
Their race is run, and Heaven is wood.

21. 112.

St. Antholin's, ob 1445

Thomas Knolles

Thomas Knolles lyeth undre this ston,
And his wyff Isabell, flesh and bone
They weren togeder nynetene yere,
And X chyl dren they had in fere.
His fader & he to this church.
Many good dedys they did wyrch.
Example by him you may see,
That this world is but vanitie:
For wheder he be smal or gret,
All sal turne to wormys mete.
This seyde Thomas was meyd on bere
The eighth dey the moneth Fevrer,
The date of Jesu Crist truly
An. Mcccc five and forty.
Wee may not prey, hertely prey yee
For ovr soulygs pater noster and ave,
The sooner of ovr payne lessid to be,
Grant us thy holy trinity. Amen.

22. 108. (story) Chapel of Ludgate

Devout soules that passe this way,
For Stephen Foster, late maior, heartily pray;
And Dame Agnes, his spouse, to God consecrate,
That of pitie, this house made for Londoner in Ludgate
So that for lodging and water, pris'ners here nought
pay,
As their keepers shall ahl answer, at dredful doomesda

N.B. Sir Stephen Foster, in early life, was a pris-
oner, and released by a rich widow who afterwards
took him into her service. By attention to business,
he enriched himself and gained the affections of his
mistress. They devoted a portion of their fortune
to the comfort of those who should be confined in
Ludgate. This was in 1454.

23. St. Martin's, Vintry, ob. 1469

Robert and Alice Dalusse
As flowers in feeld thus passeth lif,
Nakyd then clothyd, feble in the end.
It sheweth by Robert Daluss and Alyson his wyf,
Chryst yem save from the power of the fiend.

24. 108. Over Peover, Chesshire, Eng. ob. 1573.

Phillip and Ellen Mainwaring
Lyke as this marble now doeth hyde
the bodies of theisse twayne,
So shall not thou on earth lyve longe
but turne to dust agayne.
Then learne to dye and dye to lyve
as theisse two heare example gyve.

25. 110. Newbury Churchyard, Eng.

Here lies John, with Mary his bride,
They liv'd and they laugh'd together
While they were able,
And at last were oblig'd
To knock under the table.

26. 108. Montrose, ob. 1757

Here lys the bodeys of George Young and Isabel Guthrie
And all their posterity for more than fifty years
backwards.

27. 108, 148. Bakewell Churchyard, Derbyshire

Know, posterity, that on the 8th of April, 1757, the
rambling remains of JOHN DALE were in the 86th year
of his pilgrimage, alid upon two wives:

27. (con(t)

This thing in Life will raise some jealousy;
Here all three lie together lovingly;
But from embraces here no pleasure flows,
Alike are here all human joys and woes,
Here Sarah's chiding John no longer hears,
And old John's rambling Sarah no more fears:
A period comes to all their toilsome lives
The good man's quiet; still are both his wives.

28. 108.

Fersfield, Eng.

Here lies buried
Henry Blomefield, Gent
who died Nov. the 3rd
1670.

Ann his first wife
Lies at his right hand
And Diana his second
at his left.

The
father
The word and
The Holy Ghost,
And these three,
Are one. 1. John, 5.7
Three in one. Luke 3. 21.22
One in three. Gen. 1.2. Jo 1.3
Is unity in Trinity. John 15.26.

29. 115.

Angola, Indiana

Suits us

Charles E. ?	Amanda W.
Anderson /	Anderson
/	

30. 140.

Alexandria, Va. (Mr. James Danner, late of Louisville, was
buried alongside his four wives.)

An excellent husband was this Mr. Danner,
He lived in a thoroughly honourable manner,
He may have had troubles,
But they burst like bubbles,
He's at peace now, with Mary, Jane, Susan and Hannah.

31. ~~109, x146, xxxDover, xN, Hx~~
109. Chester N.H.

Here lies the body of
Mrs. Jean Wilson
Spous of the Rev. John Wilson
who departed this life April 1st A.D. 1752, aged 36 years

31. (con't)

She was a gentlewoman of piety & a good economist.
Likewise the Rev. John Wilson
Who departed this life Feby 1, A.D. 1779, aged
69 years
He was a servant of Christ in the most
Peculiar and sacred relation, both in doctrine &
life.
It was his great delight to Prich a crucefied
Christ as our wisdom, Righteousness, sanctifica-
tion & redemption.
He did not entertain his hearers with curiosities
but real spiritual good.
His sermons were clear, solid, affectionate.
A spirit of vital Christianity ran through them.
His life was sutable to his Holy profession.
He was a steady friend, a loving husband, a tender
parent.
His inward grace was visable in conversat~~ion~~ be-
coming the gosple.
Sed omnes una manest Nox et Calcanda Semelui.
Letbi Hor.

32. 109.

North Stratford N.H. (Fairview Cemetery)

Alonzo Freeman Williard
Born in Newton, Mass. June 13, 1852
Died in Stratford, N.H. June 25, 1913
Designs this as a memorial tribute to
his wife Marie Louise Jolbert.

(N.B. The capstone contains a likeness of the
children and friends and mementoes of home to make
the wife seem less alone. Local tradition says
that Mary was often in poor health & Freeman used
to tease her by saying he intended to bury her out
in the yard under an apple tree, & that in con-
trition he erected this remarkable monument.)

Mary

The wife and mother
Thirty-six years in the Williard family
And well kept her poise
It was an achievement.

Freeman

The husband and father
and for thirty-six years Mary's
one great trial
For her faults blame him
For her virtues honor her
I have done all I can, Mary
To have you not forgotten.

33. 109.
(interesting
group, not
husband &
wife. Scrip-
tural.)

Old Burying Ground, Watertown, Mass. (old epitaph)

Lydia Bailey
Pious Lydia made & given by God as a most meet
Help
to John Bailey, minister of ye Gospell

Good betimes - best at last
Lived by faith - Dyed in peace
Went off singing - Left us weeping
Walkt with God till translated in ye 39 yeare of
her age
April ye 16, 1621.
Read her epitaph.
in Prov. 31, 10, 11, 12, 29, 30, 31.

34. 146.
(preacher)

Here lies ye precious dust of Thomas Bailey,
preacher.

A painfull preacher
An exemplary lover
A tender husband
A brother for adversity
A faithfull friend
A good copy for all survivors
aged 35 years
Slept in Jesus Jan. 21, 1688

A most desirable heighbor
A pleasant companion
A cheerful doer
A patient sufferer
Lived much in a little time.

35. 108, 135, 62.

Kirby-Stephen, Westmoreland. (Applebury Churchyard)

Epitaph on Lord Wharton and his wife and dog
(original in Latin) (This is a parody on origi-
nal)

Here I, Thomas Wharton, do lie,
With Lucifer under my head, Lucifer=dog
And Nelly my wife, hard bye,
And Nancy as cold as lead.
O, how can I speak without dread?
Who could my sad fortune abide?
With one devil under my head
And another laid close on each side.

36. 78.

Mr. & Mrs, Thomas Clark Mr.) 84 yrs. age
Mrs.) Gettysburg, Pa.?

The father's voice is heard no more
Though spared to four score years and four,
Let sleeping dust in accents cry
To children dear prepare to die.

Advanced in life to equal years,
The mother also disappears
Let Death the warning still repeat
Prepare your friends in Heaven to meet.

37. Columbus, Ohio.
78

They've buried me
'Long side of she
And together in heaven
Is her and me.

38. 78.

Rushville, N.Y.

In my 23rd year I married me a wife,
And lived with her 35 years of my life.
Sixteen years after my life I resigned,
And of my 8 children, left 7 behind.

39. 9.

Heanton-Punchardon, Devonshire 1660 John and Susanna
Bassett

Here sleeps a noble pair who were in life
He best of husbands, she of wives the wife.

40. 9.

Hacombe, Devonshire.

Here lieth the bodies of Thomas Carew, Esquire and
Anna, his wife, who deceased the 6th and 8th of Decem-
ber anno domini 1656.

Two bodies lie beneath this stone
Whom love and marriage long made one
One soul conjoined them by force
Above the power of death's divorce
One flame of love their lives did burn
Even to ashes in their urn
They die but not depart who meet
In wedding and in winding sheet
Whom God hath knit so firm in one
Admit no separation
Therefore unto one marble trust
We leave their now united dust
As roots of earth embrace to rise
Most lovely flowers in Paradise.

41. 9.

Halcombe-Rogus, Devonshire, Eng. 1614 Richard and Mary
Glutt

Nor goodness, nor desert, must hope to have
A privilege of live against the grave,
For those lie here entombed; death did his best,
It changed but hours of evil for hours of rest:
Which this good man hath found. His faith made way
To Heaven before: His works still day by day,
Now follow him: Such grace doth mercy give,
And lives well to die, dies well to live.

A modest matron here doth lie
A mirror of her kind
Her husband and her children's good,
Her like is rare to find
Godly, chaste and hospitable
A housewife rare was she.

41. (con't.)

Ye poor she often would relieve
Yet would not wasteful be
Her death a pattern was to die
Her life was good likewise:
Her life and death assure her friends
That she to joy shall rise.

42. 9.

Heavitree, Devonshire, Eng. 1671 Thomas and Rose
Gorges

The loving turtle having missed her mate
Begged she might enter ere they shut the gate
Their dust here lies whose souls to Heaven are gone
And wait till angels roll away the stone.

43. 9, 148.

Dean Prior, Devonshire, Eng. 1637 Sir Edward and Lady
Giles

No trust to metals nor to marbles when
These here their fate and wear away as men!
Times, titles, trophies, may be lost and spent!
But virtue rears the eternal monument.
What more than these can tombs or tombstones pay?
But here's the sunset of a tedious day;
These two asleep are; I'll but be undressed
And so to bed: pray with us all good rest.

44. 66, 28.

Witchingham, Eng. on Thomas Alleyn and his two wives,
1690

Death here advantage hath of life I spye,
One husband with two wives at once may lye.

45. 9.

St. Enodes, Cornwall. 1687 John and Ann Mohly

Remember man within my youthful days
To serve the Lord ere death thy body sieze
Then live to die to gain so high a prize
That thy poor soul may live in Paradise.

Here is the love of wife shown
That where we lie by this it may be shown
My wife and I did in love so well agree
Yet must I part, for God would have it so to be,
From my wife, Ann Mohly.

46. 9.

Dagenham, Essex. 1627-8. James Hardy and Elizabeth,
his wife.

Were here no epitaph or monument,
Nor line nor marble to declare the intent
Yet goodness hath a lashing memory,
The just are like to kings that never die.
Then death a passage or translation is,
An end of woes, an orient to Bliss.

46. (con't.)

Thrice happy couple that do now possess
The fruits of thine good works and holiness
Now God rewards their alms and charity
Their strict observance of Sabaoth's piety.
Here were they wont to spend their seventh day,
Here was their love, their life, their Heaven's way.
Here did they pray, but now they praises sing.

And God accepts their souls sweet offering,
Only their bodies here remain in ground,
Waiting the surge of the last trumpet's sound.

47. 9.

St. Margaret, Lothbury, Eng. 1620 John and Berseba Tay-
lor

The blessed token of the daughter's love
Unto the father's kind and loving care,
May to the world this monument approve
How blessed parents in their children are:
And blessed God, so his love expresseth
Who thus both parents and the children blesseth.

48. 9.

Elgin Cathedral, Eng/

Here is the burial place appointed for John Geedes,
Glover, Burgess in Elgin, and Isobell McKean his spouse
and their relations:

Grace me good: in hope I bide.

This world is a city
full of streets, and

Death the merchant

That all men meets.

If life were a thing

That money could buy,

The poor could not live

And the rich would not die.

N.B. Versions of this epitaph are also found in Kent
and Hertfordshire.

49. 9.

Stourton, Caundle, Dorsetshire, Eng. 1721 John Whittle
and Deborah, his wife.

The fates John Whittle to the clay

And prison clothes have sent:

His lease was out, he could not stay,

For death would have his rent

Cover'd with dust the farmer lies

By Deborah confined;

When trumpet sounds, these doves will rise

And leaves their clothes behind.

50. ~~50~~ 9.

Woodbridge, Dorsetshire, Eng. 1796, Benjamin Cooutes
and Betty his wife

Great God! is this our certain doom
And are we still secure?
Still walking downwards to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more.

51. 66, 148, 80

St. Martin's, Ludgate Florens Caldwell Esq. of Lon-
don and Ann Mary Wilde, his wife

Warth goes to earth, as mold to mold;
Earth treads on earth, glittering in gold
Earth as to earth return ne'er should,
Earth shall to earth go e'er he would.
Earth upon earth consider may,
Earth goes to earth naked away.
Earth though on earth be stout and gay
Earth shall from earth pass poor away
Be merciful and charitable
A shroud to the grave
Is all thou shalt have.

52. 66.

Brecon Churchyard, Eng. Unger= Broom churchyard,
Bedfordshire.

God be praised!
Here is Mr. Dudley senior,
And Jane, his wife, also
Who whilst living, was his superior;
But see what death can do.
Two of his sons also lie here,
One Walter, t'other Joe.
They all of them went in the year 1510 below.

53. 66.

On a husband and wife, who died and were buried to-
gether

To these whom death again did wed,
This grave's the second marriage bed;
For though the hand of fate could force
Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It would not sever man and wife,
Because they both lived but one life.
Please, good reader, do not weep
Peace, the lovers are asleep:
They sweet turtles! folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie;
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
This this stormy night be gone
And the eternal morn'g dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn
And they wake into a light
Whose day shall never die in night.

54. 66.

All Saints Church, Edmonton

Mary Carter

Died June 27th 1771. Aged 71.
Here let me ly in sleep profound,
Till the last trumpet's awful sound!
Awake ye dead and come to judgment.

John Carter

Husband of the above Mary Carter
Died March 28th 1781, aged 77
Now my ashes are with thee join'd
Oh! let me converse with thy mind.

55. 66, 93.

St. Bride's, Fleet Street: 1409 (very early epitaph)

On William and Elizabeth Wever
Under this ston William Wever doth ly
Cityzon, and Elizabeth his wyf hym by
He died the VIII and she the VII of September,
Leving Geffrey, Mary and Ellem, thar children as I re-
member
Whos sowls God receyve to favor and pease
Wyth joyes to lyve that nevyr sal cease.

56. 108.

Dunster Norfolk - Israel and Sarah Long ob 1709 and 1720

Here lies a noble pair, who were in name,
In heart, in mind, and sentiments the same,
The arithmetick rule then can't be true.
For one and one, did never here make two.

57. 66.

St. Michael Bassishaw - 1460 John Burton and his wife

John Burton lyeth under here
Sometimes of London, citizen and mercer;
And Jenet his wife with their progeny,
Been turned to earth as ye may see.
Frends fere, what so yee bee,
Prey for us, we you prey,
As you see us in this degree;
So shall you be another dey.

58. 124.

Guilford, New Hampshire.

Josiah Haines

He was a blessing to the saints,	/	Here beneath these
To sinners rich and poor.	/	marble stones
He was a kind and worthy man	/	Sleeps the dust and
He's gone to be no more.	/	rests the bones
He kept faith unto the end	/	Of one who lived a
And left the world in peace.	/	Christian life
He did not for a priest send	/	!Twas Haines - Jos-
Nor for a hireling priest	/	iah's wife.
		She was a woman
		full of truth
		And priests and elders did her fight
		Because she brought her deeds to light

59. 124.

Burlington, Vt.

(1) He first departed
She a little tried to live without him
Liked it not and died.

60.

(2) In sunny days and stormy weather,
In youth, and age, we clung together.
We lived and loved, laughed and cried
Together - and almost together died.

61.

(3) She lived with her husband fifty years
And died in the confident hope of a better life.

62.

Norfolk, Conn.

1. Lieut. Nathan Davis

died in 1781

Death is a debt that's justly due,
That I have paid and so must you.

63.

2. Elizabeth, wife of Nathan Davis

died in 1786

This debt I owe is justly due,
And I come to sleep with you.

64.

124.

New Haven, Conn.

Here lies the body of Obadiah Wilkinson
and Ruth, his wife.
Their warfare is accomplished.

65.

124.

Ithaca, N.Y. John Dale and his two wives

A period's come to all their toilsome lives,
The good man's quiet - still are both his wives.

66.

78, 146.

"against
preachers"

Greenridge Cemetery. Kenosha, Wis. Lewis Knapp and his wife
written by Mr. Knapp while still alive.

Farewell

Susan Perigo Foster
wife of

Lewis Knapp

My dear and loving wife, meet me, with our spirit friends, at
the gate of the Elysian Fields of Paradise, where I am coming
by Nature's fast express. Until there we meet, a loving adieu.
P.S. Our friends, W. and A. will soon join us there

Lew

Happy! Happy Day! Hallelujah!

Amen

Old Broad guage

LEWIS KNAPP

Aged - years

Emigrated -

to join his wife and other friends in the celestial fields of
Paradise, thanking good for sense enough to die as he had lived
for thirty years, thoroughly infidel to all ancient and modern
humbug - myths as taught for fine clothes and place, at others'
cost, by an indolent, egotistic priestly crew.

The fear of the Right Reverend Docotrs of Divinity, theological
scarecrow of Hellfire and Damnation to all who refuse to pay
tithes to their support, had no force or effect on Lewis Knapp

59. 124.

Burling

67. 80.

Exeter, Eng.

Underneath this turf doth lie,
Back to back, my wife and I.
Generous strange^b, spare the tear,
For could she speak, I cannot hear.
Happier far than when in life,
Free from noise, and free from strife.
When the last trump thr air shall fill,
If she gets up, I'll e'en lie still.

68. 93.

On an aged man and his loving consort

Here lieth graven under this stone,
Thomas Knowles, both flesh and bone;
Grocer and Alderman, years forty,
Sheriff snd twice Mayor, truly:
And that he should not lie alone,
Here lieth with him his good wife Joan;
They lived together sixty year,
And nineteen children they had in fear.

69. 93.

Wiltshire, Eng. John and Alice Browning

Death in a very good old age
Ended our weary pilgrim stage,
It was to we a end of pain,
In hopes to enter life again.

70. 140.

A man was buried between his two wives. Their headstones have engraved hands with forefingers pointing downward toward thr husband's grave, and under each hand the words: "He was ours."

On the husband's headstone were two hands pointing to the two wives and underneath the words: "They^b were mine."

71. 140.

Alexandria, Va. James Danner, of Louisville, Ky. buried along side of his 4 wives

An excellent husband was this Mr. Danner,
He lived in a thoroughly honorable manner,
He may have had troubles
But they burst like bubbles,
He's at peace now, with Mary, Jane, Susan and Hannah.

72. 135.

Newbury, Berkshire, Eng. John and Mary

They lived & they laugh'd while they were able
And at last was obliged to knock under the table.

73. 66.

St. Mary's, Hornsey, Eng. Nicholas and Elizabeth Boone

Of dethe, we have tasted the mortall rage,
Now lying bothe togedore onder this stone,
That somtyme were knytt by bond of mariage,
For terme of lyfe two bodies in one.
Therefore good people to god in throne,
Pray from the p^{ne} body two soul^{ys} procede,
The whiche in one company to hev^{yn}e may gone
That temporall marriage everlasting succede.

74. 66, 108.

St. John the Baptist Churchyard Glastonbury Eng.

Here lies the bodies of Alexander Dyer and Katherine his wife.
He, son and heir of Thomas Dyer, late of Street in Somerset, Gentl.,
deceased. She, daughter of John Thornburgh, late of Spaddesalon,
In Hampshire, Esq. He died the seventh of March 1633, she the 26th
of September 1650.

But they shall rise as gain in earth they lie,
Which cannot quicken unless first it die;
Here having slept they shall awake t'appeare
At the trumpets sound, and come they blessed heare.

75. 148.
"queer"

Bedfordshire, Eng.

Hic Catherina jacet, jacet Anna, jacetque Maria;
Hic jacet Andreas, qui lapidavit eas.

Here lies Catherine, Anne and Mary Riggs
And Honest Andrew, who h-m'd all their gigs.

76. 9, 148.
See previous
one

Dean Prior, Devonshire, Eng. Sir Edward Giles and his wife 1642.

No trust to metal shot to marbles, when
These have their fate, and wear away as men;
Times, titles, trophies may be lost and spent;
But virtue rears th' eternal monument.
What more than those can tombs and tombstones pay?
But here's the sunset of a tedious day;
These two asleep are, I'll but be undrest,
And so to bed; pray with us all good rest.

by Herrick

77. 148, 52.

Whitechapel, Eng.

Here lies honest Stephen, with Mary his bride,
Who merrily liv'd and cheerfully dy'd.
They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank while they were able,
But now they are forc'd to knock under the table.
This marble, which formerly serv'd 'em to drink on,
Now covers their bodies; a sad thing to think on!
That do what one can to moisten our clay,
'Twill one day be ashes, and moulder away.

78. 148.

St. Martin's, Ludgate, Eng.

William Yearley, and Elizabeth his wife,
Who lived on Earth free from strife,
Not farre from this, in earth doth lye,
To shew that all that live must dye,
Where they do quietly expect
To rise again as God's elect.
They left four daughters and a sonnes
Who left them this when they were gone.

Here sleep, whom neither life nor love
 Not friendship's strictest tie,
 Could in such close embrace as thou,
 Thou faithful Grave, ally
 Perserve them, each dissolv'd in each,
 For bands of love divine:
 For union only more, complete,
 Thou faithful Grave! than mine.

Interr'd beneath this marble stone,
 Lie sauntr'ing Jack and idle Joan;
 While rolling three score years and one
 Did round this globe their courses run.
 If human thing went ill or well -
 If changing empires rose or fell,
 The morning past, the ev'ning come,
 And found this couple still the same.
 They walk'd and eat, - good folk! what then?
 Why then they wlk'd and eat again.
 They soundly slept the night away
 Theyndid just nothing all the day;
 And having bury'd children four,
 Would not take pains to try for more.
 Nor sister either had, nor brother,
 They seem'd just tally'd for each other.
 Their morals and economy
 Most perfectly they made agree.
 Each virtue kept its proper bound,
 Nor tresspass'd on the other's ground.
 Nor fame, nor censure they regarded;
 They neither punish'd nor rewarded;
 He car'd not what the foot man did;
 Her maids she neither prais'd or chid:
 So ev'ry servant took his course;
 And bad at first, they all grew worse.
 Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
 And sluttish plenty deck'd her ta ble.
 Their beer was strong, their wine was port;
 Their meal was large; their grace was short.
 They gave the poor the remnant neat,
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.
 They paid the church and parish rate;
 And took, but read not the recepit:
 For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
 Of slumb'ring in on upper pew.
 No man's defect sought they to know,
 So never made themselves a foe.
 No man's good deeds did they commend;
 So never rais'd themselves a friend.

80. (con't.)

Nor cherish'd they relations poor, -
That might decrease their present store;
Nor barn nor house did they repair, -
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded -
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas, they, accounts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid;
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crowned.
Nor good, nor bad, nor folls, nor wise,-
They would not learn, nor could advise.
Without love, hatred, joy or fear,
They led a kind of - as it were;
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried,
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

81. 110, 80.

Hertford Churchyard - on husband & wife
Woman

Grieve not for me, my husband dear, -
I am not dead, but sleepeth here;
With patience wait, prepare to die,
And in a short time, you'll come to I.

Man

I am not griev'd, my dearest wife,
Sleep on, I have got another wife;
Therefore I cannot come to thee,
For I must go to bed to she.

82. 110.

On John Dent, Esq., and his wife.

In this cold bed, here consummated are
The second nuptials of a happy pair,
Whom envious death once parted, - but in vain,
For now himself hath made them one again.
Here wedded the grave, and 'tis but just,
That they, that were one flesh, should be one dust!

83. 118.

Mertown, Berwickshire, Eng.

Here lies Andrew Haig - (born?) in Dryburgh who died the 1st of
December; aged 60 years, also Jane M'Mellan his wife, who died
the 4th of December, aged 70 years, both in the year of our Lord
1671.

83. (con'.)

A s Jonathan and Israel's King
In love did still abide,
So pleasant were this happy pair
Their death did not divide.

The following wefe written to be added to the above but were
not allowed to be put on the stone.

O cruel death, for ever killing,
Has killed poor Haig and Jean M'Millan
But still in hopes that they shall meet,
They laid poor Jean at Andrew's feet.

84. 11.

On a young married couple who died and were buried together (circa 1634)

To these, whom death ~~sit~~ again did wed,
This grave's their second marriage-bed. (by Crashaw)

85. 11.

From Dr. Syntax's tour in search of the picturesque by Wm. Coombe

Here lies poor Thomas and his wife,
Who led a pretty jarring life;
But all is ended, do you see?
He holds his tongue, and so does she.

86. 146.

Mill River, Mass. Polly Rhodes and her five husbands

Polly Rhoads
Died Sept. 7, 1855
A ged 86 yrs, 5 mos
& 3 das.
Being the widow of five husbands.
1st David Rockwell
2nd Capt. Alpheus Underwood
3rd Dea Amos Langdon,
4th Hezekiah G. Butler
5th James T. Rhoads

87. 146.

Old City Cemetery, Monroe, Louisiana

Story: As a final refutation to gossips who questioned the legality
of her marriage, the wife of Sidney W. Saunders, died 1889, aged
41, erected an impressive granite tomb surmounted by a life sized
statue of Saunders, holding a scroll bearing these words:

This is to certify that Sidney
W. Saunders and Annie Livingston
Of Monroe in the state of Louisiana were by me joined together in
holy matrimony, March 25, 1875.

Witnesses

John W. Rice
Frank Gregory

John W. Young
Justive of the Peace
City of St. Louis

On the pedestal of monument is this testimony of devotion:

It is in heaven
a crime to love to well
to bear, too tender
or too firm a heart?

(N.B. Saunders chair and desk were placed in the tomb. There
sat his wife many afternoons until one day she disappeared & was
not seen again. The original marriage certificate is on file in the
St. Louis County Court House.)

Mount Hope Cemetery, Hiawatha, Kansas. Spectacular memorial over graves of

John Davis, died 1947, aged 92
and wife Sarah, died 1930. After her death, Mr. Davis, a farmer, resolved to perpetuate her memory in an unusual fashion. He order 2 c carrara life sized marble statues from Italy which represented John and Sarah in early married life. Over these statues and gravestones he had a granite canopy placed. Subsequently he ordered a total of 11 statues & statue of an angel and John kneeling at Sarah's grave. Also a statue of a sober faced, heavily bearded John sitting next to an empty chair labeled "The Vacant Chair". The statuary cost more than \$250,000. Davis died in county poor house.

1. 10, 15, 146.

Hill Burying Ground at Concord, Mass. - on a slave whose industry gained him his freedom.

God wills us free; man wills us slaves. I will as God wills:
God's will be done. Here lies the body of John Jack, a native of
Africa, who died, March, 1773, aged about 60 years. Though born
in a land of slavery, he was born free; though he lived in a land
of liberty, he lived a slave, till, by his honest though stolen
labors, he acquired the source of slavery, which gave him his free-
dom; though not long before death, the grand tyrant, gave him his
final emancipation, and set him on a footing with Kings. Though
a slave to vice, he practised those virtues, without which Kings
are slaves.

Note: This was written by Daniel Bliss, Esq.

2. 10, 109, 78,
146.

Old North Burying Ground. At a North Attleboro, Mass. (betw. Boston
& Providence)

In memory of Caesar

Here lies the best of slaves,
Now turning into dust.
Caesar, the Ethiopian, craves
A place among the just.
His faithful soul is fled
To realms of heavenly light;
And by the blood that Jesus shed,
I s changed from black to white
January 15, he quitted the stage,
In the 77th year of his age - 1781.

3/

A rare testimonial during the era of slavery, an old monument stands
in Greenwood Colored Cemetery at New Bern, N.C., erected by white cit-
izens in memory of a Negro preacher Capt. John Cook, a native of Africa
who did much good work among the poor and needy of his region. He
died in 1856.

4. 146.

In Cooperstown, N.Y.

No visitor to Cooperstown is permitted to depart without seeing the
old graveyards of the village. In the portal of Christ Church, a
plot was reserved for the colored servants in the parish.

At the grave of a certain Jenny York, who died in 1837, there is
this inscription:

" She had her faults, was kind to the poor"
His cook, without consulting him, fed most of the indigent colored
folks of Cooperstown. Epitaph was written by her boyss, Judge
Samuel Nelson. (H.W. Thompson N.Y. Times Mag, 8/25/40 Legends &
Ghosts of Cooperstown)

5. 86
#223

Silent in dust he mouldering lies,
And faded every feature:
O, reader, darest thou despise
Thy humbler-creature?
Is there ought in a negro's name
That mercy may not save him?
Or dost thou think that God can blame
The colour that he gave him?

If in our future hell or heaven
Be ought of retribution,
And pain and punishment be given

5. (con't.)

For cruelty's pollution;
Then will the oppress'd their wrongs declare;
The oppressor's arm be slacken'd;
And sunburnt faces may be fair,
And ours as midnight blacken'd.

6. 124.

Near Meeting House, Jaffrey, New Hampshire

(A free negro, Amos Fortune, settled in Jaffrey more than one hundred and fifty years ago, though warned off as a possible pauper, and left one quaint bit of history - his estate, to the town. Part of it bought the communion service still in use (1895) on the gravestone of his wife is this inscription)

Sacred to the memory of Violate, by purchase the slave of Amos Fortune, by marriage his wife, by fidelity his companion and solace, and by his death his widow.

7. 146' version

On Amos Fortune

Sacred to the memory of Amos Fortune, who was born free in Africa, a slave in America, he purchased his liberty, professed Christianity, lived reputably, and died hopefully, Nov. 17, 1801, aet. 91.

8.

On Violate, his wife

Sacred to the memory of Violate, by sale the slave of Amos Fortune, by marriage his wife, by her fidelity his friend and solace, she died his widow, Sept. 13, 1802, aet 73.

9. 124.

This man when alive was a slave
But behold such is fate
Having died he is equal in power
To Darius the great.

16. 115.
vol. 2

Moultrie, Georgia. in negro cemetery

Here lies the father of twenty nine
He would have had more
But he didn't have time.

11. 109.

Newport, R.I. (Old or common burying ground)

Peter son
Peter Cranston
& Phyllis his
wife was
Drowned Septr
7th 1775 to
ye loss of his
Parents & his
Mr. An. Lopez
(ie - his Master A aron Lopez. Peter was a negro slave boy.)

12. 135.

Great Marlow, Bucks, Eng. 1813 George Alexander Gratton. 1813

To the memory of George Alexander Gratton
The spotted negro boy
A native of the Caribbee Islands
in the West Indies
Who departed this life Feb. 3, 1813
Aged 4 years, 9 months
This stone is erected by
His only friend and guardian
Mr. John Richardson, of London.

(M.B. Richardson was the famous showman of Smithfield's palmy days including Bartholomew's Fair which has lasted about 750 yrs. (in 1855) Gratton was born in St. Vincent's, West Indies in 1808 of natives of Africa.)

13. 135.

On a slave woman - Blackville Churchyard, S. Carolina.

Here lie Aunt Israel
She dy ob de shakes
"Bless de lamb ob God."

14. 51, 2.

Scipio Africanus - Henbury Churchyard, Eng.

Here lieth the body of Scipio Africanus, Negro servant to ye Right Honourable Charles William, Earl of Suffolk and Brandon, who died ye 21st December, 1720, aged 18 years.

I who was a pagan and a slave,
Now sweetly sleep a Christian in my grave,
What though my hue was dark, my Saviour's sight
Shall change this darkness into radiant light.
Such grace to me my lord on earth has given,
To recommend me to my Lord in heaven,
Whose glorious second coming here I wait,
With saints and angels him to celebrate.

15. 78.

Blackville, S.C.

Here lies Ned,
Sarvint ov Massa Guy,
Who went to Heaven
Soon as hedy,
De lord tuk him in
Cos he had no sin
or Massa Guy edar.

16. 15.

Springfield, Mass.

Susan Freedom
Died Dec. 28th 1803, aged 19
Tho' short her life, and humble her station,
She faithfully performed all duties of it.
"The wise and Great could do no more"

Note: a colored girl brought up by Col. Worthington

17. 2.

Hillingdon, Uxbridge

Here lyeth Toby Pleasant, an African born.

He was early in life ~~reserved~~ rescued from West Indian slavery by a Gentleman of this parish, which he ever gratefully remembered and whom he continued to serve as a footman, honestly and faithfully to the end of his life. He died the 2nd of May 1784, aged about 45 years.

18. 60.

Portsmouth, N.H. on a slave named: "Prince Whipple"

PRINCE
WHIPPLE
CONT'L TROOPS
REV. WAR.

Story: Prince was brought in one of the dark cargoes from the coast of Africa prior to 1766 and was retained in slavery. When Brig. Gen. Whipple was ordered to the Northwestern frontier to stop the enemy; Prince, his slave accompanied him and for some unknown reason his accustomed smile was missing. He appeared ill humored. Gen. Whipple, puzzled at his demeanor, upbraided him for his misconduct. Prince, with his head bowed, replied: "Master, you are going to fight for your liberty, but I have none to fight for." This was food for thought for Gen. Whipple, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He said: "Prince, do your duty, behave like a man, and from this hour you shall be free." Prince needed no other incentive and served with honor till the end of the campaign. In after years, public functions were incomplete without him. He was held in high esteem by the whites as well as his own people. He died Nov. 18, 1796.

19. 2.

Morecambe, Eng. "Sambo"

Here lies
SAMBO

A faithful engro, who
(Attending his master from West Indies)
Died on his arrival at Sunderland.

For sixty years the angry winter's wace
Has, thundering, dashed this bleak and barren shore,
Since Sambo's head laid in this lonely grave,
Lies still, and ne'er will hear their turmoil more.
Full in any a sandbird chirps upon the sod,
And many a moonlight elfin round him trips,
Full many a summer sunbeam warms the clod,
And many a teeming cloud upon him drips.
But still he sleeps, till the awakening sounds
of the archangel's trump new life impart;
Then the Great Judge, His approbation founts
Not on man's colour, but his worth of heart.

H. Bell, del. (1796)

20. 2.

Isle of Man - Samuel Alley - slave to Major Wilks, retired Governor of St. Helena.

Samuel Alley

An African, and native of St. Helena,
Died 28th May 1822, aged 18 years.
Born a slave, and exposed
In early life to the corrupt influence
Of that unhappy state, he became
A model of truth and probity, for
The more fortunate of any country or condition.

This stone is erected by a grateful
master to the memory of a faithful
servant, who repaid the boon of liberty
with unbounded attachment.

21. 15.

Northampton, Mass. Sacred to the memory of

SYLVIA CHURCH

A colored woman, who for many years lived in the family of
N. Storrs, died 12 April, 1822, ae. 66.

Very few possessed more good qualities than she did. She was for many
years a member of Mr. Williams' church, and we trust lived agreeable
to her profession, and is now inheriting the promises.

22. ~~Northampton, Mass.~~

Northampton, Mass.

15.

In memory of
Sarah Gray, A "colored woman"
Erected by those who experienced her faithful services,
She died Oct. 7, 1831, aged 23.

23. 146.

First Church Cemetery, East Haddam, Conn.

Sacred to the memory of
Venture Smith
An African tho the son of a
King he was kidnapped &
sold as a slave but by
industry he acquired
money to purchase his freedom
who died Sept. 19th 1805
in ye 77th year of his age.

24. 146.

Aspen Grove Cemetery, Burlington, Iowa. Husband & wife - slaves

(1) In memory of Benj. Sandridge, commonly
known as "Aunt Kitty", born a slave. The
wife of Uncle Ben and with him made free by
the payment of \$1,000 to their master. Both
became members of the First Baptist Church
of Burlington, Iowa, at its organization in 1849
and were faithful as such to the end.
Died Sept. 10, 1863, being about 60 years of age
To depart and be with Christ is far better.

25. 146.

Pioneer Cemetery, Canandaigua, N.Y.

Jacob Hogges
An African negro
Born in poverty and ignorance
Early tempted to sin
By designing and wicked men,
Once condemned as a felon,
Converted by the grace of God in prison,
Lived many years a converted and useful Christian
Died Feb. 2, 1842
In the faith of the gospel
About 80 years of age.

26. 146.

Evergreen Cemetery, Muskegon, Mich. on Capt. Jonathan Walker, a slave
trader

Story: Capt. Walker (1835) was engaged in transporting fugitives slaves to Mexico and the West Indies and was run down off Florida, stood in a pillory, and branded on his right palm with the letters "SS" for slave stealer. This is believed to be the only record of a federal court ordering branding. After a year's imprisonment during which time his name was heralded by John Greenleaf Whittier's poem, "The Branded Hand" Walker settled on a farm near Muskegon, Michigan, where he died in 1878, aged 79. On the granite shaft over his grave is this inscription:

This monument is erected
to the memory of
Capt. Jonathan Walker
by his
Anti-slavery friend
Photius Fisk,
Chaplain in the
United States Navy

On the other side is an image of Walker's palm showing the branded letters and giving the words:

"Capt. Walker's
Branded Hand"

INDIAN EPITAPHS

1. 93, 10.

In the Mongeagan Burial Ground, near Norwich, Conn.

Here lies the body of Sunseeto
own son to Uncas, grandson to Oneeko,
who were the famous sachems of Moheagan,
but now they are all dead, I think it is werheegan
werheegen meaning "allis well, or good news"

2. 93, 28.

Orono, Chief of the Penobscots, Oldtown, Maine, 1801 aet 113

Safe lodged within his blank t, here below,
lie the last relics of old Orono
Worn down with toil and care, he in a trice
Exchanged his wigwam for a paradise.

3.

The following inscription adorns the Indian burying mound at Fernleigh in Cooperstown, N.Y.

"White man, Greetings!
We, near whose bones you stan
were Iroquois. The wide land which
now is yours was ours
Friendly hands have given baek
to us enough for a tomb".

from Harold Thompson. N.Y. Times Sunday Mag.

Aug. 25, 1940

"Legends and Ghosts pf Cooper's Land"
also cited by Wallis

4. 146.

At Fort Hill Cemetery, Auburn, N.Y.

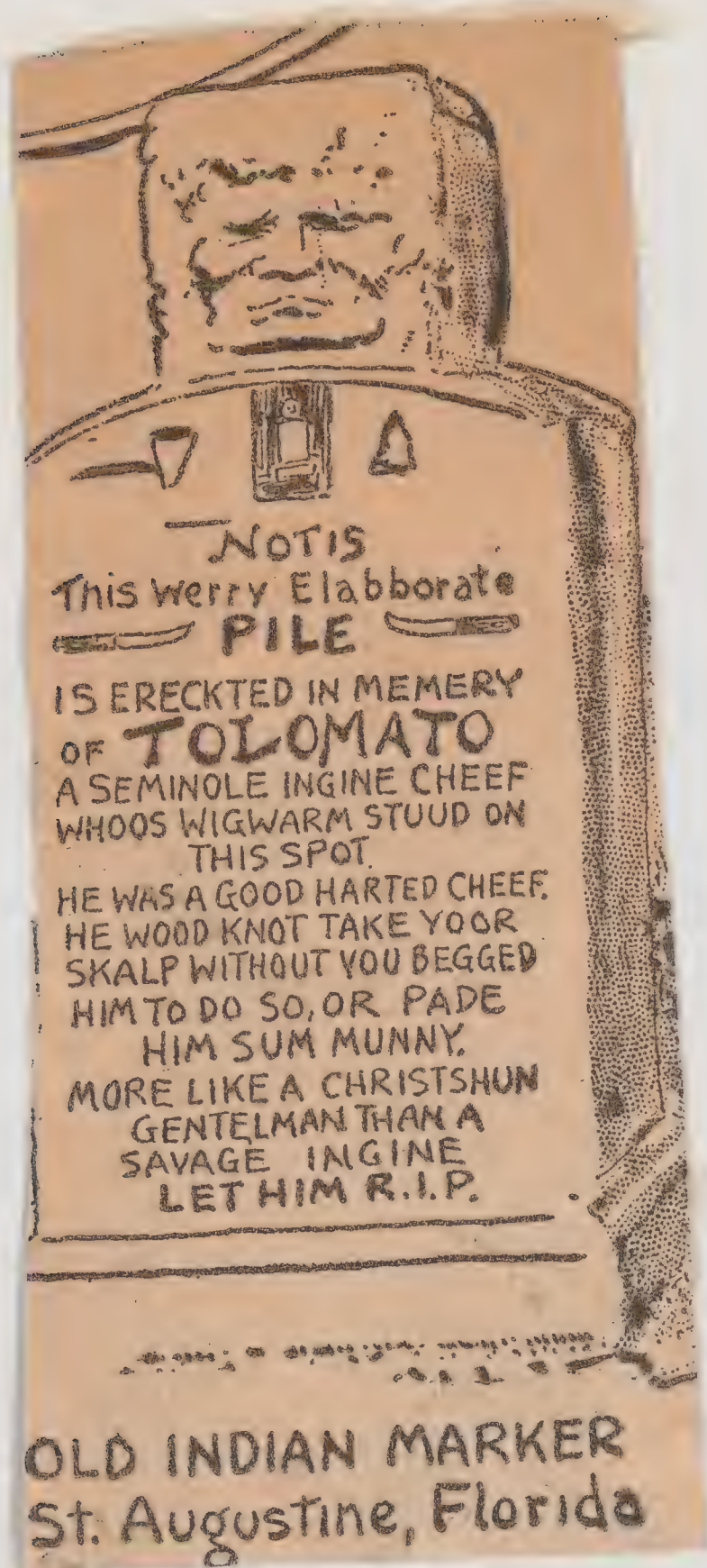
There is a monument to Logan, chief of the Cayuga Indians, the Iroquois chief who was born near that city: The inscription is:

"who is there to mourn for Logan?"

Close to this sepulcher is the burial lot of the Hon. W.H. Seward of Lincoln's cabinet.

The above epitaph is inscribed on a 56 foot obelisk, which surmounts a mound which is said to be an ancient Indian altar. His entire family was murdered by white men, hence no survivors to mourn him.

5.



6. 93.

On an old stone in Indian Burial Ground near Norwich, Conn -
To the memry of Uncas, noted Chief of the Monheagon

"SAMUEL UNCAS

For beauty, wit, for sterling sense,
For temper mild, for eliquence,
For courage bold, for things wauregan
He was the glory of Monheagon -
Whose death has caused great lamentation
Both to ye English and ye Indian Nation."

7.

Epitaph on an "Old Ragged Indian" (said to have been written by
Abraham Lincoln)

Here lies poor Johnny Kongapod
Have mercy on him, gracious God
As he would do if he was God
And you were Johnny Kongapod.

8. 146.

Stockbridge, Mass. Capt. John Konkapot, once chief of Housatonic
Indians. died about 1751. stone removed by church fathers who
considered it irreverent.

Here lies Captain John Konkapot.
God, be as good to him as he would be
If he were God and you were John Konkapot.

N.B. The church fathers regarded these lines as ~~irreverent~~ and
erected a new marker about 1900 with simple identification.



9. 124.

Gridiwokag - 1635 Maine

Beneath this stone now dead to grief
Lies Grid the famous Wokag chief.
Pause here and think, you learned prig,
This man was once an Indian big.
Consider this, ye lowly one,
This man was pnce a big in-jun,
now he lies here, you too must rot,
As sure as pig shall go to pot.

10. 109.

Canton, Mass. (Canton Cornor Cemetery)

In memory of Mrs. Mary
wife of Mr. Semore Burr,
a revolutionary pensioner.
She died in Canton, Nov. 1, 1852. aged 101 years
Last of the native Punkapog Indians.

Like the leaves in November so sure to decay,
Have these Indian tribes all passed away.
Mary's Christian feature on earth was a true Methodist,
Above - her spirit now basks in sweet heavenly rest.

11. 109.

Gay Head, Mass. (on Martha's Vineyard)

X such Isohhok Sipsin
Sil Paul Nohto Byontok, Aged 42 years
Nuppoop Tah. August 24, 1787
(Silas was the last Indian preacher on the island.)

12. 78.

New Preston, Conn. 1800

Blest is the chieftain whose decease,
Transmits his soul to endless peace,
Whose flesh still slumbers in the dust
'Till waked to join the rising.

13. 78.

Bayfield, Wis.

Buffalo
Principal chief of
~~The~~ Chippewas of
Lake Superior
died
Sept. 7th 1855
Aged 96 years.

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14. 146.

Gravesend Church, Kent. Pocahontas - one of popular figures in American folklore which John Smith wrote about in his "The General Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Isles (1624). Pocahontas, an Indian princess married 51 year old John Rolfe, a Jamestown settler and became a Christian. Later she with her husband & small son, visited England where she received a royal welcome. She became ill in England and was buried in the chancel of above church. In the church register is found this entry:

1616 May 21, Rebecca Wrothe, wyff of
Thomas Wroth, gent, a Virginia lady borne,
here buried in ye chauncell.

The original church burned down in 18th century, her remains and others were deposited in a common grave. The son returned to Virginia where his many descendants reside.

15. 146.

Cummaquid, Mass. Iyanough, Indian chief who showed good will to Pilgrim fathers. His bones were unearthed by a plow 2-1/2 centuries after his burial in Indian fashion, i.e. sitting position with a kettle over his head & near him various relics which are on exhibit at Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth. On his grave, the Cape Cod Historical Society in 1894 erected a marker:

On this spot was buried
The Sachem Iyanough
The friend and entertainer of
The Pilgrims. July 1621.

16. 146.

Friends Meeting House Churchyard, Burlington, N.J.

His Mark

Near this spot lies the body of the Indian Chief,
Ockanickon, friend of White Man, whose last
words were: Be plain and fair to all,
Both Indians and Christians as I have been.

17. 146.

Forest Lawn, Cemetery, Buffalo, N.Y. Red Jacket - Senecan Indian orator. Story: Before his death, Red Jacket said to his wife: "when I am dead, it will be noised through all the world, they will hear of it across the great waters, and say, Red Jacket, the great orator is dead. And white men will come and ask you for my body. They will wish to bury me. But do not let them take me. Clothe me in my simplest dress, put on my leggins and my moccasins and hang the cross I have worn so long aroun my neck and let it lie on my bosom. Then bury me among my people — I do not wish to rise among pale faces."

Red Jacket received his nickname because he wore a British uniform and was buried among white people at the Old Mission Cemetery, East Buffalo, N.Y. In 1852, white men, concerned by dilapidated cond. of the graveyard, removed the bones and they were placed in hands of his favorite stepdaughter, Ruth Stevenson, who is alleged to have kept them in a bag under her bed.

In 1884, Buffalo Historical Society secured a permanent burial place for Red Jacket and a group of Seneca chiefs in the Forest Lawn Cemetery. On a statue of Red Jacket is inscribed the epitaph:

17. (con't.)
- Red Jacket
 Sa-Go-Ye-Wat-Ha
 (He keeps- them- awake)
 Died at Buffalo Creek
 Jan. 20, 1830
 Aged 78 years
 "When I am gone and my
 warnings are no longer heeded,
 the craft and avarice of the
 white man will prevail. My heart
 fails me hwen I think of my people,
 so soon to be scattered and
 forgotten."
18. 146. Roman Catholic Cemetery, Pine Bluff, Arkansas
 Sarasen
 Chief of the Quapaws
 Died 1832
 Age 97 years
 Friend of the missionaries
 Rescuer of Captive children.
19. 146. Sugumish, Washington Seattle, chief of Suquamish
 Seattle
 Chief of the Suquampsh
 and allied tribes
 Died June 7, 1866
 The firm friend of the whites
 and for him the
 City of Seattle
 was named by its founders.
 Sealth.
20. 146. National Cemetery, Fort Gibson, Oklahoma Tahlihina, ~~Chief~~ Cherokee wife of Sam Houston and ancestors of Will Rogers
 Sacred to the memory of
 TAHLIHINA
 Cherokee wife of
 Gov. Sam Houston
 Liberator of Texas.
 Died at Wilson's Rock, C.N.
 in the year 1838
 Removed to Fort Gibson
 May 30, 1905.
21. 146. National Cemetery, San Francisco, California
 Story: Two Bits was an Indian Scout attached to U.S. Army during
 Indian campaigns in Pacific Northwest. Died at Fort Klamath,
 Oregon.
 TWO BITS
 October 5, 1873.

22. 146.

Tishomingo, Oklahoma

Douglas H. Johnston
Governor of the Chickasaw Nation
1898 - 1939
Born Oct. 16, 1856
Died June 28, 1939

Served his people with
distinction for 40 years.
He was loyal, honest and a
statesman of great ability.
He fought many battles in
the courts for the preservation
of the rights and property of his people.
His two greatest achievements were
saving \$20,000,000.00 by
Defeating the enrollment of 4000
fraudulent claimants and exempting
tax on all allotments for 21 years.

23. 146.

Navajo Memorial Cemetery, Fort Defiance, Arizona.

To Henry Chee Dodge, Navajo tribal leader and interpreter to
the padres, died 1947, aged 86.

Xast^x i n 'adi 'ca'iye)
K^wl^e Te . S it^x i)

Translation: "Mr. Interpreter
rests here."

HIBERNIAM EPITAPHS

Other examples of Irish epitaphs by Dean Swift on

1. Partridge - almanack maker - in chap. on occupations
2. Judge Boat - chapter on names
3. John D'Amory - in chapter on misers

1. 10, 135. At Belturbet, Ireland

Here lies John Higley, whose father and mother were
drowned in their passage from America.
Had they both lived, they would have been buried here.
(also Northend and Beable, Croy, Unger)

2. Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found.

3. 9. At Kirkeel

Under this sod lies John Round
Who was lost at sea and never found.

4. 10. O cruel Death! how could you be so unkind,
To take him before and leave me behind?
You should have taken both of us if either;
Which would have been more pleasing to the survivor?
5. 10. Beable states this epitaph is found in a Staffordshire churchyard.

Here lies father and mother, and sister and I, -
They all died within the short space of one year.
They all be buried at Wimble but I,
And I be buried here.

6. 10, 135. At Monknewton, near Drogheda 1844

Erected by PATRICK KELLY,
of the town of Drogheda, Mariner,
In memory of his posterity.
Also the above Patrick Kelly,
who departed this life the 12th August 1844,
Age 60 years
Requiescat in pace.

7. 135.
(mistake) At Montrose, N.B.

Here lyes the bodys of George Young and Isabel Guthrie, and all
their posterity for more than fifty years backwards.

8. 135.
(mistake) At St. Andrew's, Plymouth

Here lies the body of James Vernon, Esq. only surviving son of Admiral
Vernon; died 23rd July, 1753.

9. 10, 135.
mistake

Youghal, Ireland.

Here lie the bodis of my 2 grandmother,
Maiden names Fox and Chubb.
(N.B. But the donor failed to tell his own name)

10. 10, 135.

At Llanmynech, Montgomeryshire.

Here lies John Thomas
And his children dear;
The two buried at Oswestry,
And one here.

11. 10, 135.

In Oxfordshire

Here lies the body of John Eldred
At least he will be here when he is dead;
But now at this time he is alive
The 18th of August 'sixty five.

12. 10, 135.

In County Kilkenny

Nobody to be buried here
only myself and my wife.

13. 10, 135.

Hugh Cargill, came from Ireland and settled in Concord, N.H.
where he died.

How strange, O God, who reigns on high,
That I should come so far to die;
And leave my friends where I was bred,
To lay me bones with strangers dead.
But I have hopes when I arise
To dwell with thee in yonder skies.

14. 10, 135.

On an Irish Grave, 1781 similar to No. 3 in this chapter

Ah cruel death! why so unkind
To take her, and leave me behind?
Better to have taken both or neither,
It would have been more kind to the survivor.

15. 37.

An Irishman wrote the following oft-quoted lines for his epitaph:

Here I lays,
Paddy O'Blase;
My body quite its aise is,
With the tip of my nose
And the points of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daisies,

12-11-1944
The following information was obtained from
the records of the Bureau of the
Internal Security of the Department of Justice

Organization of the Department of Justice

The Department of Justice is organized
into several divisions, each of which
is headed by a division chief.

The divisions are:

- 1. Division of the Attorney General
- 2. Division of the Solicitor General
- 3. Division of the Inspector General
- 4. Division of the Assistant Attorney General
- 5. Division of the Assistant Solicitor General
- 6. Division of the Assistant Inspector General
- 7. Division of the Assistant Assistant Attorney General
- 8. Division of the Assistant Assistant Solicitor General
- 9. Division of the Assistant Assistant Inspector General
- 10. Division of the Assistant Assistant Assistant Attorney General
- 11. Division of the Assistant Assistant Assistant Solicitor General
- 12. Division of the Assistant Assistant Assistant Inspector General

The divisions are organized as follows:

1. Division of the Attorney General

The Division of the Attorney General is the highest
division in the Department of Justice.

The Division of the Solicitor General is the
second highest division in the Department of Justice.
The Division of the Inspector General is the
third highest division in the Department of Justice.
The Division of the Assistant Attorney General is the
fourth highest division in the Department of Justice.
The Division of the Assistant Solicitor General is the
fifth highest division in the Department of Justice.
The Division of the Assistant Inspector General is the
sixth highest division in the Department of Justice.
The Division of the Assistant Assistant Attorney General is the
seventh highest division in the Department of Justice.
The Division of the Assistant Assistant Solicitor General is the
eighth highest division in the Department of Justice.
The Division of the Assistant Assistant Inspector General is the
ninth highest division in the Department of Justice.
The Division of the Assistant Assistant Assistant Attorney General is the
tenth highest division in the Department of Justice.
The Division of the Assistant Assistant Assistant Solicitor General is the
eleventh highest division in the Department of Justice.
The Division of the Assistant Assistant Assistant Inspector General is the
twelfth highest division in the Department of Justice.

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1. Division of the Attorney General

The Division of the Attorney General is the highest
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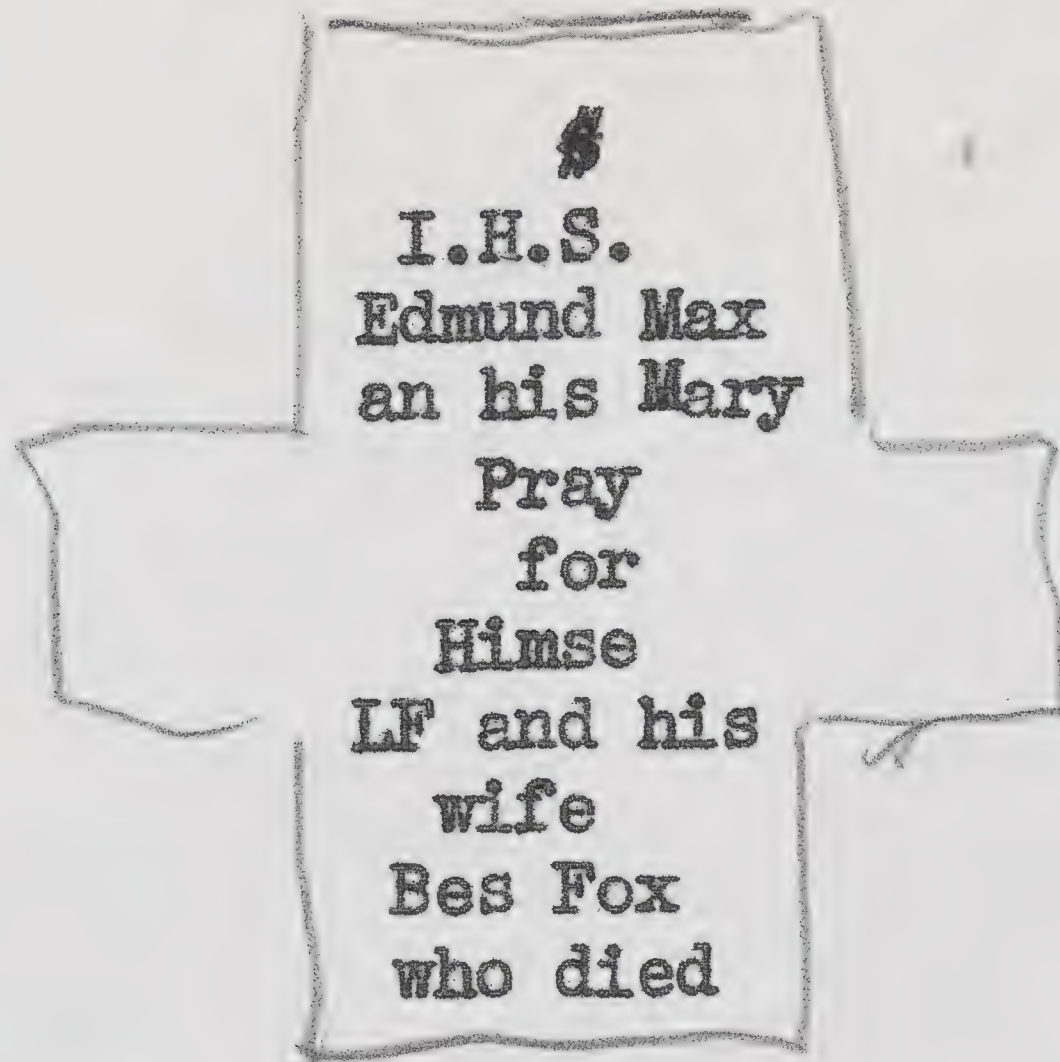
The Division of the Solicitor General is the
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eleventh highest division in the Department of Justice.
The Division of the Assistant Assistant Assistant Inspector General is the
twelfth highest division in the Department of Justice.

16. 34.

Here lies Mrs. Caseys
Who taking her aise is
With the points of her toes
And the tips of her nose
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

17. 136.

Edmund and Mary Max 1713, New Town, Ireland.



18. 37, 140, 135.

I n Ballyporeen, Ireland churchyard on Teague O'Brien, written by himself.

Here I at length repose,
My spirit now at aise is;
With the tip of my toes
And the point of my nose
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

19. 37, 140, 135.

Here lies the body of Jonathan Ground,) see Bombaugh and Beable's
Who was lost at sea and never found.) version in this chapter.

20. 9.

St. Patirck's Cathedral, Dublin

Underneath lies the body of Frederick, Duke of Schomberg, slain at the Battle of the Boyne, in the year 1690. The Dean and Chapter of this church again and again besought the Heirs of the Duke to cause some monument to be here erected to his memory. But when, after many entreaties by letters and by friends they found they could not obtain this request, they themselves placed this stone; only that the indignant Reader may know where the ashes of Scho,berg are deposited. Thus did the fame only of his virtue obtain more for him from strangers, than nearness of blood from his own family.

21. 9, 135.

Cork

Here lies Pat Steele, that's very true.
Who was he? What was he?
What's that to you? He lies here
Because he's dead; that's nothing new.

22. 9.
also in chapter
on wives

Belfast

Beneath this stone lies Katherine, my wife
In death my comfort, and my plague through life.
Oh, Liberty! But soft, I must not boast,
She'll haunt me else, by jingo, with her ghost.

23. 9.
cause of
death

Ulster

Erected to the memory of

JOHN PHILLIPS
ACCIDENTALLY SHOT

As a mark of affection by his brother.

24. 9.

Dublin on Tomb of Mrs. Hemans

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now:
Even while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust! to its narrow house beneath!
Soul! to its place on high!
They have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

25. 135.

John and MarymJoyce. 1712 Connemara

I.H.S.

Pray. For. Y.S.

Rules. of. Jo

HM. Joyce &

Mary Joyce

His wife who

died 6th of

August 1712.

26. 124.

Location?

Timothy Fagan

He heard the angels calling him,
From the celestial shore.

He flopped his wings and away he flew
To make one angel more.

27. 108.

Irish CountynChurchyard - on a young boy

A little spirit slumbers here
Who to one heart was very dear,
Oh! He was more than life or light,
Its thought by day - its dream by night!
The chill winds came - the young flower faded.
And died; - the grave the sweetness shaded.
Fair boy! Thou shouldst have wept for me,
Nor I have had to mourn o'er thee:
Yet not long shall this sorrowing be -
Those roses I have planted round,
To deck thy dear sad sacred ground,

27. (con't.)

When spring gales next those roses wave,
They'll blush upon thy mother's grave.

28. 135.
"mistakes"
prime ?

Thomas Taylor. St. Paul's, Cork.

Repent! Repent! While you have time,
Here I lie cut off in my prime.

Tom Taylor
A sailor
Aged 79.

29. 43.

In Catholic Chapel, Cork, Ireland.

I.H.S. Sacred to the memory of the benevolent
Edward Molloy, the friend of humanity and
the father of the poor. He employed the wealth
of this world only to secure the riches of the next,
and leaving a balance of merit on the book of life,
he made Heaven debtor to his mercy. R.I.P.

30. 34.

Cork, Ireland.

Death with his dart
Has pierced my heart,
When I was in my prime.
My parents dear
To grieve for bare
It was God's appointed time.

31. 135.

John Flin - Galway

Here lies John Flin,
To worms akin,
Eft soon by vagrant boys bely'd
That while he lived he often dy'd.
Saints oft he painted,
Himself not sainted;
Yet leaves perchance a Fame as fair,
As many souls of them that are.
He laughed at fate,
Despis'd the Great,
Was happy on his favorite dram;
And pity'd those who others damn.
Liv'd to the age of sixty-seven
Spurn'd at this Earth & flew to Heaven.

SCOTCH EPITAPHS

32. 9.

(include epitaph
on Robert Stan-
toun & his wives)

Grey Mais, Edinburgh

Thomas Barnatine, 1635

Today is mine, tomorrow your may be:
Each mortal man should mind that he must die.
What is man's life? A shade, a smoke, a flower.
Short to the good, to the bad doth long endure.

If thou list that passeth by,
Know whom in this tomb doth lie.

Thomas Barnatine, abroad

And or home who served God.
Though no children he possessed,
Yet the Lord with means him blessed,

He on them did well dispose,
Long ere death his eyes did close,
For the poor his helping hand
And his friends his kindness found;
And on his dear bedfellow
Janet McMath he did bestow,

Out of his lovely affection,
A fit and goodly portion.
Thankful she herself to prove,
For a sign of mutual love
Did no pains nor charges spare
To set up this fabric rare;
As Artemise, that noble dame.
To her dear Mausolus' name.

33. 66, 135.

Necropolis, Glasgow.

Here lyes Bessy Bell,
But whereabouts I cannot tell.

34. 66.

West Kilbride Churchyard, Ayrshire

Here lye the banes of Thomas Tyre
Wha lang had trudg'd thro dub and myre
In carrying bundles and sic like
His task performing wi' small fyke;
To deal snuff Tam aye was free,
An' served his friend for little fee,
In's life obscure was nothing new,
Yet we must own his faults were few;
Although at Yule he sipped a drap,
An' in the Kirk whiles took a nap,
True to his word in every case,
Tam scorned to cheat for lucre base;
Now he's gaun to taste the fare
Which none but honest men can share.

35. 66.

Oh Johnnie Scot

Beneath this stone lies Johnnie Scott.
Who lived like a fool and died like a Scot.
But it is needless to argue
Whether he was so or not;
He as a man was despised,
And will soon be forgot.

36. 66.

On Johnnie Dow

Wha lies here?
I. Johnnie Dow
Hoo, Johnnie is that you?
Ay, man, but I'm dead now.

37. 66.

Glasgow, Scotland

Approach and read, not with your hats on,
For here lies Bailie William Watson;
Who was famous for his thinking,
And moderation in his drinking.

38. 66.

On Tam Reid

Here lies Tam Reid.
Who was chokit to deid
Wi' taking a feed
O' butter and bread
Wi' owre muckle speed,
When he had nae need,
But just for greed.

39. 66, 9.

John Bell - Annandale, Scotland (an the Reid churchyard)

(N.B. He had a stone 200 years old on him with this inscription)

I, Jocky Bell o' Braikhebbrow, lyes under this stone,
Five of my awn sons laid it on my wame;
I liv'd air my dayes, but sturt or strife,
Was man o' my meat, and master o' my wife.
If you done better in your time, than I did in mine,
Take the stane off my wame, and lay it on o' thine.

40. 66.

Glenorchy, Argyleshire. - original epitaph in Gaelic

Lo, she lies here in the dust, and her memory fills me with grief;
Silent is the tongue of memory, and the hand of elegance is now at rest
No mofe shall the poor give thee his blessing,
No more shall the naked be warmed with the fleece of thy flock;
The tear shalt thou not wipe away from the eye of the wretched.
Where, now, O feeble, is thy wonted help?
No more, my fair, shall be meet thee in the social hall;
No more shall we sit at thy hospitable board.
Gone foreve is the sound of mirth.
The kind, the candid, the meek, is now no mofe.
Who can express our grief?
Blow, ye tears of woe.

41. 140.

In a Scotch graveyard

Here - lies my guid and gracious auntie,
Wham death has packed in his poor portmanty,
Three score years and ten did God gift her,
And here she lies, wha deil daurs lift her.

42. 140.

Here lies the body of Geordie Denham,
If ye saw him now ye wadna ken him.

43. 100.

Essie Churchyard. David Wightoun

Beneath this tomb there lieth thus,
Ean David Wightoun in the bush;
A rabie father indeed,
As you may see this tomb to read;
In English and arightmetic both,
He could both write and spell;
In Greek a great proficient
In Hebrew did excell.

44. 135.

Thomas Simpson - 1570 - Old Houff, Dundee

Man tak hed to me,
How thou sal be
Chwan thou are ded,
Drye as a trei,
Vermes sal eatye;
Thy great báyte
Sal be lyk ledd.
Ye tyme hath bene,
In my youth grene,
That I was clene
Of body as yep are;
Bot for my eyen
Now twa holes bene
Of me is sene,
But banes bare.

45. 135.

James Stewart 1850 - Old Houff, Dundee

In memory of James

and another son
who died in infancy
& five other friends
Erected by
James Stewart
spirit merchant, Dundee
and his spouse
and three other children.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
530 SOUTH EAST ASIAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60607-7070

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46. 135.

George Archer 1711, Leslie, Fifes

Here lies within this airten airk
An Archer grave & wise:
Faith was his arrow, Christ the mark,
And glory was the prize.
His bow is now his hairp, his song.
Doth Halleluiahs indite:
His consort walker went along
To walk with Christ in white.

47. 135.

John Carnegie of Dundee

John Carnegie lies here
Descended from Adam and Eve.
If they can boast of a pedigree higher,
He will willingly give them leave.

48. 135.

Thomas Simson 1579. Old Houff, Dundee

Man tak hed to mi - How thou sal be
When thou art dead - Dry as a tree
Our mess shall eat/ye - Thy great bodie.

***** - shall be like lead.
The time hath been - In my youth green
That I was clean - of body as ye are
But now my een - twa hols thats been
Of me is seen - but banes bare.

1579 - Thomas Simson

49. 135.

Walter Gourley & Elspeth Pie. 1628. Old Houff, Dundee

Epyte Pie - Here Ly I

My twentie bairnes

My good man & I

1628

50. 135.

Walter Couper - Tailzour - 1628 Old Houff, Dundee

Kynd comrades; heir Coupers Corps is leyd
Walter by name, - a tailzour to his trade.
Bathe kynd & true & stout and honest hartit
Condol wi' me that he so soon departit;
For I avow he never wield a shear
Had better parts than he thats buriet here

Walter Couper died Dec. 2, 1628

Aged 52

Janet Mortimer his wife.

51. 135.
shipwright.
ship carpen-
ter or build-
er. (also
belons in
chap. on cause
of death)

Charles Brown 1752 Leslie, Fifes.

Here lyes the dust of Charles Brown
Sometimes a wricht in London town
Who comin' home parents to see
And of his years being twenty-three
of a decay with a bad host.
He died upon the Yorkshire coast
the 18th of May 1752
We hope his soule in Heavens rests now.

wricht- wright,
whedwright
or ship-
wright.
bad host - tuber-
culosis?

52. 135.

Marion Gray - Haddington

If chastity commends a wife,
And Providence a mother;
Grave modesty a widdows life,
You'll na find such another
In Haddington as Marion Gray.
Who here does lye till Domis-Day.

53. 135.

Kelso, Roxburghshire

Should I fear dead
That ends my seed,
An worldly cares cut off me?
Should I crave life,
With strut and strife.
And Satan still to chaff me?
No; welcome death,
Come forth, poor breath!
Thou hast too long been thrall;
O, Trinity on unity!
Receive my silly soul.

54. 135.

Thomas Gouk and family - Logie Pert, Montrose

Here lies the Smith - to wit - Tam Gouk,
His father & his mither,
With Tam and Jock, and Joan and Noll,
And o' the Gouks thegither.
When an the yird Tam and his wife
Greed desprate ill wi' ither,
But noo, without e'en din or strife
They took their nap thegither

55. 135.

David Forrest 18th century - Cupar, Fife

Here David Forrest's corpse alseep doth lye,
His soul with Christ enjoys tranquility.
A famous fowler on the earth was he.
And for the same shall last his memory.
His years were sixty-five - now he doth sing.
Glore in these Heavens, where
Rowth of game doth spring.

56. 66.

Oh George Denham

Here lies the body of Geordie Denham
If ye saw him now ye wadna ken him.

57. 135.

Robert Straitoun and his wives - 1657 - Old Houff, Dundee

"apothecary"

Robert Stritoun, Apothecary, caused this monument to be erected & cut, for himself & his dearest wives, Janet Duncan & Isobel Robertson, who died respective. The first in 1652, aged 39. The last in 1657 aged 44.

On right Duncan lies in youth my spouse,
And the first pillar of my riding house.
Left hand lies Robson, a most faithful wife:
Which was the best, it may procure a strife.
First brought to me of wealth sufficient store,
Which the other guided well, augmented more.
First blessed me with many children fair,
The second nurst them with maternal care.
Virtue and goodness in them equal shone,
And both lie buried underneath this stone.

58. 148.

Crombie, Scotland - John Fraser, (bachelor)

Here lieth one, beneath this stone,
Who lov'd to gather gear;
Yet all his life did want a wife,
Of him to take the care:
He won his meat, both ear and late,
Betwixt Cleish and Craig flour,
And crav'd, this stone might lie upon
Him (at his latter hour)

59. 135.

Thomas - Abstruther, Fife

Oh Earth! Oh Earth! if thou hast but
A rabbit-hole to spare,
Oh grant the graff to Tammy's corp,
That it may nestle thair:
And press thou light on him, now dead,
That was sae slim & wee,
For weel I wat, when he was quick,
He lightly prest on thee!

60. 135.

Thomas Duncan (?) 1711 - St. Andrew's Cathedral Burying Ground

Hier layis intered in this grawe
Ane piors wertours honest man,
Thomas Donegone in Kingask,
Whos lyfe was better than his day vas long.
His soul is not hier but rests abowe,
Replenisht with eternal lowe.
His body fral doth still rest heir.
Till Christ our Saviour shal appeir.

Main body of handwritten text, consisting of several paragraphs. The text is extremely faded and illegible.



61. 135. Muir Mill - Kirk o' Muir, St. Ninians, Stirling
- Here lies the banes of
 Auld Muir Mill,
 Who did nae quid
 But muckle ill.
 And whare he's gane
 And how he's fares
 There's nae one kens
 And as few cares.
62. 135. Eppie Coutts Torryburn, Fife
- In this churchyard lies Eppie Coutts
 Either here or hereabouts;
 But whaur it is none can't tell
 Till Eppie rise & tell hersel?
63. 135. Patrick Anderson Kirkton Church, Fraserburgh
- PATRICK
 ANDERSON. MARGET
 KIL. MANS. SON. LAYS
 HEAR. ON. ELIZABETH
 GORDON. HIS. GRAND
 MOTHERS. BREAST. BONE
64. 135. Andrew Meekie - 1696. Currie, near Edinburgh
- Beneath thir stanes lye Meekie's banes.
 O Sawtan, gin ye tak him,
 Appeynt him tutor to your weans,
 An clever deils he'll mak 'em
65. 135. Rev. Matthew Reed 1680 Haddam, Dumfries.
 preacher
- His name be from St. Matthew took,
 His skin in physie from St. Luke,
 A reed of John the Baptist kind,
 Not wavering with every wind.
 Ever a true Nathaniel,
 He lived, preached, & died well.
66. 135. 1711. Inverness Church
- In death no difference is made
 Betwixt the sceptre & the spade.
67. 135. Janet Roy Balquhiddar, Perth
- Benreath this stane lies Shanet Roy
 Shan Roy's reputed mother;
 In all her life save this shan Roy,
 She never had another.
 Tis here or hereabouts; they say,
 The place no one can tell;
 But when she rise at the last day,
 She'll ken the stane hersel'.

68. 135.

John of Aberdeen, Cullen, Banffshire

Hic jacet Johannes Aberdonensis
Who built the churchyard dyke at his own expense.

69. 135.
wife

On a wife - 1717 Haddingtonshire

O bitter feat than did I say,
Depraived of wife & health am I
Fisik & spell dos, not prevell
Lord to my long home would I be.

70. 135.

Nathan Slough, Ayr

Reader! pause & ponder o'er this full well -
That here does lie the body of Nathan Slough.
It rests alone with you & time to tell
Where you will meet him - above or below,

71. 9.

Glasgow, Scotland.

Here lies Mass Andrew Gray,
Of whom ne muckle good can I say!
He was ne Quaker, for he had ne spirit;
He was ne Papist, for he had ne merit;
He was ne Turk, for he drank muckle wine;
He was ne Jew, for he eat muckle swine;
Full forty years he preached and le'ed;
For which God doomed him when he de'ed.

72. 93.

Farnaw, Naworth Castle, Eng.

John Bellbroken-brow
Lies under this stean,
Foure of mine een sonnes
Laid it on my wean,
I was a man of my meate
I lived on my own land.
Without mickle strife.

73. 10.

Aberdeen, Scotland.

here lies I, Martin Elmrod
Have mercy on my soul, gude God,
As I would have in thine gin I were good,
And thou were Martin Elmrod.

79. 93.

Ayrshire, Scotland

Wha is it that's lying here?
Robin wood, ye need na speer* * ask
Eh Robin, is this you?
Ou aye, but I'm deid noo!

Kilmarnock Church, Scotland

Here lies yat godly, noble, wise Lord Boyd,
 Who Kerk and King and commons ~~all~~ ecor'd,
 Which were, while they this jewell all enjoy'd,
 Maintain'd, govern'd, and council'd by that Lord.
 His antient House so off peril'd be restor'd,
 Twice six and sixty years he liv'd; and fine,
 By death the third of January devor'd,
 In Anno thrice five hundred, eighty nine.

81. F. Lawrence
 Sharpe's Lon-
 don Journal
 1851.

New Church Burying Ground, Dundee - epitaph similar to that of
 Mathew Prior

In memory of J..R. erected in 1703

Here lies a man
 Com'd of Adam and Eve
 If any will climb higher,
 I give him leave.

ITALIAN AND FRENCH

1. 135.

Pompanazzi - 1525 - Mantua. (known as the philosopher of Mantua)

and author of "De Immortalitate Animae" in 1516 in which he maintained that a future state was no part of the Aristotelian philosophy, but a matter of religious faith. This started a violent controversy and he was regarded as an atheist.

Here I lie entombed; wherefore I know not,
Nor do I care whether thou knowest:
If thou art well, it is well; while living I was well,
And mayhap I am well even now;
But be it so or not, I cannot tell thee. (self written)

2. 135.

Gyraldus Lilius 1550 Farraro Cathedral

Passenger, what do you stop of?
You see here the tomb of GYRALDUS LILIUS
who experienced both pages of Fortune's book, but profited
only by the worst, by the help of Apollo, making no use of the other
More to know concerns neither him nor thee:
Begone about your business.

Erected by Lilius Gregorius Gyraldus, mindful of mortality,
in the year of our Lord 1550 & of this age 72.

3. 135.

Jovianus Pontanus. 1505.

When living I prepared this house to rest in after death.
I beseech thee injure not him who never injured any.
I am Jovianus Pontanus whom honest men
loved and kings and Lords esteemed.
You know who I am; or rather who I was: but
I, good stranger, cannot know thee in this darkness.
Pray heaven, thou may'st know thyself - Farewell.

4. 135.

Maria Martinozzi - Princesse de Conti - St. Genevieve, Paris. 1672

Who, retiring from the world in the nineteenth year of her age,
sold all her jewels for the support of the poor of the Province of
Berri, Champagne and Picardy, during the famine in the year 1662:
practised all the austerity her constitution would bear; remained
a widow from the twenty-ninth year of her age, in order to bestow
a Christian and virtuous education on the princes, her sons, and
to maintain justice and religion through all her estates; confined
herself to a very moderate expence; restored all her effects, the
acquisition of which seemed doubtful to her, to the value of
800,000 liores; distributed all the overplus of her fortune to the
needy in her own lands and all other parts of the world; and suddenly
passed from life to eternity, after sixteen years perseverance,
in Feb. 1672, in the 36th year of her age.

Pray for her.
Louis Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti and Francis Louis de
Bourbon, Prince of Roche sur Gonne, her children, have erected this
monument.

5. 135.

Florence, Italy

Here lies Salvino Armolo D'Armati
of Florence
the inventor of spectacles
May God pardon his sins!

6. 66, 135.

In an Italian Churchyard
^{The year 1318}

Here lies Estella
who transported a large fortune to heaven
in acts of charity
and has gone thither to enjoy it.

7. 110.

Put in chap.
on "drinking
deaths"

Sienna Cathedral, Italy - latter celebrated for its floor being inlaid

Epitaph probably a memento to an Italian Toby Philpot

Wife gives life, it was death to me,
I could not behold the dawn of morning
In a sober state - even my bones
Now thirst - Stranger!
Sprinkle my grave with wine;
Empty flagons and come, -
Farewell, Drinkers!

8. ~~Venice, Italy~~
43.

Venice, Italy

JOANNI MAGIO
Puero incomparabili
Qui, ob imperitiam obstetricis,
Ex utero statim translatus
Est at tumulum, die 21 Decemb
MDXXXII

To the memory of John Maghi
an incomparable boy
who, through the unskilfulness of
the midwife
on the 21st day of December, 1532
was translated from the womb to
the tomb.

9. 34, 110

Roderigo Nunez de Palma 1597 - at St. Maria Nuova, Naples

I am what I am not - I am what I was not -
What I am thou shalt be - Spain gave me birth -
Italy determined my fortune - Here I lie buried.

10. 140.
brevity

Italy

Lelio is buried
He was born. He lived. He died.

Contrib.

by Dr. Jean Fugacron: Chroniques medicale 1911, 18:238

Cy gist dessous ce marbre use
Le lieutenant civil Ruze
Celui qui donna tant' d'escue
Pour savoir s'il etait c---
Son frere, lui, ne donnez rien
Et cependant il le fut bien
de ces gens-la il est assez
Prions Dieu pour les trepassez.

2. 66, Tegg, 135.

In the cemetery of Montmartre, Paris



findeth;



chooseth;



bindeth;



looseth

Poor Charles
His innocent pleasure was to row on the water

Alas:
He was the victim of this fatal desire
Which conducted him to the tomb
Reader! consider that the water in which he was
drowned is the
Amassed tears of his relatives and friends!

Suffling: a similar epitaph in same churchyard is to
Margaret, wife of Hugh Wright, presumably an
Englishwoman.

3. 135.

In Canterbury Cathedral, Eng.

Ou tu passe, j'ay passe;
Et par ou j'ay passe, tu passeras
Au monde comme toi j'ay este
Et mort comme moi tu seras.

Where now thou passest I have often passed.
And where I have once, thou must also pass.
Now art thou in the world, and so was I;
And yet, as I have done, so thou must die.

4. 135.

Near the Village of Authieux, Rouen, France

Look, man, before thee, how thy death hasteth;
Look, man, behind thee, how thy life wasteth;
Look on thy right side, how death thee desireth;
Look on thy left side, how sin thee bequileth -
Look, man, above thee, joys that will ever last,
Look, man, beneath thee, the pains without rest.

5. 135.

Montmortre Cemetery

Here lies A.B.
Who at the age of eighteen
warned I 40 a year.

6. 124.

Paris, France. Adah, Isaac Menkin

"Thou knowest"

7. 43.

Ci-git mon onde Etienne,
S'il est bien, qu'il s'y tienne!

Beneath our feet lies dear old uncle Stephen
If he's all right, he will not be leaving.

8. 43, 135.

Arlington, near Paris

puzzle

Two grandmothers with their two granddaughters
Two husbands with their two wives,
Two fathers with their two daughters,
Two mothers with their two sons,
Two maidens with their two mothers,
Two sisters with their two brothers,
Yet but six corpses in all, lie buried here,
All born legitimate, from incest clear.

9. Tegg

Dijon, France

Jean Le Monestrier lieth here:

Lo! having number'd his seventieth year,
He tightened his stirrups, his spurs he plies,
And starts away for paradise.

10. Tegg

French epitaph to a lawyer

Beneath this stone a quibbling lawyer lies
For sixty years who squeezed his neighbour's purses
If he can see you now, I'm sure he cries
That you have paid no fee to read these verses.

11. 34.
(gluttons,
epicures)

On a Glutton - translation from French

A glutton renown'd
Lies under this ground,
Who forever to eating was prone,
Before his last breath
He'd e'en have eat Death.
But of him found nothing but bone.

12. 34.

On a Frenchman born in a baggage cart and killed in a duel

Born in a cart, in a cart first drew breath,
Cart and fierce was his life, and a carte was his death.

13. 110.

St. Genevieve, Paris

This epitaph on the great Wm. Bude who lies buried in this
church was written by Melin de St. Gelais.

Qui est ce coprs, que si grande monde suit?
La? C'est Bude an cercueil etendu!
Que ne font donc les cloches plus grand bruit?
Son bruit sans cloche est assez repandu:
Que n'a-t-on plus en torches dependu,
Suivant la mode accoutumee en sainte?
Afin qu'il spit par l'obscur entendu,
Que des Francois la lumiere est esteinte.

13. (con't.)

Translation

Who is this thus followed by all Paris?

Bude in his hearse.

Why do not all the bells toll out then?

His fame will announce his death without that.

But why are there not torches, as usual on these solemn occasions?

Why, that we may understand the light of France is out.

14. 110.

Antwerp, Belguim

Justi Lipsii
Quod claudi potuit
Hic jacet

S.P.Q. Antwerp
I mclyte Viri

Famae, orbi notae
Virtuti, caelo receptae
H.M.P.

Here rests all that was
earthly of Justus Lipsus.
The senate and people of
Antwerp raised this monu-
ment to the fame of this great
man (known to all the world)
and to his virtues, now
called up to heaven.

15. 11.

French epitaph

Careless and thoughtless all my life,
Stranger to every source of strife,
And deeming each grave sage a fool,
The law of nature was my rule
By which I duly learnt to measure
My portion of desire and pleasure.
'Tis strange that here I lie, you see,
For death must have indulged a whim
At any time t'have thought of me,
Who never once did think of him.

16. 11.

From the Spanish

"Better to roam the fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught,"
This maxim long I happily pursued,
And fell disease my health then ne'er subdued;
But to be more than well at length I tried,
The doctor came at last, and then I died.

1. 66.

Dortmund Cemetery, Westphalia.

Heinrich Bruggeman heissich,
Nach dem Himmel reise ich,
Will mal seh'n was Jesus macht,
Liebe Bruder, gute nacht.

2. 135, 43.

Erfurt. (mentioned by Luther in his table talk)

Hier unter diesem Stein
Liegt begraben allein
Der vater und seine tochter,
Der bruder und seine schwester,
Der mann und sein weib
Und sein doch nur zwei leib.

Here, beneath this stone
Lie buried alone
The father and his daughter.
The brother and his sister,
The man and his wife,
And only two bodies.

3. 43, 135.

Satire on German doctor

Hier, ruht mein lieber Artz, Herr Grimm
Und, die er heilte, heben ihm.

Here lies my adviser, Dr. Grimm
And those he healed - hear him.

4. 43.

Another witty one.

Befreir doch mich arme Gruft,
O wanderer von diesem Schuft

We hope the wanderer now is willing
To free the grave from this great villain.

5. 43.

Another one on a wife

Mein weib deck't dieser Grabstein zu,
Für ihre and für meine Ruh

Here lies my wife,
A fact that must tell
For her repose
And for mine as well.

6. 135, 110.

Count Louis Gleichen. 1240, Erfurt, Germany

Here lie the bodies of two reval wives, who with unparalleled affection, loved each other as sisters and me extremely. The one fled from Mahomet to follow her husband; the other was willing to embrace the husband she had recovered. United by the ties of matrimonial love, we had, when living, but one matrimonial bed, & in our death only one marble covers us.

7. 10.

A stone cutter received the following epitaph from a German, to be cut upon the tombstone of his wife.

"Mine wife Susan is dead, if she had life till nex Friday she'd bin dead shust two weeks. Ad a tree falls so must it stan, all things is impossible mit God."

8. 110.

Hochheim, Germany. - from name of this town - term hock is derived also city famous for best Rhenish wines.

This grave holds Caspar Schink who came to dine
And taste the noblest vintage of the Rhine!
Three nights he sat, and thirty bottles drank,
Then lifeless by the board of Bacchus sank.

One only comfort have we in case -
The trump will raise him in the proper place.

9. 52.

Leipsic Churchyard, upper Germany. (extraordinary epitaph)

"Capital Account:

For Christ's invaluable purchase and ransom 100,000 p l.

Profit and loss account:

A fortune end, a prize - to die well is the best price,
100,000 l.

Scheibenberg, the 7th April, 1669.

Upon the appointed day of St. Felix Adam, blacksmith's death,
which shall happen on the 21st day of October, 1700, I -
Jesus Christ, promise to pay this my only bill of exchange
to him, having purchased the value thereof, through my merits;

Therefore being satisfied with this life and faith, give him
eternal happiness through grace.

Bibl. Sloan, 3985.

Jesus Christ"

A stone tablet received the following inscription from a German, to be set upon the tombstone of his wife.
While this woman is dead, in the life with me, I shall be
in need about two weeks. As a wife I will be with you, all things
is beyond the life of God.

Heidelberg, Germany. - from name of this town - from which is derived
also city name for best German wines.
This grave holds Gaster Gaster who came to this
and made the highest vineyard of the Rhine.
These vines he set, and many other vines,
from which the juice of B. comes out.
One only corner, I have in mind -
The group will take him in the proper place.

Letter to Christ, Upper Germany (untranslatable)

Untranslatable is over:
For Christ's love, I have written and written 100,000 x 1.
Profit and loss account:
A fortune and a curse - so the well is the best price.
100,000 x 1.
Untranslatable, the 100,000 x 1.
Upon the appointed day of St. Felix, I have written a letter,
which shall be given on the 21st day of October, 1700, I -
I have written to say that my only child, my only
to him, I have written the letter I have, through my writing;
Therefore being satisfied with this life and time, give him
eternal happiness through grace.
Blessed, 1700, 1700.
Jesus Christ.

PJ
4075
G66
S0A

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INC.

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